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MAR 26 1998

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BY MARK PENN & DOUG SCHOEN

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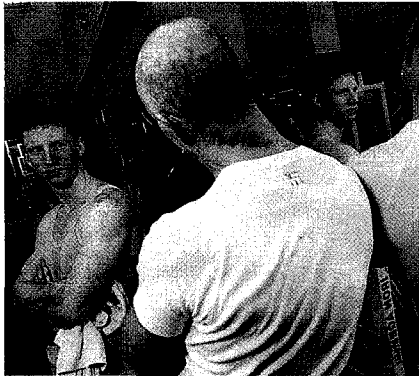
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"Every New York encounter starts out with credential swapping. What primitive ritual compares to it? Possibly sniffing."

GREG CERIO, PAGE 20



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In the city that never sleeps, everyone wants to know whom you're sleeping *with*. *New York's* exclusive Penn, Schoen & Berland poll of the unattached, straight and gay: what they're looking for, where they meet people, and what they do once they've met. Plus: Chris Smith talks to Julia Louis-Dreyfus about *Seinfeld's* icon of urban-single-woman-hood; Nancy Jo Sales recounts dating tales that (trust us) even you haven't imagined; Lily Burana on the tyranny of New York dating standards; and a guide to the next great spot to meet a mate.



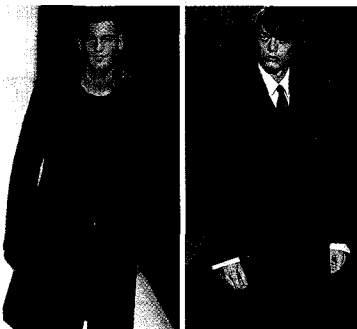
34 The Enforcer By Nina Burleigh

She's manicured and blonde, but defendants had better not mess with Judge Leslie Crocker Snyder. Because if they do, this "unabashed fan of law enforcement" may well send them away for 200 years. Her toughness has won her criticism—and a lot of fans who think she'll be the next Manhattan D.A.

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By Vincent Boucher

Fall's collections, full of bulky sweaters and slim suits, stuck to classic colors—blacks, grays, whites, browns. But don't get the wrong idea: These are not your father's overcoats.



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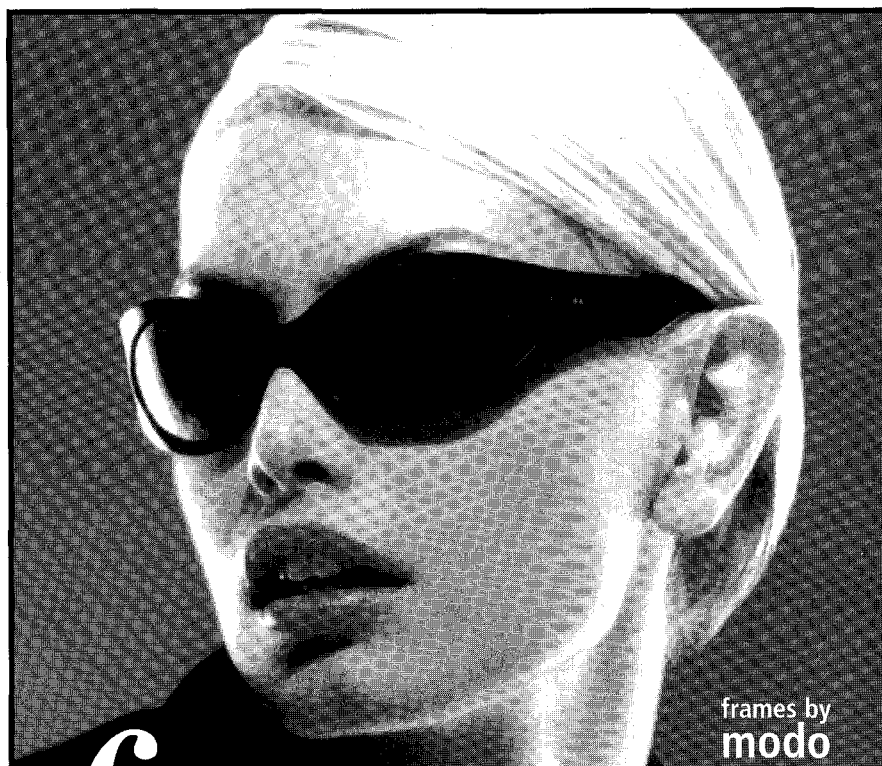
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Right As Rain

William Bennett's uncommon touch; the dirt on Kenneth Starr; unpleasant surprises for cell-phone users; Chuck Schumer's issues with gay marriage.

HANNA ROSIN'S THESIS IN "THE Amoral Majority?" is that conservatives like Bill Bennett showered praise on the American people until the public rallied around the president during this scandal ["The National Interest," February 23]. Now, she says, conservatives have "gotten flustered and turned on the common folks they once claimed to champion." In fact, long before the Lewinsky matter became public, Mr. Bennett was one of the few conservative public figures who refused to uncritically "embrace the common folks."

Peter Wehner

*Director of Policy, Empower America
WASHINGTON, D.C.*

RIGHT ON, HANNA ROSIN! WILLIAM BENNETT [no relation to the writer] is out of sync with today's society. While his brother Bobby tries to keep the Clinton house of cards from imploding, he is perturbed that the likes of Barbra Streisand, Oliver Stone, and Scientologist John Travolta seek to set the standards of conduct both within the star-struck White House and without. He is distressed that all it takes to make babies is the physical equipment—and if abortion isn't an option, the unwanted offspring can be left in a Dumpster. He is upset that kids have no one to come home to and instead seek acceptance on the street. He is saddened that young people create a code of conduct from the computerized mayhem on today's movie screens. With once-proud news sources vying with the tabloids for each day's biggest rumor, is it any wonder Bill Bennett is frowning?

*William L. Bennett
MUSKEGON, MICH.*

Gettin' Busy?

KENNETH STARR CAN NO MORE PROVE HE doesn't have a mistress than Clinton can prove he didn't have sex with La Monica ["The National Interest: D.C. Dirt: Can You Dig It?," March 9]. As the president

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has said many times, it's impossible to prove a negative. Just as Our Bill is proscribed from using White House staff and funds to defend himself, so Starr must not be allowed to pervert the powers of the special prosecutor to protect his reputation. Criticism of Starr and his staff is not obstruction of justice. To my mind, it's a patriotic duty.

John Granger Jr.

MANHATTAN

Call Me

I READ WITH INTEREST OF MICHAEL Maren's search for the wireless phone company that would best meet his requirements ["It's Your Call," March 2]. Last spring, I followed a similar route, selecting Sprint because I found its promotional offer perfect for my needs. To date, I have experienced no billing surprises. Projected coverage is a different matter, however. If it is critical to have service to and within certain areas, be sure that the desired coverage is already in place before you sign with a service provider. In May 1997, Sprint kept its promise to provide service within New York City and surrounding areas by fall (for me, "traveling" rates apply). But despite similar claims, there is still no Sprint digital-only service within Houston.

Laura Schnitzler

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

SHAME ON YOUR ARTICLE ON THE BEST cell-phone service. Although there are many digital-cell-phone gaps "in certain rural areas," there are also many gaps in urban and suburban areas. Second, the article mentions AT&T Wireless's "free unlimited weekend and evening calls." Those calls are free only if they come after you've used up your calling-plan minutes. If your first call is 60-plus minutes on a weekend or evening, they will charge you for it.

Jack R. Stokvis

HAWORTH, N.J.

Who's the Victim?

I WAS DEEPLY AGGRIEVED TO SEE OLIVER Jovanovic, who has been my friend for over a year, mentioned in the same breath as Robert Chambers and Brian

Peterson ["Attorney for the Offense," by Linda Wolfe, March 2]. Oliver Jovanovic is 100 percent innocent. He did not hire Mr. Litman to defend him against the charges by the 22-year-old from Barnard; he hired Mr. Litman to defend him against Linda Fairstein, who was duly forewarned that this was, most likely, a false accusation. It is an utter outrage that they would rather put Oliver in prison for life than admit that they made a blunder of gargantuan proportions.

Name Withheld

BROOKLYN

Marital Status

THE "INTELLIGENCER" GOT IT WRONG about Charles Schumer at the Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club of Queens ["Schumer Shows His Primary Colors," March 2]. Granted, Charles Schumer has a long way to go, since he continues to defend his vote for the Defense of Marriage Act, a law that says that gay people's intimate relationships don't deserve the same equality under law as their heterosexual counterparts'. Still, at the club that night I witnessed a man who, as the dialogue proceeded, seemed to be genuinely struggling with his position on same-sex marriage.

John T. Moran

QUEENS

THE "INTELLIGENCER" PIECE ON CHUCK Schumer's appearance at the Queens Lesbian & Gay Democratic club quoted an individual saying that Mr. Schumer referred to the people there as "you people." I do not recall his using these words and certainly not in the pejorative way we so frequently hear from politicians. While I did take him to task for the way he handled a question about same-sex marriage, I have real respect for Mr. Schumer's overall record of accomplishment in Congress.

Matt Foreman

Executive Director

Empire State Pride Agenda

MANHATTAN

Correction The credit for the March 16 "Cue" cover was omitted. The illustration was by Tim Bower for *New York*. ■

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INTELLIGENCER

BERNARD CLAIR'S COURTROOM BRAWL

Talk about going to the mat for your clients. **Bernard Clair**, who recently won fame as **Jocelyne Wildenstein's** divorce attorney, was arrested last week after allegedly punching out another client's soon-to-be-ex husband. The contretemps happened on St. Patrick's Day in the hallway outside the courtroom of Justice **Sherry Klein Heitler**. Evidently displeased with the judge's recommendation about a financial agreement, the husband began to throw a crumpled piece of paper at his wife, at which point Clair interceded, pushing the husband away and throwing a punch, according to two courthouse sources. Court officers carted

NO PEDESTRIAN PIED-À-TERRE FOR IAN

Lest anyone think New Yorkers have exhausted every possible lifestyle indulgence, **Ian Schrager's** come up with one that's new to this town: apartments with the luxury of full-service hotels. His first, the McAlpin, at 50 West 34th Street, is due to open at the end of 1999. The 700-room residence will offer hotel-style extras like a concierge, housekeeping, and room service. "A lot of people want to live outside the city but still keep a place here," explains Schrager. "It's a very easy way to live, and a concept that is very popular in Europe and Asia but has never really caught on here." **Philippe Starck**, who designed most of Schrager's other hotels, including the Royalton and the Delano, is at work on the McAlpin project.

Clair off to the Fifth Precinct, where he was charged with assault in the third degree, a misdemeanor punishable by up to a year in prison. His case is due to be heard on April 20. Not exactly an auspicious beginning for Clair at Rosenman & Colin, where he recently be-

came a partner handling matrimonial business, replacing **Mia Farrow's** lawyer, **Eleanor Alter**. But **Robert Kohl**, who's on the firm's management committee, defends his colleague vehemently, explaining that Clair was only defending his client and himself. Says Kohl: "In more than twenty years of practice, this was the first time an opponent in a divorce proceeding threatened Mr. Clair with physical harm following a conference with a judge."

SONY'S ARTLESS PLAZA PLANNING

Bringing culture to the masses has never been easy. Just ask **Bill Viola**, a renowned video artist whose large square structures, studded with video screens, are currently on display at the Whitney. Sony executives met with the Whitney after the museum proposed a Viola installation for the large public plaza of Sony's midtown headquarters. But when Department of City Planning commissioner **Joe Rose**—who has jurisdiction over the plaza because it is a public space—learned of the deal, everything came to a screeching halt. "Too big and too bright," a Whitney spokesperson says the museum was told about the Viola. The Whitney refined the project, then complied with Rose's request that it put a proposal before the community board, but to no avail. "Rose just said no," says the baffled museum rep. "We jumped through all his hurdles, but he kept moving the goalposts." Many see Rose's decision as a power play: "Rose is retaliating because he wasn't consulted in the first place," says one industry insider. Rose cites the piece's size as the primary concern: "You can't just build massive structures like that at will." When Whitney director **David Ross**—leaving soon to head up the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art—heard the news, "there was a lot of shouting about First Amendment rights," says one insider. A representative for Sony calls the city's decision "disappointing."

AT THE OSCARS: IN CASE THEY NOTICE

No detail is apparently too small for designers looking to share the Oscar-night limelight. Both Coach and Beverly Hills designer **Kathrine Baumann** have created cases to go with the state-of-the-art Star-Tac phones Motorola has given to high-profile actors and directors who will appear at the Academy Awards. (Never mind that the phones are small enough to fit inside almost any purse.) While the Coach cases for **Bridget Fonda** and **Kathy Bates** are simple leather, Baumann has designed more-elaborate ones (worth thousands of bucks),



David Ross:
Viola lessons



Bridget Fonda:
Calling all stars

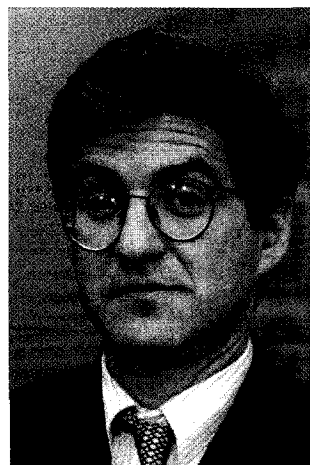
at Motorola's request, to match various actors' attire: one for **Minnie Driver** in garnet jersey, adorned with three sizes of Swarovski crystals and a matching fabric cord; one for **Linda Hamilton** in blue chiffon, with crystal bugle beads and a jeweled antenna; and one for **James Cameron** in black kid leather, with his initials in jet crystals. Baumann, for one, is hoping the trend takes off and makes all her hard work worthwhile: She received the assignment to create the bags only five days before the ceremony, and has since been working day and night to meet her deadline. "It certainly would be nice if someone thanked me up at that podium," she says, laughing.



Michael Flatley:
Skipped out

LAZARUS OPENS CLOSED CHAMBERS

When it rains, it pours—and lately it's been showering down on **Edward Lazarus**. A federal prosecutor in Los Angeles and a former Supreme Court clerk, Lazarus is attracting national attention for his book on the nation's top court, *Closed Chambers*. Several other former Supreme Court clerks have expressed "outrage" over Lazarus's book, saying that he's "clearly trading on his time serving on the Supreme Court." He had also been talking about moving to D.C. for a top job in the Justice



Michael Isikoff:
Writing the wrongs?

FLATLEY: BORED OF THE DANCE?

Attention, clog-dancing fans: *Michael Flatley's Lord of the Dance* does not necessarily include **Michael Flatley**. Several Radio City ticket buyers called the management office to complain when they learned that the oily-chested hooper wouldn't be appearing in the show's five-day run at Radio City, despite the star billing. Flatley is currently in Europe starring in another *Lord* offshoot, explains **Stan Feig**, the show's tour producer. Feig points out that even if the show's name is misleading, the promotions, at least, were not—print ads featured a picture of lead dancer **John Carey**, not Flatley. "I'm sorry they feel they were misled," says Feig.

Department, working under his good friend **Ray Fisher**, **Janet Reno's** new associate attorney general, several sources say. But Lazarus took himself out of the running early on, he insists. "Ray and I basically agreed that we just needed to defer the whole question until after the book," explains Lazarus. "Obviously I knew that this was going to be controversial, and I didn't want it in any way to impinge on Ray." In his book, Lazarus covers the growing politicization of the Supreme Court, particularly in connection with death-penalty cases. He also takes the occasional potshot at individual justices, calling **John Paul Stevens**, for example, "the FedEx Justice" because he spent as much time as possible at his Florida condo during the winter of 1988.

DUFF ON THE HILL; THE BOOK ON BILL

DOWN PAT: **Patricia Duff** is back. **Ron Perelman's** blonde ex-to-be, who's been keeping a low profile during her divorce battles of the past year, was spotted in the Senate dining room last Thursday afternoon, having lunch with New Jersey senator **Robert Torricelli**. It was a "private lunch," said a Torricelli spokeswoman, who refused to comment further. Torricelli and Duff were also spotted at a recent dinner party in Washington, although a friend of Duff's, when asked whether the two were becom-

ing an item, laughed and whispered something about Pat's frequent visits to a friend in Palm Beach.

CHAPTER AND VERSE: Shouldn't **Michael Isikoff**, the *Newsweek* reporter who got the goods on Fornigate, be courting some astronomical book advances by now? Turns out that the idea of a book project has crossed his mind, but that was last year, when he and his pal **Glenn Simpson**, of the *Wall Street Journal*, were talking about it. Their thesis, according to a rival reporter, was that "all the Clinton scandals are traceable back to the president's sexual



Patricia Duff:
Capitol gains?

compulsion." Isikoff refused to discuss his thesis but did confirm that "we batted around some ideas about a book on the Clinton scandals," although the pair never submitted a proposal to a publisher. And now? "I've gotten calls," he says, "but right now I'm just covering the story."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Connell Barrett.

SOHO GRAND LARCENY

Forget the plummeting crime rate. New York isn't even safe for fake dogs anymore. Consider the case of Ophie, the bronze-patinated statue snatched early one recent Sunday from its home at the SoHo Grand Hotel. A security camera recorded the two thieves as they ran from the hotel, one of the men awkwardly lugging the 50-pound pooch. "It seems to me they're pretty cowardly dognappers when they kidnap a dog that can't fight back," quips hotel owner **Emanuel Stern**. Stern so wants his statuesque pet back that he is offering a \$5,000 reward and has placed a full-page ad in this week's *Village Voice* (a publication owned by his father, **Leonard**) to help him retrieve his fake Great Dane, valued at about \$30,000. "I'm trying to make the best of a situation that irks me. It was done as a prank, but we're not treating it as a prank," he says. He's confident that the ad, coupled with help from the NYPD and the FBI, will help reunite Ophie with sibling statue Mona, the bronze beast the robbers left behind. Stern theorizes that the caper was perpetrated by local hooligans. "If you ask me, that dog is sitting within ten blocks [of the hotel]."

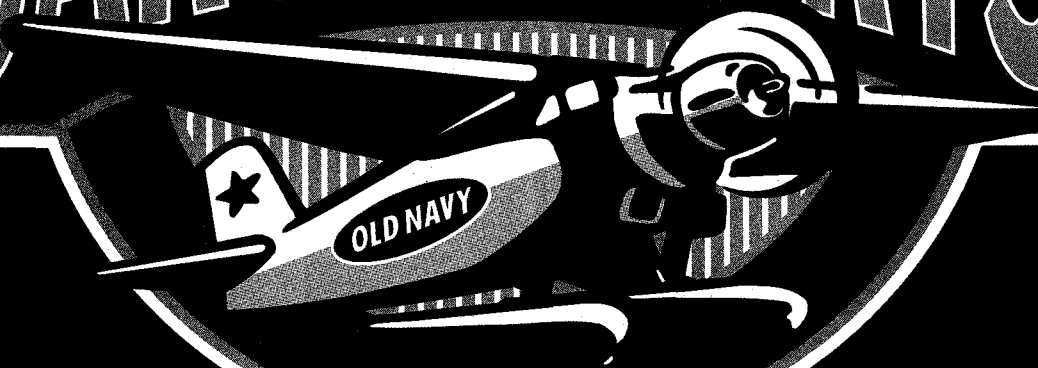


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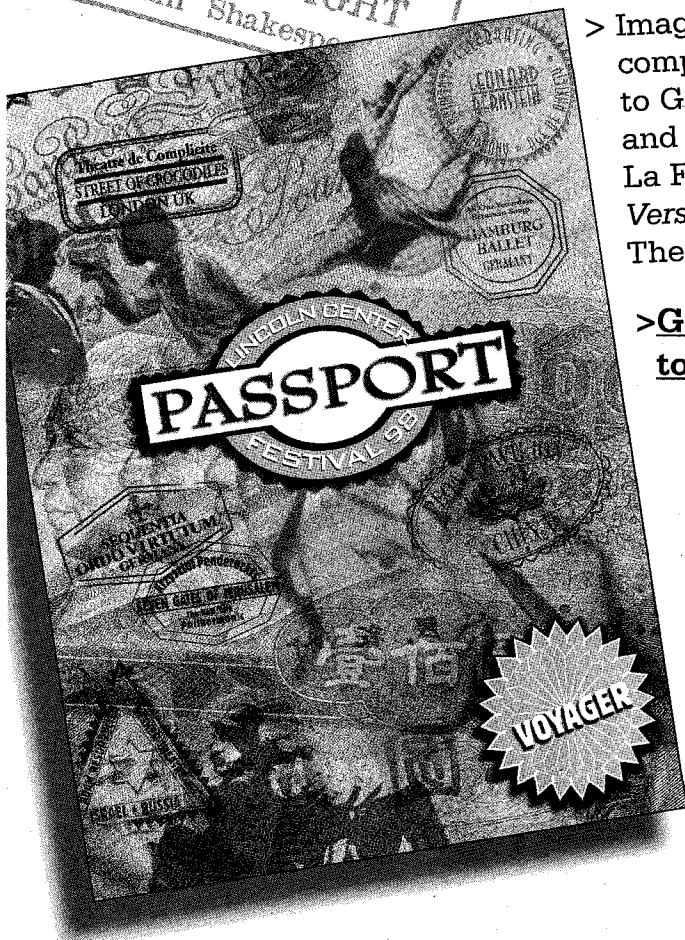
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A Commute to Remember

Why doesn't the Staten Island Ferry have nearly enough lifeboats?

EVERY WEEKDAY MORNING, the *Andrew Barberi*, one of the largest in the fleet of Staten Island ferryboats, plows across New York Harbor on its six-mile voyage to the Battery, carrying as many as 6,012 commuters. Barring the occasional storm or a blanket of fog, the trip is comfortably routine even for those who fear waterborne disaster.

Unless they count the seats in the lifeboats, that is.

The combined capacity of the *Barberi's* lifeboats and rafts would accommodate just 7.6 percent of the ship's total passengers. Which means that if it suffered serious damage and sank while fully loaded, 5,556 people would have to swim for it. Even the doomed *Titanic*, whose owners sacrificed safety for aesthetics, carried lifeboats for half its passengers.

Told of the ferry's lifeboat provisions during a recent morning crossing, Sherry Sardo of Rossville, Staten Island, cringes. "That's a scary thought," she says. "I'm pregnant. I'm thinking about that woman in the movie

floating in the water with her baby. Would that be me?"

Icebergs like the one that felled the great ship are, of course, not common in New York Harbor—but 1,000-foot cargo ships are: The harbor is one of the busiest in the country. In 1961, one of the ferryboats hit an oil tanker and sank. (No one was killed.) In 1981, the *American Legion* ferry smacked into a Norwegian cargo ship in a thick fog, landing some passengers in the hospital.

After that accident, the National Transportation Safety Board recommended that the fer-

ries install better navigational equipment. New York City eventually complied. With certain exceptions, explains Bill Woody, an NTSB investigator, "we recommend that there be life rafts to support 100 percent of the people onboard." In 1996, the Coast Guard moved to codify the NTSB's recommendations but met stiff resistance from ferry operators all over the country who felt that adding lifesaving equipment would be too costly. So the Coast Guard eased off.

Staten Island Ferry director John Giaccio expresses complete

(continued on page 14)

CAMEO

Return of the Wounded Warrior, Part II

WHAT IS PATRICK EWING'S SENSE OF HIS PLACE in history? What legacy does the Big Man imagine he will offer the ever-hungry mythmakers of the city game? These are the questions dogging the struggling-to-stay-interested Knicks fan as Ewing announces, again, that he'll resume his rightful place as the team's entire offense during the playoffs. (Though their ability to make it that far, and thereby interrupt the

Ringling Bros. schedule, is far from certain.) Does the aloof superstar secretly harbor a scratchy tape of Willis Reed—nearly crippled by injured knees—leading his team to victory in the halcyon days of Knicks glory? To borrow a phrase, we knew Willis Reed, and Pat, you're no Willis Reed. What are you coming back for? A few gutty, hard-fought games in a three-and-out first-round massacre? Send in the clowns.



SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

All Jacked Up

● "Strangers carved up Camelot yesterday and carted off auctioned pieces of John F. Kennedy's legacy . . . after his children reached a last-minute settlement with the auction's major donor."

—*Boston Globe*

● "Caroline and John Kennedy should feel satisfied that they have kept faith with their parents' privacy . . . by taking the actions necessary to recover these items."

—*Paul G. Kirk Jr., Chairman, Kennedy Library Foundation*

● "Sparsely attended and sometimes lackluster, the . . . auction that had alarmed the Kennedy family began . . . with low bids and some lots going unsold."

—*Detroit News*

● JFK SALE NETS CAM-ALOT!
—*New York Post, early edition*

● JFK SALE A BUST
—*New York Daily News, early edition*

● JFK SALE IS CAM-E-LITTLE!
—*New York Post, late edition*

● "I'm just glad some things are going low enough that regular people can afford them."

—*Robert White, the auction's main collector*

Ferry continued from page 13
confidence in the current safety measures. "There are millions of precautions," Giaccio says, ticking off a few key items on the emergency protocol: Call in the Coast Guard, summon tugs to tow a distressed ferry to shore, and link the damaged vessel to a sister ferry for evacuation. The Coast Guard constantly inspects the fleet, and Giaccio meets with them weekly to brainstorm ferry improvements. The bigger ships are also equipped with state-of-the-art radar equipment. But no additional lifeboats are planned. "I really don't feel there's a need," he says, adding that in an emergency, a rescue would take minutes.

Coast Guard lieutenant commander Brian Krenzien of Search and Rescue at Staten Island's Fort Wadsworth floats a far different scenario. He starts with a standard training drill: collision with an oil tanker three miles out. Even if all the available tugboats and all the Coast Guard, Police Department, and Fire Department vessels pitched in—and all the private boats in the vicinity helped out, too—rescuing all the commuters on a ferry like the *Barberi* would take anywhere from 8 to 22 hours. That's not just a bad commute; that could be a death sentence: In cold winter water, life expectancy is about two hours. "Do I believe we would successfully remove all 4,500 people?" Krenzien asks. "I doubt it."

Engineer Allen Chin, who managed the design and construction of the *Barberi* twenty years ago, agrees that the life-saving capacity of the ferries could be improved. "Remember in *Titanic* when the designer said he wanted to put more lifeboats onboard," says Chin, "but the owner said no? Everyone wants a safer ferryboat."

Richard Willis, a writer from Manhattan, shivers aboard the *Barberi* as it sails into the Whitehall Street slip. "If a ferry sank," he says, "I think the same thing would happen as on the *Titanic*: People would panic. Everyone would be out to save themselves, and corporate executives and women in fur coats would get on the lifeboats first."

NORMAN GREEN

HOSPITALITY

The SoHo Sleeper

A restaurateur turns to innkeeping.

IT'S LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, and Jean Claude Iacovelli's executive chef, Joe Armatru-do, needs \$15 to buy ravioli for the night's service at SoHo Steak. People have been trying to separate Iacovelli from his cash all day. First André, a freelance "expediter," needed \$250 to grease an unspecified palm. Then the local butcher tried to unload some rib-eyes. "I'll give them to you for two-fiddy, Jean Claude. Sell them as filet," he bargained. Iacovelli declined. He's not above cutting corners, but he tries to hold the line on food. It's impossible to say what his mute Polish contractor, Janusz Szylenko, needed cash for—the two men communicated in a sign language of Gallic smirks and shrugs—but Iacovelli peeled off two twenties and a ten. Finally, his old man hit him up for a C-note.

The 35-year-old restaurateur has always preferred to keep things liquid, and now that he's



Jean Claude Iacovelli in Velli, his latest venture.

turned his string of SoHo restaurants into the foundation of a hospitality mini-empire, he's moving more cash than ever. To close a \$1 million deal on a three-story tenement, he and his brother packed \$800,000 into duffel bags and carried them over to the building, on Sullivan and West Houston.

Within a month the building—which has already become his home, and the site of his new restaurant—will be reborn as Iacovelli's greatest coup: Velli, a seven-room bed-and-breakfast.

On the face of it, a small inn might not seem like any greater achievement than Iacovelli's five previous ventures, successful bistros like SoHo Steak and Jean Claude, in the city's most com-

petitive restaurant district. But he did it in a fraction of the time—and with a fraction of the headaches—that it cost some of the city's biggest developers to open their trendy downtown hotels.

He's approaching his new vocation with his trademark cheapskate-chic formula: minimal redesign plans, and furnishings from antiques stores and junk shops. And his

standard room rate will be \$100 a night, which compares awfully well with the Ramada-esque SoHo Grand (\$319 and up) and the luxe Mercer (\$325 and up).

Nevertheless, he says he's looking to the hotel to generate the steady stream of cash that even his popular restaurants don't provide. "When you open a restaurant, you always worry about things you can't control—the weather, the day of the week. If it's raining, you worry about business. If it's snowing, forget it," he says. "A hotel is not like that. Can you believe there are 365 days that I won't have to worry about the snow? Maybe I get out of the restaurant business, you know?"

MANNY HOWARD

CONVENTIONS

The Latte Backlash

IF THE HUNDREDS OF CAFFEINE ENTHUSIASTS who gathered last week for Coffee Fest New York seemed anxious, it wasn't just the effect of all the free samples they were downing. They were on a mission to battle the false coffee consciousness of the Starbucks era, and they took it very seriously. "People have become caught up in the jazz of the whole thing," said Michael Del Gatto, an independent roaster. "But they're really drinking a milk drink."

The connoisseurs had come armed with potent threats to the green giant's bland market presence. A few were disturbingly high-tech, such as flavored coffee filters and a hydrolyzed-whey-protein drink with "the benefits of protein and the benefits of caffeine." (A pitchman even swore it's compatible with the Zone diet: "I feel healthier, and I've done that with coffee.")

The more traditional approach, however, was merely to amp up the caffeine content. Yonkers's own Barrie Haus Coffee was pushing a methamphetamine-like espresso. "Can I pull you another shot?" the fellow at the booth kept asking. And Ace Whitticar of GourmetLuxe was packing a "Sleepless in Seattle" blend that was strong medicine, indeed. "It's a darker roast," she said. "Would you like a cup?"

A few more such offers, and everything starts to look brighter—for a couple of hours, anyway. But then the buzz grows metallic, and a dull ache rises just behind the eyes. And as any true addict knows, there's only one cure for an overdose: another dose. "It's just regular coffee coffee," the woman at the Dunkin' Donuts booth apologized. "Medium or large?"

GREG DICUM

Shannon Wheeler's Too Much Coffee Man.



FINANCE

A Bully Market

Shareholders root for their prize fighter.

IF SHANNON BRIGGS BEATS Lennox Lewis this Saturday night and wins the WBC heavyweight title, contenders will be lining up for a piece of him. To get one, they might consider buying a little-known stock traded on NASDAQ under the symbol WWES. In October 1996, Worldwide Entertainment & Sports, which represents Briggs, became the first company of its kind to go public, and with Briggs on the verge of the big time, it may finally produce significant returns for investors.

Win or lose, Briggs gets \$1.8 million for the Lewis fight, of which the New Jersey-based outfit takes one third. And if Briggs wins, he stands to make upwards of \$15 million in a subsequent title bout against Evander Holyfield, bringing the cut for Worldwide's management and shareholders up to \$4 million.

Profiting off boxers' careers is nothing new, but in the past the opportunity has been restricted to managers, agents, and a few large backers. Pegging the value of a publicly traded stock to Briggs's success, while entirely above board, comes a bit closer to legalized sports gambling. Worldwide's Marc Roberts, who also represents a number of football and basketball players, insists it's just an innocent way for ordinary people to feel that proprietary thrill that fat cats get watching their star athletes compete. It's sure been thrilling for him: Worldwide raised \$8.4 million in its initial public offering.

But it's been up and down ever since. After Briggs won a controversial split decision over George Foreman in Atlantic City last year, the New Jersey boxing commissioner who chose two of the three judges for the fight was ac-

1/4	11/16	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	10
1/8	12 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	27 1/2
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1/8	9 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	41 1/2
1/4	1 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	41 1/2
1/8	7 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	18 1/2
1/8	14 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	31 1/2
1/4	10 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	58 1/2
1/4	24 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	10 1/2
1/8	18 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	27 1/2
1/8	6 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	54 1/2
1/8	22 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	40
1/8	7 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	30 1/2
1/8	18 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	31 1/2
1/8	17 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	74 1/2
1/8	9 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	89 1/2
1/8	27 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	121 1/2
1/8	5 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	27 1/2
1/8	4 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	15 1/2
1/8	3 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	11 1/2
1/8	11 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	22 1/2
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1/8	13 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	31 1/2
1/8	10 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	44 1/2
1/8	4 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	31 1/2
1/8	4 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	31 1/2
1/8	11 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	20 1/2
1/8	15 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	41 1/2
1/8	11 1/4	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	32 1/2
1/8	25 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	58 1/2
1/8	7 1/2	MedSet	33 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	40	14 1/2

Heavyweight contender Shannon Briggs.

cused by various sportswriters of "having ties" to Worldwide. Denials were made all around, and the commissioner was cleared, but the incident prompted Arizona senator John McCain, a sponsor of federal boxing legislation, to write the New Jersey Division of Gaming Enforcement demanding an investigation.

Worldwide survived the post-fight fracas, but its stock has taken a beating ever since. After initially trading at more than \$5 a

share, it dipped as low as \$1.50 last month before mounting a slight comeback.

Whatever the company's performance, Kevin Wynne, the president of the boxing division at the International Management Group, sees a conflict in merging sports and the stock market. "I think it raises a lot of questions," he says. "It makes it more difficult to police conflicts when you have so many people involved." Wynne describes a hypothetical situation in which a boxer is injured before a major fight. Stockholders would have a right to know that their investment was in jeopardy, but management would have an incentive to withhold that information, lest the ringside doctor call off the fight.

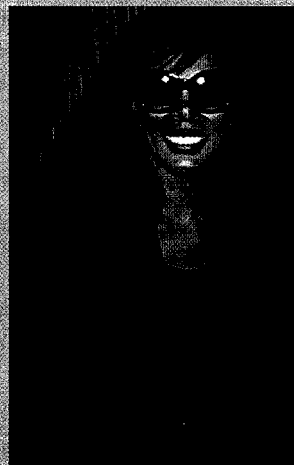
Roberts dismisses such concerns. "As long as I keep doing my job, at the end of the day all of our investors are going to make out real well," he says. "I just know that there could never be anything bad coming out of a fighter making \$50 million a fight."

BRIAN FARNHAM

THE SCENE

A Family Affair

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Donna Summer at the Rihga Royal Hotel after a Carnegie Hall performance to benefit Gay Men's Health Crisis.



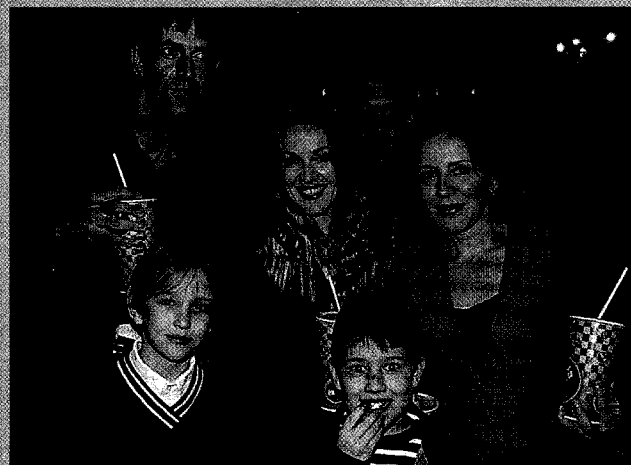
Verushka celebrating the opening of the Kit Kat Klub, hosted by Susanne Bartsch.



At House & Garden's party for William Wegman's new book, *Puppies*, Linda and Mort Janklow with William Wegman.



George C. Wolfe, Angela Bassett, and Alec Baldwin at Life following the opening-night performance of *Macbeth* at the Public Theater.



Clockwise from top: Rupert Everett, Madonna, Mr. Everett's companion, the jewelry designer Maripol, her son Lino, and Liam McMullan at the premiere of Miramax's *Wide Awake*, to benefit For All Kids.

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Light Reading

The arrival of the new *Visionaire* is always a major event among fashion insiders. Previous "issues" of the hand-constructed un-magazine have taken such unusual forms as a deck of cards, a Louis Vuitton portfolio case, and a Mylar box; despite costing nearly \$100, it has always sold out its limited press runs well in advance of actual delivery. This time, however, creators Stephen Gan, Cecilia Dean, and James Kaliardos have outdone even themselves: Guest-edited by Gucci's Tom Ford, the series's latest edition (on sale mid-April) is a \$425 custom-built light box, with transparencies by the likes of photographer Mario Testino and designer Alexander McQueen. If you think the new *Times* is a bitch to read, imagine fiddling with that on the morning No. 6 train.



High-End Hippie Gear

Audiences at recent runway shows have seen a lot of bad mall fashions, such as track suits, tube tops, and leg warmers, reborn as couture. But the shoes marching down the runways during the last crop of shows rehabilitated what might just be the least likely trend of all—Tevas and Birkenstocks, the crunchy footwear of

hikers and hippies. Narciso Rodriguez had Birkenstock custom-make a couple of pairs of the earthy shoes for his latest show, and more and more fans of Prada's Sport Sandal (\$320) are wearing the Teva-like shoes with black socks for full effect. The Velcro closures on Manolo Blahnik's silver stiletto sandals (\$515) give them an ironically sporty look, while Jil Sander's plasticized-leather sandals (\$355) seem equally well suited to twirling through a cocktail party and scampering up a hillside. For those striving for individuality, Chrome Hearts custom-makes the Birkenstock buckle for a modest \$1,500.

LAUREN EZERSKY

Break It Down

Love that old-school break dancing (like the stuff in the latest *Space Monkeys* video) but hate what head spins do to your do? Pick up a NEW YORK CITY BREAKERS T-shirt, newly reissued by Michael Holman, the creator of the reunited crew. "Breaking is ten times bigger now than it was back in the day," says Holman, who'll soon be the subject of a display at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. "I was just at a B-boy convention in England, and there were crews from Hungary, Japan, Australia, Poland, Sweden. There were three crews from fucking Croatia!" All it takes to join the global early-eighties revival is \$15 at finer downtown T-shirt stalls.

ETHAN SMITH

BODY TYPE

Feel the Burn

● Against all odds, Crunch—the fitness empire that brought you drag aerobics and belly-dancing workouts—has come up with a new trope to keep jaded exercisers engaged. It's hired Eric Torres, a fireman from Ladder Co. No. 34, to moonlight as a fitness instructor. In his three-times-a-week "Firefighter Training" classes, he teaches students accustomed to treadmills and Nordic-Tracks such new skills as climbing stairs with hose packs, forcing doors open, hoisting equipment, ascending ladders, and carrying victims to safety. And in the place of more traditional gym props, Torres's class makes use of weighted mannequins, sledgehammers, and fire hoses. It's sure to play into at least a few people's early-childhood fireman fantasies, but the folks at Crunch, who take it rather more seriously, have issued a warning: "This class is strictly for fitness purposes, and by no means does it prepare or recommend participants to engage in actual fire-fighting." Bring on the NYPD.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



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NOW Gets the Willeys

Kathleen Willey looks believable; her story sounds believable. But why is it that feminists have rallied around her and not Clinton's past accusers?

IT'S THE PUBLICITY LESSON OF THE past few weeks: To get yourself on TV, become a quisling and shuck off your carefully constructed views for a few minutes with Larry King. Taking a cue from David Brock, Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, decided last week after seeing Kathleen Willey on *60 Minutes* that she's changed her mind. No longer will Ireland stand up for her man (that is, Bill Clinton) and faithfully fend off the army of female attackers on the right. The president, she has suddenly decided, is not merely a harasser but quite

president would put a woman's hand on him in the White House."

It's not hard to understand Ireland's abrupt turnaround. The pressure must have been getting unbearable, with all those FEMINIST HYPOCRITES? headlines polluting her peaceful dreams every night. Her conversion wasn't all personal, though. Being a lawyer, Ireland has very lawyerly reasons for turning on the president. Unwanted touching of genitals is a serious crime in most states, and so rises above the murky legal domain of mere sexual harassment.

But the closer you look, the more the legal parsing starts to get picayune, and the more the Kathleen Willey story looks suspiciously like another narrative much reviled by feminists: the Paula Jones story. Leave aside Monica for a minute, assuming the groping there was mutual. NOW's reasons for supporting Willey and not Paula Jones seem disturbingly random. If there's any guiding principle, it's the old middle-class feminist standby: Stick up for women who look like us.

NOW spokeswomen give three reasons for supporting Willey and ignoring Jones. First, they say, Jones did it for the money. Her own sister said so, and dug up some evidence that Jones wanted to write a book. Well, if money is a suspect motive, Willey's financial straits make Jones seem like Warren Buffet. Willey may look well-off, but her husband's suicide left her with mountains of debt, forcing her to come up with increasingly elaborate schemes to protect herself from creditors. And there is much more

solid evidence about Willey's book deal than there ever was about Paula Jones's.

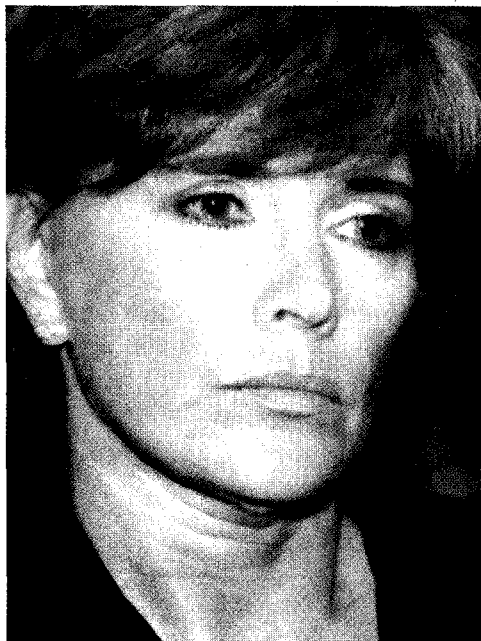
NOW's second reason is credibility—Paula Jones's irksome habit of "constantly changing her story," as one spokeswoman put it. Willey isn't looking so prelapsarian herself these days. In her deposition, Willey said she told her daughter the *Newsweek* story about her was a "lot of garbage." She might have been protecting her daughter from disil-



The judge: now president Patricia Ireland.

lusionment with her president, but Willey's memory is murky on other matters as well, much more so than it was on *60 Minutes*. When asked whether the president touched her breasts, she said timidly in her deposition: "I think so. I have a recollection of that." When asked whether she sought a job at the White House, she flat-out lied. Did she "communicate" with the White House? "To the best of my recollection, no." Was she looking for federal employment? "No." Yet as we all now know, Willey called the White House several times and sent nine letters, many of them asking for a job, all of them friendly ("Thank you so much for taking the time to meet with me," she writes in curlicue, a year after the fateful encounter. "I would like to be considered for an ambassadorship"). Finally, her own friend, Julia Steele, says Willey asked her to lie to support her claim of sexual assault.

The last distinction NOW makes is based, of course, on the Paula entourage, the cast of characters dredged up from the fever swamps of the far right, out "to get the president," as the NOW spokeswoman says. Compare them with Willey—"clearly a Clinton supporter." But whether either of these women is a supporter of the president or a tool of his enemies depends on when you start looking. After all, Paula Jones was once a starry-eyed fan of the governor. Willey, too, seems to have undergone a conversion. Like Jones, she now traffics with his



The good victim: Kathleen Willey, ex-White House volunteer.

possibly a sexual predator, of the most beastly kind. "This is not just sexual harassment," she told CNN, referring to Willey's description of Bill's groping, continuing with a damning remark that was quoted by the media all week. "If it's true, it's sexual assault. . . . When the chief executive officer uses that position of power in a way that it's been alleged, it is illegal and really just unconscionable. It's unfathomable to me the

enemies—after months of reluctance, she's eagerly cooperating with Ken Starr and has become his deadliest witness.

The motives of both are riddled with suspicious elements, so let's say we believe both of them. Did Clinton *assault* only Willey? Jones has that covered as well. Even if you don't believe her latest version of the story—that Clinton was "trying to touch my pelvic area"—the president, then governor, is still criminally liable. Even in Arkansas, flashing is a misdemeanor.

So why did Ireland choose to come out for Willey? It's not too outlandish to speculate that it has something to do with looks. In that *60 Minutes* segment, Ireland saw a slightly polished version of herself—Kathleen Willey, in a black V-neck and nude lip gloss, with sensibly cropped hair. Willey is 51 years old and an unlikely candidate for the office strumpet. Now remember, if you can, Paula Jones, pre-makeover—not a vision to inspire warm vibes of sisterhood from white-bread feminists. Combine her woman-of-a-certain-age dignity with the assault charge, and Willey becomes the ideal vessel for NOW to express its fixation on sex-related assault and violence.

Before they mold Willey into the new Anita Hill, the NOW crowd should at least be conscious of what they're validating. The White House has been skewered for bringing up Willey's Anita Hill problem—her keeping in touch with her harasser as a career strategy. It's too bad the White House chose the thoroughly dishonest Ann Lewis to trumpet this line, since the argument has merit.



The bad victim: Paula Jones, ex-hotel receptionist.

(Ann Lewis once defended Anita Hill's choice, telling her accusers, "You don't know what it's like to be a young woman." Now Lewis says the fact that Willey came to ask her if she could work on Clinton's campaign means the allegations are untrue.)

Still, ignore Ann Lewis for the moment. I believe Anita Hill, and I think I believe something happened to Kathleen Willey. Asking for a job later doesn't mean the allegations are untrue. But it does mean something. Anita Hill's decision to follow Clarence Thomas to the EEOC has always stuck in my craw. A woman's career decisions are complicated, especially if the woman is as financially strapped as Willey. Anita Hill's and Kathleen Willey's decisions were smart career moves, but they were not brave. The decision to stay silent and not to warn other women who might come after them was made in the spirit of millions of professional men: It was careerist, and selfish.

It may be too much to expect a desperate woman to stand up for an abstract principle, but desperate women have done it before. Take Brenda Hoster, the retired sergeant major who just lost her case against Sergeant Major Gene McKinney, who she says forcibly kissed her, then warned he could overpower her. Hoster left the Army and stayed silent until she learned McKinney had been appointed to a blue-ribbon commission investigating sexual harassment. She then decided she did not want other women in the Army to suffer what she had. She wrote McKinney a letter before going public; he ignored it. When she did finally go public, five other women joined her case, all with almost identical complaints. The only time Hoster broke down on the witness stand was when talking about McKinney's wife of 25 years, who had been her close friend. None of her decisions were selfish; she had nothing to gain by going public but a more miserable life. Worse, she lost the case, in a strange decision in which the jury convicted McKinney for obstructing justice but not for any other crimes.

In the heat of the scandal, who has time to make these fine distinctions? Now that they've picked their heroine, NOW will be forced to stick with her. The choice is based on blinkered reasoning, but no more so than anyone else's choice of who to defend in this mess. With the president's constantly shifting half-truths and the media's constantly haranguing everyone to just take a position, yes or no, the scandal will probably end up making us all look like hypocrites. ■



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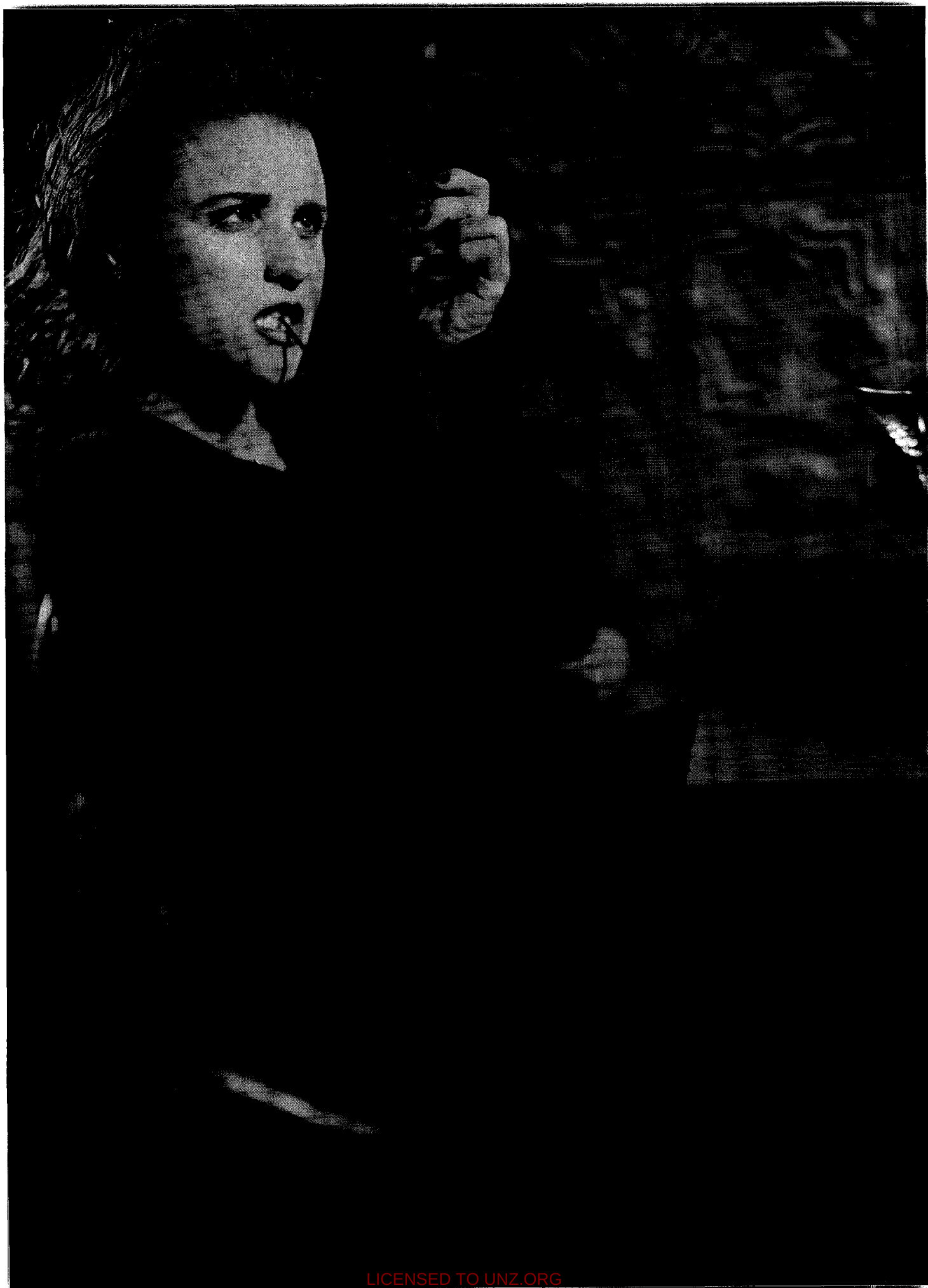
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Single

Not that there's
anything wrong
with that!

WE HAD SOMETHING ONCE, JULIA Louis-Dreyfus and I. I'm sure we did. If only for a brief late-afternoon interlude—I mean interview—in Los Angeles in December 1991. The story was about a cult-favorite sitcom called *Seinfeld* and the actress's role as Elaine Benes, the title character's frisky if self-absorbed ex-girlfriend. Our chat was strictly business. Anyway, we were both married. But there was that spark in her pale green eyes that spoke of . . . a connection. I'm sure it did. ● Interviews are a lot like dates, you know—fear, anticipation, attempts at seduction. (Although if there's no chemistry on a date, at least you don't have to write it up and turn it in.) So for six years, I've wondered what would happen if fate assigned us—Julia and me—another Q&A. ● Since our first brief fling, I've watched longingly from afar as Louis-Dreyfus turned Elaine into the hilarious patron saint of single, neurotic Upper West Side women. Now Louis-Dreyfus is facing the traumatic breakup of a relationship, as *Seinfeld* closes in on its bigger-than-the-Super Bowl final episode. At 37, she'll soon be professionally single again in an industry where women are con-

BY CHRIS SMITH

**PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHE BRAKHA
EDITED BY MAER ROSHAN**

**Julia Louis-Dreyfus
dishes about Elaine Benes's
dating habits, and the sex
lives of *real* single New
Yorkers are examined in a
Penn, Schoen & Berland
poll. Also: Nancy Jo Sales
looks at true tales of dating,
and Lily Burana ponders
our perfectionist standards.
Plus a choice guide on
where to meet that
special, well, anyone.**

39% of New Yorkers say t

sidered over-the-hill at 26. Finally, the chance for a second encounter arrives.

Selecting the proper place for our rendezvous is crucial. How can she resist the Bel-Air Hotel, site of the most romantic restaurant in town? Julia arrives first. Perfect—she's been seated in a lush banquette beside the crackling fireplace. She looks gorgeous, a smoldering sprite in a black leather Calvin Klein jacket; the famous tendrils of her dark chestnut hair frame her face. I stroll up, blood racing, flash my best smile, and suavely say how great it is to see her again.

"We've met before?" she says. "For what?"

Well, of course you're not expected to keep track of the hundreds of reporters who sought you out when *Seinfeld* exploded. But I was there before the pack of suitors; there was that day when we joked, we laughed . . . remember?

"Hmmm. What was the story about?" She sounds as if she's trying to remember the Pleistocene Era. "For *New York Magazine*?"

My adrenaline is cratering. And what's this moisture on my forehead? Comedians have a name for it—flop sweat. Okay, okay, forget the pretensions about soulful bonding; I'll charm her with brilliant questions. I remember Julia telling me years ago that single women in New York always feel the need to defend themselves. How does that feeling shape Elaine?

Julia is silent for what feels like forever. "Defend themselves?" she says with a

mystified shrug, then shakes her head. "I don't have any way of knowing, really."

I haven't felt this sickening wave of panic, disappointment, and humiliation since—jeez, since the last time I had a bad blind date.

IN THOSE DAYS, EIGHT OR TEN margaritas would have gotten me through the mortifying night. A drunken stupor isn't exactly an option here; luckily, Louis-Dreyfus is smart enough to turn even feeble straight lines into funny anecdotes.

As Elaine, Louis-Dreyfus has dated one of the most bizarre collections of single maledom ever to flicker through prime time. Nothing in her own brief dating life—Louis-Dreyfus fell in love with comedy writer-producer Brad Hall when she was 20 and married him six years later—comes close to such Elaine paramours as the Wiz, a guy so obsessed with his role in TV commercials that he pranced around off-duty in a red velvet crown; or the deranged NBC executive who was so infatuated by a glimpse of Elaine's cleavage that he joined Greenpeace to prove his worth. The most peculiar real-life dating experience Louis-Dreyfus can recall leaves her feeling embarrassed. "I had a date with a guy once, and he was so dull," she says. "He took me out to dinner, and I couldn't wait to get out. So I changed my watch under the table, as he was talking. Then I sort of glanced at my watch and went, 'Oh, my God! I had no idea it was so late! I gotta go, man. Thanks a million!' That was very bad behavior on my part. And it was only *sort of* clever, because I'm sure it wasn't long before he realized what time it really was." But by then she'd escaped.

Elaine, according to Louis-Dreyfus, would benefit from a bit more of that kind of discretion. "I think Elaine would go out with *anyone* if they showed interest in her. She's nuts. The woman's nuts," Louis-Dreyfus says. "Yeah, I'm sure it's a self-esteem problem. I mean, she's hanging out with these three guys, in that raty apartment—where's the self-esteem there? Elaine should be looking for an analyst, is what she should be looking for."

Grateful as Louis-Dreyfus is to have played a fantastically popular, deftly written, ballsy character, she has a surprising amount of disdain for Elaine. Real Upper West Side single women talk about how Elaine gives them emotional comfort, helping them to see the humor in their lives, but Louis-Dreyfus finds Elaine frightening.

"If you hear a man say he's looking for an Elaine-type woman," Louis-Dreyfus says, "run in the opposite direction of that man. I am not kidding. *Run!* That man is a moron. I don't think she's made it cool to be single and neurotic. People don't look up to these characters. Of course *Seinfeld* is funny. But beyond that, [single viewers can say] 'That is bad! These people are not where I want to be! I will laugh at them!' It's kind of like watching *Jerry Springer*."

Of the dozens of dates Elaine has had in eight *Seinfeld* seasons, Louis-Dreyfus thinks there's only one true marriage prospect. "It would have to be David Puddy," she says, mentioning the handsome car salesman. "We laugh about this

How often do you engage in one-night stands?

The city that never sleeps has turned into the city that never sleeps around.
(At least not with *complete* strangers.)

Never	53%
Not often	29%
Somewhat often	8.2%
Very often	6%

on the set. Elaine and David are so dissimilar. He's so stupid, and she is so amazed at how stupid he is, and he's so clearly irritated by how neurotic she is, that it must be explosive sexually, because that could be the only reasonable explanation for the two of them being together."

Elaine rarely goes very long without a serious relationship, which generates some disbelief from real-life singles. "This revolving door of dates is very helpful in the comedy department," Louis-Dreyfus says. "If the show were real, I don't think it would be that funny. If Elaine were sitting around, really concerned because she wants to have kids, she'd like to have a stable life—then it's time to turn the channel: *What have they got on CBS?*"

What Louis-Dreyfus sees happening to her thirtysomething gal pals is more in the black-humor department. "All of my friends who are single have moved



y have had sex with a co-worker.

What's more important to you, a good job or a good partner?

Almost as many respondents chose a good job as chose a good partner, which may explain why they're all single.

Sex	Job	Partner
Men	41%	49%
Women	46%	43%

out of New York. They didn't like it," she says. "They tell me there's not a lot of good men out there in the world. The men in their thirties and forties who are single are so depressing! Uhhhh! It's like going to the Barneys sale. You know, good prices, but what about the merchandise?"

When Louis-Dreyfus tries to play matchmaker, hilarity ensues. "It's been a huge bomb," she says. "I don't have a gift for it. And I get too nervous. I can't give an example without hurting people's feelings, but recently there was a situation where I was there when two of my friends met, who I'd set up. I could see it wasn't going well, and I wanted to step in and sort of referee: 'You uncross your arms, and you walk over, and you say this, and why aren't you laughing? That was funny!'" She winces at the memory.

Portraying the most celebrated single woman on TV, Louis-Dreyfus has become a repository for dating-disaster stories. "A friend of mine was set up with this guy, and they met somewhere for a drink," she says. "It didn't take off. So she went home and he went home." Pause. "And they live in the same apartment building—right across the hall from each other! They didn't even know. They didn't even discuss where they lived; they just saw each other getting out of the car in the parking lot. She said it was . . . awkward." So has her friend adjusted her schedule in order to avoid the guy? "No," Louis-Dreyfus says. "She's moved."

Though married and the mother of two small boys, Louis-Dreyfus did have some recent experience with an issue that's a bitter irritant to single women her age: men in their thirties and forties who refuse to date women in their thirties and forties. Jerry Seinfeld, then 39, took up with Shoshanna Lonstein, then 17. Louis-Dreyfus is emphatic in support of Seinfeld. "No, it didn't make me cringe," she says. "When he was in that relationship, it was a happy one for him. And she's a terribly nice person, so I was in favor of it. Come on—who cares? There wasn't anything wrong with it. I thought it was great. Anyway, they're not dating anymore, if that gives other people any happiness."

Louis-Dreyfus in some ways sounds relieved that *Seinfeld* is breaking up; maybe she won't be chased down midtown streets by rabid fans anymore. But when she talks about not seeing Jerry, Michael Richards, and Jason Alexander every day, her voice takes on the tone of a woman who sees the end of a magical relationship on the horizon. Her head tells her it's time to move on, but her heart isn't so sure anything will ever match the intimacy of this partnership again. "Jerry, Michael, Jason, me, we have a certain short-

When New Yorkers go out on a date, who usually pays?

"It's not just that women in New York don't pay," one guy complains. "They don't even say thank you."

Men pay	71%
Women pay	2%
Alternate	15%
Go Dutch.....	11%

hand, the way we work, and I think we respect one another. So it's a very even playing field, and it's a very joyful playing field, and it makes the making-funny thing really gratifying. That's really rare,



really rare. When all the elements come together . . ." Her words drift off. "You never know. I hope in ten years I'll be enjoying other creative experiences that are equally satisfying. But the reality is, these things don't come around a lot."

She's turning down work for now. She certainly doesn't need the money. "I'm gonna just take a lot of naps," Louis-Dreyfus says. "And relax for a long period of time, and enjoy stepping back. Then I don't know what my next move is gonna be. My desire is not to sort of sully the success of this show. I will not be doing any selling on the Home Shopping Network. That's a safe bet."

The rest of her future is hazy. Louis-Dreyfus got good reviews in Woody Allen's *Deconstructing Harry*, but otherwise her movie career (*Father's Day*; *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*) has been spotty. In television, for every Kirstie Alley who follows up a sitcom success with a second hit, there's a barful of Shelley Longs.

Right now, however, Julia Louis-Dreyfus doesn't have time to linger in the afterglow of our reunion. She waves goodbye and promises she'll call.

They always do.

of single women believe that professionally successful women have a harder time finding relationships than less successful women.

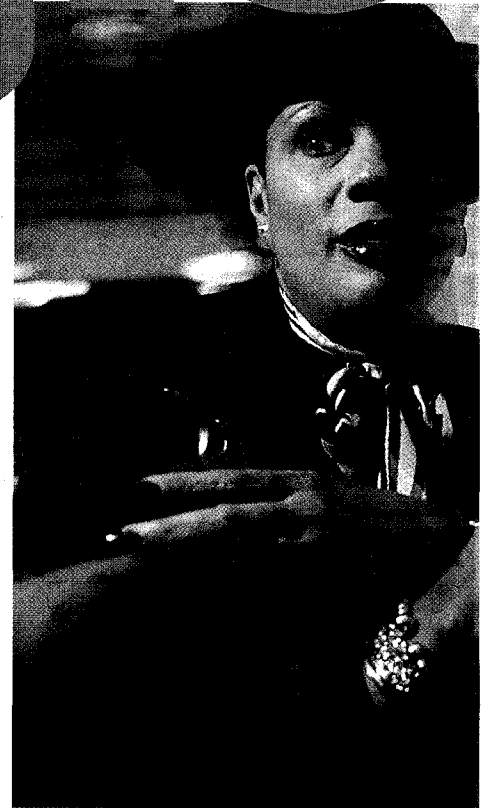
the Single files

A *New York* survey shows that the city's unattached find dating daunting and sex elusive—except for the third who got lucky at the office. By Mark Penn & Doug Schoen

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT: NEW YORK is a tough dating town. But is it really harder to meet someone—or someone who meets your standards—here than in, say, Seattle? To find out how unattached New Yorkers are faring in the dating and mating wars, *New York* and the polling firm of Penn, Schoen & Berland conducted a comprehensive telephone survey of 1,000 New Yorkers between 21 and 40—straight and gay—who said they weren't in a serious relationship. We asked more than 100 questions about how they meet prospective partners, where they go on dates, how often they have sex, and how they feel about their prospects.

Among our key findings

- Only a third of those surveyed (31 percent) said they were looking for a serious relationship; another third (38 percent) said they were happily single and dating. More than a quarter of the unattached said they were either not dating at all (22 percent) or panicked about their prospects (4 percent).
- Even those who *are* dating have plenty of time for television: Only half went on more than ten dates in the past year.
- But long-held stereotypes are not holding up: More men (38 percent) are looking for a serious relationship than women (25 percent). And more single gays (40 percent) are interested in com-



mitment than single heterosexuals (32 percent).

● Women in their thirties have cooled on the dating scene. Thirty-three percent are not currently dating, and 29 percent don't want to get married. One in five hasn't had sex in over a year. One in ten women respondents in their thirties claimed to be panic-stricken about their prospects, compared with 3 percent of men in their thirties.

● Aggressive new sexual-harassment laws hardly seem to have put a damper on office romance: 39 percent of those surveyed said they had had sex with a co-worker.

● Despite the city's overheated image, New Yorkers without steady partners have surprisingly tame sex lives. On

How would you describe your romantic status?

Only a third want to get serious; 40 percent are happy playing the field. "I didn't want to sleep with this guy anymore," says a flight attendant, "and he says, 'That's okay, baby, New York's a smorgasbord!'—a smorgasbord!"

	Straight Men	Straight Women	Gay Men	Gay Women
Looking for a relationship	33%	30%	47%	31%
Happily single/dating	43%	34%	35%	37%
Happily single/not dating	17%	27%	20%	23%
Panicking	3%	5%	2%	9%

average, single New Yorkers in our survey claimed to have had only about five partners during their lifetimes.

● At the same time, a very small group of New Yorkers is happily taking up the slack. Two percent of New Yorkers have sex more than 30 times per month. Four percent—almost 80 percent male—have already racked up more than 100 partners.

● At the other extreme, more than half (53 percent) of those surveyed said they never engage in one-night stands and half (48 percent) said they never have

in New York is *less* difficult.

● Almost a third of single women surveyed (29 percent) said they have had an abortion, including 45 percent of single black women.

● New Yorkers in our survey said that race and religion are not important factors for them in deciding whom to date: 71 percent of single New Yorkers have dated someone outside their race, and 71 percent have dated outside their religion. An astounding 68 percent would marry outside their race, and 67 percent outside their religion.

● The distinctions between homosexuality and heterosexuality are not as clear as one might think. Seventy percent of those who say they are gay have had sexual relations with a member of the opposite sex, and 7 percent of those who describe themselves as heterosexual have had gay sex.

The Landscape

HOW DO NEW YORKERS CLASSIFY THEMSELVES in the dating pool? About a third are seriously seeking a mate, and more than a third are happily shopping around, but there are some notable differences between men and women. Forty-three percent of men are happy to continue dating as free agents, but only 34 percent of women agreed. And a lot more women than men are content simply *not* to date: 28 percent compared with 17 percent.

Among those surveyed who are not happily playing the field, 3 percent of men admitted to being panic-stricken, along with 5 percent of women.

The dropout rate goes up with age: 33 percent of women respondents in their thirties said they're not dating, and 9 percent admitted to panicking.

As prone to panic as single New Yorkers may be, they are not exactly modest: When respondents were asked to describe

THIRTIES BLUES

Older women are dubious about dating:

33%
say they are not currently dating

29%
say they don't want to marry

19%
have not had sex in over a year

9%
are panicking

how attractive they are on a scale of one to five—with five being extremely attractive—20 percent gave themselves a five, and 39 percent a four.

The Meet Market

THOUGH MOST NEW YORKERS feel inherently superior to people anywhere else, nearly half (49 percent) of respondents who have dated in other cities said they think it's more difficult to meet someone here. But an optimistic 37 percent contended that hooking up in New York is *less* difficult. Women in their thirties find the prospects particularly bleak: Fifty-six percent complained that it is harder to meet someone in New York, compared with 47 percent of men.

Gay men and lesbians were more sanguine (not

surprising if you've ever checked out the gay scene in, say, Tulsa): Only 27 percent find dating in New York more difficult than in other cities, and 44 percent find it easier.

High Anxiety

OF COURSE, MEETING A PROSPECTIVE MATE is only half the battle. Once they manage to snag a partner, almost half of the New Yorkers surveyed complained, *maintaining* a relationship here is harder than elsewhere (in part because New Yorkers are less committed to monogamy). When it comes to maintaining relationships, gays are as skeptical as straights.

What's the biggest obstacle to finding a mate? A third of the unattached (34 percent) complained that they can't meet the right kind of people; a fifth (21 percent) said they just don't have time to look.

Women in their thirties are especially skeptical. Thirty-three percent have given up on dating. And 19 percent haven't had sex in the past year.

For New Yorkers, and especially for women in their thirties, marriage is less important—or less obtainable—than it



BUPPIE LOVE:
Snacking and
scoping at
B. Smith's.

sex on the first date.

● Slightly more than one in ten New Yorkers has suffered from a sexually transmitted disease, a number that rises to 20 percent for men aged 30 to 40. Gonorrhea and chlamydia, taken together, account for 49 percent of the total.

● On the whole, gay and lesbian New Yorkers are more likely to be happy with the romantic opportunities here than their heterosexual counterparts. Although 49 percent of straight singles surveyed complained that finding a mate is more difficult in the city than elsewhere, 44 percent of gays said meeting someone

of single New Yorkers have never had a sexual experience.

4% of single New Yorkers have had more than 100 lovers.

of New York single women have had an abortion.

45% of single black women
have had an abortion.

has traditionally been. Overall, nearly one in five single New Yorkers don't want to get married, including 29 percent of women in their thirties and 23 percent of men in their thirties.

Men and women respondents in their twenties, however, are still overwhelmingly interested in marriage. Only 16 percent of them said they don't want to get married.

The Hunt

IF THE PREFERRED WAY TO meet someone during the swinging seventies was in a bar or a nightclub, those looking for Mr. Goodbar these days would be better off planting themselves seductively by the water cooler at work.

To determine how New Yorkers typically meet, we asked respondents where they met the last person they dated and where they *generally* meet the people they end up dating. Thirty percent of all respondents said they meet dates through friends. Women in their twenties are the most likely to take that route.

But 19 percent of our sample said they met the last person they dated through work. And there's clearly more than number-crunching and networking going on: 39 percent said they've had sex with a co-worker.

The statistic may not seem quite so

**Have you ever
dated someone
outside your race
or outside your
religion?**

When it comes to dating in New York, love is the great equalizer. Besides, who wants to narrow the playing field?

Outside:	Have dated	Would marry
Race	71%	68%
Faith	71%	67%

percent met their last date at one). Those who can't afford the cover charge at Life may do almost as well heading to the nearest IRT station. For younger people, even the most casual encounters can lead to dates and relationships. One in ten 21-to-29-year-old New Yorkers met the last person they dated on the subway or the street, compared with just 4 percent of those over 30.

For souls who lack the will (or the stomach) to cruise the No. 6 train, blind dates are a popular alternative: 43 percent of our sample have embarked on one. Fifty-two percent of them described the results as "a good experience"; 42 percent called it a bad one.

In addition, 7 percent of New Yorkers have placed a personal ad, though men are four times more likely to have done so than women. Overall, 10 percent of all respondents have answered a personal ad, but older singles are the most reliable devotees of the classifieds. Twenty-one percent of men in their thirties have answered them, compared with just 6 percent of younger males; 4 percent of young fe-

surprising when you learn that to a great many New Yorkers, a good career is as essential as a good love life. Why *not* combine the two? When asked what is more important to them, a good job or a good partner, respondents were almost evenly divided. Forty-six percent favor a good partner, compared with 44 percent who said their top priority is a good job.

But not *everyone* is meeting at the company cafeteria. Singles reported some success at bars and clubs (17 per-

cent of older women.

Despite the proliferation of Internet services, few respondents said they met potential partners online, perhaps because the Web is more conducive to highly specialized erotic encounters ("Married foot fetishist seeks chubby ballerina," read one memorable recent posting) than to long-lasting relationships.

The Right Stuff

WHAT DO NEW YORKERS LOOK FOR IN A prospective partner? Well, uh, personality, of course, which rated highest among single men and women of all ages. It comes as no surprise that for a significant majority of women, a man's profession (82 percent), his attire (66 percent), and his income (58 percent) are big priorities, while men place more emphasis on a woman's looks (65 percent) and her body (65 percent).

Perhaps more notable is how few respondents said race and religion are important factors; in fact, race and ethnicity ranked near the bottom of our list, mentioned as important by only about a third. In fact, by an almost two-to-one margin, New Yorkers are more concerned with a potential date's attire than with his or her religion or race.

This is borne out by the fact that 71 percent of single New Yorkers surveyed said they have dated someone outside their race; 71 percent have also dated someone outside their religion.

What percentage of the time do you have sex on the first date?

Almost half *never* do.

Never	48%
Seldom	21%
Often	10%
Very often	8%
Almost always	7%



THREE'S COMPANY:
A love sandwich
at Decade.



percent have sex more than fifteen times a month. Six percent of respondents claimed they've never had sex.

AIDS and other STDs may have forced many New Yorkers to limit their number of partners (10 percent of our sample admitted that fear of disease caused them to stop having sex altogether), but a small group of energetic singles seems intent on keeping up the average: Two percent of those surveyed claimed to have sex more than 30 times a month, and 4 percent claimed they've had more than 100 sexual partners in their lives. Among these frequent flyers, men outnumber women by four to one.

Overall, men are also more likely to engage in unorthodox sex practices than women. Twenty-one percent of single men and 4 percent of single women have had sex with a prostitute. Sixteen percent

The Rules

ONCE YOU'VE MANAGED TO LAND A LIKELY prospect and set up a date, there is a whole new set of concerns. Where do you go? Restaurants (36 percent) and movies (27 percent) are the activities of choice, with clubs (10 percent) and bars (8 percent) the closest competitors.

In this post-Steinem, post-Roiphe era, who pays for dates? Seventy-one percent said the man; a pathetic 2 percent said the woman; 15 percent alternate the fiscal duties. Our survey also provided some answers to the age-old question of when exactly two people who've recently met should begin to have sex. Though 45 percent of single New Yorkers surveyed admitted to occasionally having sex on the first date, few believe that it is *appropriate* to do so. To be sure, men are more in favor of a quick resolution than women, but the gap between the sexes on this issue is not substantial.

At least, not until the second date. That's because 43 percent of male respondents believe that sex should occur somewhere between the first and third date, while only 16 percent of women agree. The majority of women (51 percent) believe couples should wait between four and ten dates before engaging in sex. After a long, sexless

How many sexual partners have you had in the past year?

When it comes to sexual bounty (and everything else), the city can be divided into the haves and the have-nots. And, of course, men tend to have more than women.

Number of Partners	0-2	3-5	6-8	9-14	15-50
Men	45%	29%	11%	4%	4%
Women	73%	16%	4%	0%	1%

month, however, many men and women seem to grow frustrated. Forty-two percent of men and 37 percent of women said they would break up a relationship if it hadn't been consummated within 30 days. Even *Con Ed* gives you a longer grace period.

Mild Kingdom

NEW YORKERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BRAGGARTS, but they're surprisingly modest when it comes to talking about the frequency with which they're having sex.

Single New Yorkers of all races in all five boroughs reported having roughly the same amount of sex, though Staten Island residents seem to be a smidgen behind everybody else. (Too much time on the ferry?)

The largest percentage of the singles we surveyed, 38 percent, claimed to be having sex only one to four times per month. Twenty-five percent of New Yorkers have sex five to fourteen times a month, and 16

of men and 7 percent of women have called a phone-sex line, and 28 percent of men and 10 percent of women have had group sex.

Love Hurts (And Burns)

AMONG THE MOST ALARMING FINDINGS IN the survey is that 11 percent of our respondents acknowledged having had a sexually transmitted disease (STD). Given that people are famously unwilling to acknowledge venereal disease and that many STDs go undetected, the actual number is likely to be considerably higher.

Not surprisingly, more older men and women reported having had an STD than younger men and women. Twenty percent of men in their thirties and 11 percent of women in their thirties said they've had an STD. By contrast, 8 percent of 21-to-29-year-old men and 9 percent of 21-to-29-year-old women admitted to having had an STD. (continued on page 83)

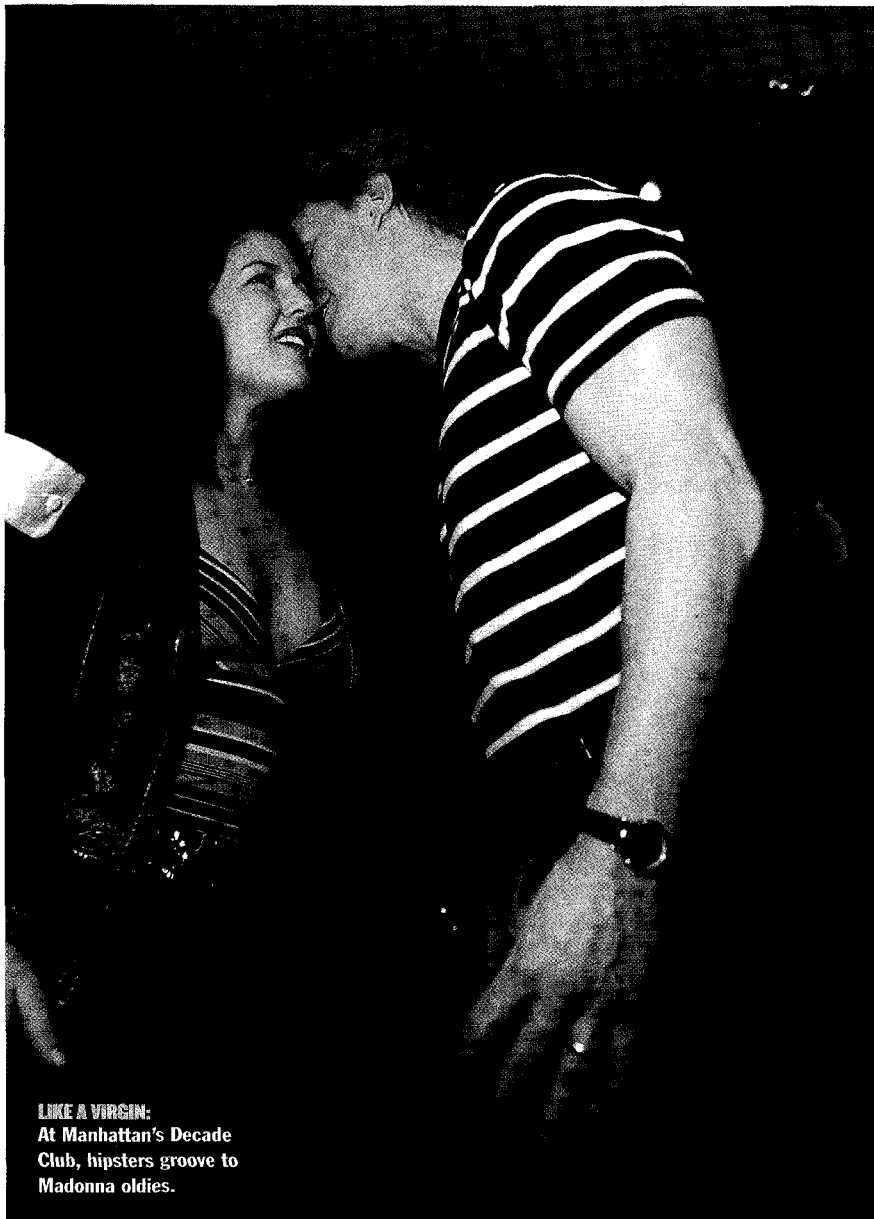
of single New Yorkers
have changed their sexual
habits to avoid disease.

OF THOSE...

- 52% started using condoms
- 24% choose partners more carefully
- 12% stopped having sex
- 3% have partner tested before having sex

Report from the front

It's a war zone out there. Casualties mount. Supplies are low. Time is short. Everyone is insane. But single New Yorkers soldier on, looking for love. By Nancy Jo Sales



LIKE A VIRGIN:
At Manhattan's Decade
Club, hipsters groove to
Madonna oldies.

How do you normally meet?

Even in the Age of Spandex, single New Yorkers are more likely to pick up dates at church than at their local gym.

Friends.....	30%
Clubs	12%
Bars/restaurants.....	10%
Parties.....	9%
Work.....	9%
Place of worship.....	3%
Prof. connections	2%
Cultural events.....	2%
Blind dates	1%
Gym	1%
Lectures	1%
Personal ads.....	1%
Internet.....	0%

THERE ARE 1.3 MILLION SINGLE men in New York, 1.8 million single women, and of these more than 3 million people, about two thirds have never married. "I'm starting to think I never will," says Sandra Korsak, a pert 33-year-old artist in a hat made of a white fur she identifies as "rat." It's not that Korsak doesn't want to find a long-term mate, she says, but "most of the people in this city are insane."

Such despair—bordering on horror, drifting toward resignation—was echoed by most of the singles approached at bars and other random spots throughout the city. "You'd think, Whoa, I'm single in New York, great! But it's not all it's cracked up to be," says Jason Brand, 20, an NYU drama student collared on a downtown subway platform, where he was caught practicing his tap-dancing routine. "It's more like playing Russian roulette," Brand says. "Some girl tells you she works at the pastry shop down the street, but then it turns out she's a terrorist spy who puts on a doggie collar at night at the Vault. You can't trust anybody."

Being single in New York is "difficult," sometimes "trying," almost "a pathological state," report those who would divulge the intimate details of their love lives in a heartbeat. It seems there simply isn't enough time in the average New Yorker's day to find and woo a significant other—forget about nurturing a satisfying relationship. "You have to hand it to Donald Trump," says Allison Miller, a 26-year-

old freelance writer. "When his marriage to Marla broke up, he said something like, 'Yeah, well, she wanted to work on our relationship, and I work all day—I don't want to come home and work.' At least he was honest . . . this time."

"Things get incredibly sped up here," says a real-estate lawyer, 29, who asks not to be named. We're jammed against the wall at the crowded Red Bench, where he says he likes to go because "there are a lot of foreign girls here, and they're usually only in this country a short time—and accents are sexy." "You meet some woman at a bar," he says, "and decide she's the love of your life, because usually you're in the office, where all the women are fighting you tooth and nail to get ahead. So you take her home and you have this whole twisted relationship in a single evening. I call it 'Nine and a Half Hours.' You tell her how your mother screwed up your birthday cake; she tells you her father never took her to see Santa. Then you have sex, and at like four in the morning, you move into the phase I call 'The Crying Game.' She's sitting naked on the edge of your bed weeping—you're not sure why. I used to try and comfort them, but now I just ask them to go home. I feel like a bit of a schmuck, but I have to get up in the morning."

Women also complain that work robs them of time for romance, and that men here treat them like workers. "I don't have the time to become some man's temporary wife—which is what most men mean by girlfriend," says a sales rep for a clothing designer, 35, applying lip gloss in the ladies' room at Tramps. "Unless I know I'm *really* going to marry him. You start going out, and immediately you're the one doing most of the work—the shopping, the cooking, the talking. All that for somebody I might not ever see again in six months? I could have spent the time working out."

Women despair of the acceleration in intimacy that results from the time crunch, too. "I know it goes against all *The Rules*," says a photo editor, 28, "but you feel like if you don't have sex on the first date, your schedule's not going to permit your seeing each other for another two weeks, and then it's 'Who are you?'"

When sex is out of the question because of the absence of attraction—or

even when sex is still a possibility—both men and women complain that their dates try to turn the evening into a net-working opportunity. "Every New York encounter starts out with credential swapping," says Greg Cerio, 37, a writer. "What primitive ritual compares to it? Possibly sniffing."

"I once went out on a date with a musician," says a 31-year-old gay publicist, "and the whole time, he kept asking me if I could get his tape to Russell Simmons. I was like, 'I do publicity for restaurants, okay?' And he kept saying, 'But you must know people who know people.'"

Protests from heterosexual men fell into two basic areas: New York women pay too much attention to their dates' wallets and, unlike in the Oval Office, too little to their zippers. "I guess you have to be a

you with an ancient custom, paying for your meal?" It's not just that women in New York don't pay—they don't even say thank you."

"Girls are all looking for a guy in a suit," says Scott Aronowitz, 23, a college student who says he would like to be a professional baseball umpire. "Well, Ted Bundy was a clean-cut guy. Jeffrey Dahmer could put on a suit. Serial killers like to be very unassuming. I've read about this, believe me. David Berkowitz, a nice Jewish kid. Just because they meet some yuppie at Bryant Park, how do they know he's not a serial killer? . . . I like to hang out in the Village," Aronowitz adds. "Women are more down-to-earth there."

Heterosexual women had plenty of pointed things to say about the inadequacies of male New Yorkers as well. An oft-repeated complaint was their tendency to be slippery with the truth. "They're liars," says an actress—wearing a Tweety Bird T-shirt—fresh off the dance floor at Life. "Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie."

"I was seeing this guy," says Antoinette Jones, 23, a student, "and he's telling me all about how independent he is, how he has his own car, makes a lot of money, has an apartment with three bedrooms. Okay. So one night I say I want to come over and see his place. I get there, and sure enough, he has three bedrooms just like he said. He's showing me around. Then he starts to get all nervous, saying that I have to leave, and I say, why? We get into an argument, and all of a sudden his mother and his two sisters come home from work. *They* lived in the bedrooms. He slept on the couch. Oh, and he said he was twentysomething? His mother started yelling at him, and I found out he was 19."

Not only do men in New York lie about their ages and incomes, women say, but they "are the vainest men on the planet." "Check and see where else in the country sells this much men's makeup," says an interior-design assistant, 28, gesticulating impatiently in the aisles of Barneys. "I swear I've seen it in more bathroom cabinets than I can *take*. And they're obsessed with their hair—they all have these creepy weaves and hair plugs, but they'll never admit it."

New York women also say their dating prospects can be chronically unfaithful

When was the last time you had sex?

More than a third of New York singles have had sex within the past week; on the other hand, a tenth wouldn't feel out of place in a convent.

Today.....	6%
Yesterday.....	11%
Within the past week.....	20%
Within the past month.....	21%
Within the past year.....	22%
Over a year ago.....	11%
Can't remember.....	9%

millionaire to get a blow job in this town," says a mid-level manager at a magazine company.

"There's only the most perfunctory acknowledgment of oral sex until you're in a video-renting, Ben & Jerry's-sharing relationship," sighs a midtown waiter.

"New York is a medieval society," says an Israeli architect, 36, fingering his foulard at Dean & DeLuca. "Israel is much more progressive when it comes to relations between the sexes. A modern Israeli girl would *never* assume you are paying her way. I feel like saying to these women in New York, 'I'd like to acquaint

of single New Yorkers say
they have contracted a
sexually transmitted disease

OF THOSE...

- 30% had gonorrhea
- 19% had chlamydia
- 6% had AIDS/HIV
- 6% had genital herpes
- 5% had syphilis

and ungrateful. "I didn't want to sleep with this guy anymore, and he says to me, 'That's okay, baby, New York is a smorgasbord'—a smorgasbord!" says a flight attendant, 30, waiting for the bus. "Like we were pigs in blankets or something. I don't think it was just sour grapes," she continues, demonstrating a knack for food metaphors. "I think that's how they really feel, like there's so many available women in this great big city that they can walk out the door and find some other chick waiting on the corner."

A few women in their forties and fifties have problems along the same lines, saying that men in their age group—particularly if they are well-off—opt for younger women, making them feel like damaged goods. "The only men who ask me out anymore are cabdrivers,"

sighs one frustrated woman in her forties. "I'm starting to consider it."

"There really is no suitable place to meet a man in New York if you're over 45," says a female attorney, 52, "except through work, and who wants to go out with someone you work with? You can meet people through friends, but by the time you get to my age, you pretty much know everybody in your circle. And I'm way past the point of approaching strangers."

"Every person you meet turns out to be a burn victim or totally crazy or has some weird history," snaps an art gallery manager, 34. "There's always some dirty little secret." Just ask the female photographer who went on a blind date only to find out that her companion for the evening was an arachnophile. "I walk into his apartment—a loft in TriBeCa—and he says, 'I want you to meet my tarantula. His name is Bunny.' Then he says, 'Let me show you my black widow. Look, she's about to have babies.' She had a big sac on her. Then he took me to see *In*

How many dates have you had in the past year?

Can it be that unattached New Yorkers are living at the office? They aren't working overtime on mating: Only half had more than ten dates in the past year.

None	11%
1-10	40%
11-20	13%
20-49	14%
50-69	6%
70-89	2%
90-99	3%
100 plus	8%

to fix them up with extremely unlikely candidates. "They figure, 'They're both gay—they'll be perfect!'" gripes a systems analyst, 30. "Whenever a straight friend says, 'Have I got a guy for you,' you know it's going to be their hairdresser."

On top of that (or underneath) is the problem of the New York gay male who pretends to be straight—or the straight male who pretends to be gay. "You've gone to bed with someone eight times, and then they tell you in this very earnest tone, 'Well, I'm not *really* gay, you know,'" says one man. "One time it happened with an actor I was seeing, and I said, 'What, were you practicing for a role?'"

Cold Blood at Void."

"Blind dates are the worst," says a filmmaker, 34. "You come away from them thinking, What kind of loser must my friends think I am to think I'd want to go out with this person?"

"Recently, a woman friend of mine tells me, 'You have to meet So-and-so,'" he continues. "I saw this flicker in her husband's eye, like 'Don't do it!,' but I guess he was too scared to say anything. So I go meet this woman for dinner at the Gotham Bar and Grill, and she's fine, I mean, really nice, smart, interesting. But huge. I mean, she's not pleasantly plump—she's Paul Prudhomme." He pauses. "Do I have to call her again? ... Do I sound like a bad person?"

Gay men say they have the added indignity of having their straight friends constantly trying

"Let's face it," says a lesbian, 39, who describes herself as "a recovering editor." "It's impossible to develop a relationship in New York City. Everyone is intimidated by the prospect of happiness. They'd much rather suffer."

And whine to their friends. Life imitates art—or at least *Seinfeld*—in New York, where every bad date, every searing relationship, turns into another great story for your cronies. "The first thing I do after a bad date is go home and call up my friends and tell them about it," says the woman who had to spend the evening with the man who kept spiders. "The next morning I come into the office and tell all my friends there about it. And then we all get to work."

But some people still dance. At the coffee shop in the Barnes & Noble on Union Square, I actually came across a happy couple, who say they met "dancing the Argentine tango." They would not give their names because, they warned, "the New York tango community is very insular—and very jealous." She was quite a bit older than he—around 45 to his 25—and both were wearing the sloppy smiles of people in love. "Tango is about men and women and what goes on when they embrace," she explained. "You are cheek to cheek,

chest to chest, feeling each other's heart beat."

He took out his Walkman, wrapped the headphones around my ears, and suddenly I was hearing what sounded like the soundtrack to a Charles Boyer movie. Then, right there in the book store, the couple started to dance, heavy-lidded, lunging elegantly across the floor.

"Oh, please," said a single friend of mine when I called him up later to tell him about it. "In two months, they'll be throwing knives at each other."

Meanwhile, he added, "I'm happy as a clam here alone with a good book in my bed full of cracker crumbs."

970-KINK

They've had only five partners in their lifetime, but some have had them all in one night.

19%
have had
group sex

13%
have had sex
with a
prostitute

12%
have called
a phone-sex line

of straight New Yorkers have had a homosexual experience.

70% of gay New Yorkers have
had a heterosexual experience.

Where to get it

If You're Looking For: The Young and the Restless

HOW WONDERFUL THE WORLD SEEMED AT 18, when you were loitering on the quad during the first few days of spring—the girls flitting about in floral dresses, the boys in shorts, all of them going to hell in the handbasket they made in Weaving for Credit. Ignorance is still bliss in **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, where uptowners of all ages can find the things they *really* want out of life—a six-pack, a Frisbee, and a whole bunch of junior analysts sunbathing in their bras. Don't forget—this is where Jerry Seinfeld picked up hot Nightingale babe Shoshanna Lonstein.

Longing for the easy odds of your high-school mixer? Then put on your tasseled loafers and Sergios and hit the dance floor at **POLLY ESTHER'S** (1487 First Avenue, between 77th and 78th Streets) where you can do the Electric Slide with marketing assistants and young Republicans from Yorkville, Westchester, and New Jersey. Don't let the velvet rope fool you; this place is *all* easy access.

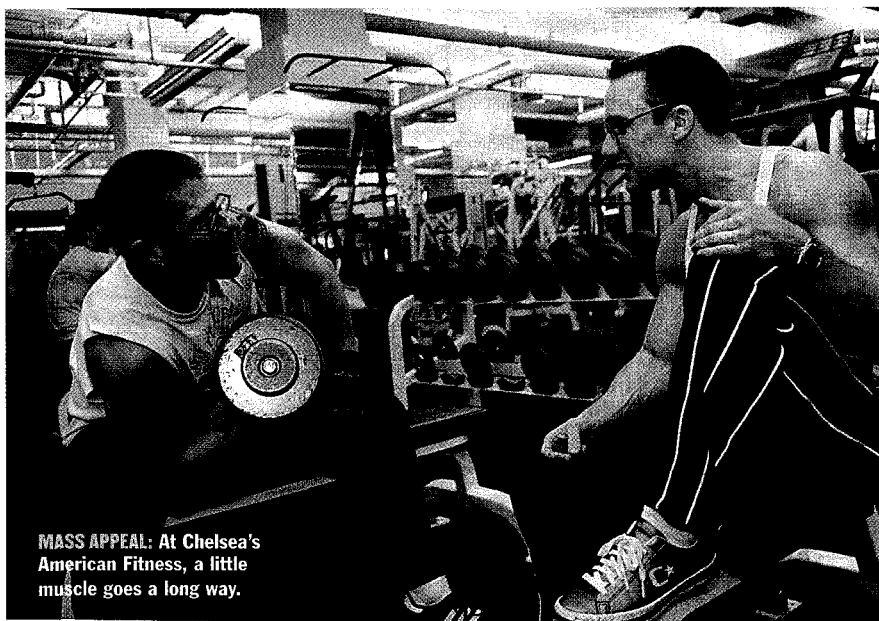
An Island Holiday

"NO WOMAN, NO CRY" WOULD SEEM TO BE the theme song of **RED STRIPE'S** (35 Crosby Street) mostly male, mostly dreadlocked clientele. Swaying soulfully to reggae bootlegs as they puff on sweet cigarettes, for the most part these dudes play it coooooool. But don't be fooled, mon: They're actually hard at work sizing up the ladies in the house. If you're the lucky girl, you'll be treated to as many hours as you can take of an outrageously sexy bump-and-grind—by far the best one-night-stand option around, and you don't even need to take your clothes off.

Kosher for Passover

SAY A LITTLE KIDDUSH. BREAK SOME BREAD. Get a phone number. That's just what a

Seeking a buff meatpacker? A sensitive New Age lawyer? A Puerto Rican drag queen? Some combination of the above? New York has just the place for the most exotic palates.



MASS APPEAL: At Chelsea's American Fitness, a little muscle goes a long way.

couple hundred Jewish gay and lesbian singles do each Shabbat at the **CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH** (57 Bethune Street) in Greenwich Village. Founded in 1973 by those seeking to "be deeply Jewish and openly gay," or openly Jewish and deeply gay, the member-supported synagogue meets for prayer every Friday night from 8:30 to 10 P.M., followed by coffee cake and kibitzing.

"Omigawd. There are so many cute guys here tonight," exclaims the small-of-stature, big-of-hair woman in the pew

Should gay marriage be legal?

50% Yes
35% No

next to me. On the jam-packed second tier of the Church of Saints Paul and Andrew, which also houses the **B'NAI JESHURUN** synagogue (267 West 86th Street), there is a bevy of single Semites to behold. The chances of getting lucky are pretty high. I mean, you're basically walking into a crowd of people dying to make their mothers happy. Because of the configuration of the church, you can scope out the options pretty openly, and the temple just had its second "Singles Oneg" after the service last week. Go. Be fruitful. Multiply.

Where do you go on a date?

In the all-too-sober nineties, hopeful singles are honing their table manners and leaving their castanets at home.

Restaurants	36%
Movies	27%
Clubs	10%
Bars	8%
Theaters/Concerts	8%
Museums	2%
Shopping	1%
Other	7%

Trophy Wives or Sugar Daddies

SEEKING A CHAMPAGNE BAR WHERE THE flutes are as long as the guys' wallets are thick? You might want to check out the **BUBBLE LOUNGE** (228 West Broadway). But beware. Weekends are packed with Wall Street kiddies and cigar-fellating poseurs. A more sophisticated, moneyed crowd stops by early in the week, after 8 P.M. Happy hour on a recent Friday found a disproportionate number of Salomon Smith Barney employees downing beers while cliques of Miramax execs sipped bubbly nearby, courted by smiley, black-clad girls in their twenties. "This is the pickup bar of the future," declared one anonymous broker. "My wife doesn't know I'm here."

Sultry Accents

THE ULTIMATE DESTINATION FOR A LATIN KING in search of a suitable queen, **THE NEW ESCUELITA** (301 West 39th Street) has undergone a face-lift. The Spanish-flavored Times Square gay discotheque now features booming speakers, skin-flick videos, and a discreet side entrance. But don't worry: The "girls" are still here, in all their hormone-enhanced, sequined splendor. Salsa, disco, and torrid ballads bring together a cross section of Latin culture, from Prada-clad Barcelona toreadors to Ecuadoran busboys. Cap-to-the-back homeboys dance with gorgeous dykes. Pneumatic she-males court beefy papis. And old-world grandmas with bottle-cap glasses sit on the side, wisely taking it all in.

Frasier in Tights

LIBRARIES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HOTBEDS OF romance, and the dance section of the **NYPL'S LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS**

(40 Lincoln Center Plaza) is excellent for the lonely aesthete who can navigate conversations about Massine, Ailey, and Graham. Juilliard, ABT, and the New York City Ballet are all well represented, as are comely film buffs, buff musicians, and even the occasional literate actor.

Aspiring Swingers

ON SUNDAY NIGHTS, **IRVING PLAZA** (17 Irving Place) is thumping—not with the usual alt-rockers but with old-fashioned girl-meets-boy-style swing dancing. From 7 P.M. to midnight, members of the Swing Dance Society and pleasure seekers craving the rarefied touch of a partnered dance make up the mainly white crowd of twenty-to-eighty-somethings, dressed in swing-era getups, jeans, or coats and ties. It's not like your high-school mixer, where girls gossip on one side of the gym while boys huddle on the other throwing spitballs. The free-for-all grinding begins as soon as the band starts up.

Gym Dandies

WHEN YOU'RE WORKING OUT IN A NIGHT-CLUB atmosphere, the dating possibilities are pretty much endless. While **DAVID BARTON GYM** (623 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Streets)—which

sports a flashing neon sign, a D.J. spinning the latest dance tracks, and a huge wall projecting nightly flicks—has a reputation for being a great place for boys to meet other brawny boys, ladies won't feel left out. They should, however, proceed with caution—sometimes hetero come-ons arrive in the form of much older men offering to give "pointers" on form. If you want to get familiar with particularly cheesy pickup lines, this is definitely the place: "I was doing a bench press," a member confides, "and this guy came and stood over me, and said, 'You know, that's my favorite exercise, too.'"

Urban Cowgirls

UNDER A TWIRLING-SADDLE GLITTER BALL, couples dance to a wailing country ballad as gun-slinging divorcées try to round up willing partners at **DENIM & DIAMONDS** (511 Lexington Avenue, between 47th and 48th Streets), a country-western oasis in midtown. A mid-level manager shuffles over to a confident cowgirl, who turns out to be Swiss. "I came here for the line dancing," the attractive stewardess later confides. Here, cowgirls can have the pick of the ranch when the moment's right, though most of the men working on their dance steps are about as Texan as Jackie Mason. (continued on page 83)

"What, me shallow?"

What do New Yorkers look for in a partner? Personality, of course. But men were more likely to value a woman's bottom than her bottom line, while women wanted their guys strictly professional.

MEN OVERALL		WOMEN OVERALL	
Personality.....	89%	Personality.....	93%
Values.....	82%	Sense of Humor.....	88%
Sense of Humor.....	81%	Values.....	87%
Education.....	74%	Education.....	84%
Looks.....	65%	Job.....	82%
Body.....	65%	Attire.....	66%
Job.....	60%	Income.....	58%
Attire.....	58%	Desire for a Family.....	51%
Desire for a Family.....	42%	Body.....	47%
Income.....	41%	Looks.....	47%
Professional connections.....	39%	Apartment.....	47%
Apartment.....	32%	Professional connections.....	45%
Ethnicity.....	31%	Religion.....	38%
Religion.....	27%	Ethnicity.....	36%
Car.....	14%	Car.....	31%

Great expectations

By Lily Burana

RECENTLY, I WALKED PAST A GROUP OF YOUNG HIP-HOP boys sitting on a stoop, and one of them called out, "Hey, baby, you look good in that dress." A pause. "But the shoes are all wrong." As citizens of the mecca of marketing, we New Yorkers understand—above all else—what goes with what. And, where dating is concerned, who goes with whom.

There have always been reasons quite apart from love to choose a long-term partner: keeping the bloodlines pure, ensuring suitable heirs for property, and whelping more farmhands. In New York, it's more about how a mate enhances one's image—as much in others' eyes as in our own. People of this city have obscenely advanced cultural radar—feed in data about where people live, what they wear, and how they get to work, and the socially attuned New Yorker can tell you what they do for a living, where they went to school, and what they eat for breakfast. In such a status-conscious milieu, the best mate is one who shows the world that you indeed "have it all."

So the trouble with dating in New York isn't that it's hard to meet someone but rather that it's hard to meet someone who resembles your idea of the Mate an Attractive, Intelligent, Successful New Yorker Like Yourself should have. New Yorkers are persnickety about potential partners in ways that would be laughable in other places. People here seem convinced that dating within their league means hooking up with a young Ph.D. from Cornell who worked his way through school as a model and is employed in corporate law yet is occasionally also known to tootle a bit on the oboe after hours with a jazz trio at a low-key East Side boîte. That is, when he's not working on that novel. Such is love on the home turf of the overclass.

These inflated standards create an ugly scenario in which dating is pursued peremptorily, and with creepy, often subconscious calculation. We've all had those dates where you can hear the wheels clicking as the person assesses if, where, and how well you fit into the Big Love Plan. You spend the evening wondering whether you're being courted or auditioned. One late night at Odeon, a man deep in the throes of a first-date performance gesticulated broadly with his utensils and said to his companion, "I'm young, I'm handsome, and I'm rich." Looks: 10; tact: 3. But who could fault the guy for his approach?

One might argue that we New Yorkers should be more realistic in our search for partners, but that's counterintuitive to a Gotham-dweller. New York is about the hyper-real, the stratospheric heights, the infinite opportunity. Our aspira-

tions trace the topography—it's all up, up, up! Seemingly impossible standards are the logical companion to dreaming impossible dreams, and both come with the territory. If we wanted to be realistic, we'd live in Dubuque. New York is, if nothing else, not about "settling."

You know you've been bitten by the nasty bug when you find yourself on a fifth date, gazing absently at your companion and wondering not—as people elsewhere might—whether the two of you will have sex later on, but whether the two of you have enough combined social heft to land a spot on the *Times* wedding page. And losing interest when you realize you probably don't.

But certain factors will force a female New Yorker's mating hand. To wit, the humbled-girly spectacle known as the Pushin'

30 Scramble, which sounds like a bad country-western dance but is merely a two-step to the biological call and a do-si-do around the fact that your friends are all à deux and you're still dunking Oreos alone. Many women panic, having envisioned, back when they were school-age sprouts laying out their twenties like a battle plan, that marriage would be checked off the list by now. They want to get the matrimonial thing over with somehow, lest they stay in the dating game long enough to be seen as stale goods in destiny's bake sale.

Men in New York face their own pressures. Making friendly eye contact or initiating conversation on the street usually gets a guy bumped off the list right away, and it's never fun to feel downgraded by the admission that you summer on the wrong side of the highway. But some men harbor truly fearsome dating criteria. No one denies the sweetness inherent in the bloom of youth, but some take the principle too far. Once, in an attempt at waxing philosophical, a male acquaintance said, "A woman's sexual attractiveness is reduced by half after she turns 30." Perhaps it is in such thinking that we New Yorkers

get the loneliness we so deserve. Of course, despite the stringent standards and long odds, now and again love conquers in Gotham. It's a corny little miracle, a pearl beyond price. You can see it out there: couples picking up the Sunday papers and bagels late Saturday night, tumbling with dogs and babies on a crisp Central Park afternoon, mooning over the brightly lit cases in the nuptial swarm of Tiffany's. It speaks to the irascible, acid charm of New Yorkers that despite our ugliness, we find people to love and are loved in return. And those who are without love often believe—rightfully so—that there are princes and princesses to be found under our warty pretenses. If we're monsters in our mating, we are at least hopeful ones.

Maybe New Yorkers should be more realistic in their search for partners, but that's counterintuitive to a Gotham-dweller. New York is about the hyper-real, stratospheric heights, infinite opportunity. Our aspirations trace the topography—it's all up, up, up!

THE ENFORCER: Justice
Leslie Crocker Snyder at
criminal court.





COURT OF APPEAL

She's legendary for maximum sentences (120 years each for five young drug lords didn't seem excessive) and minimal acquittals (none in the last four years). That makes Judge Leslie Crocker Snyder the darling of prosecutors and the public. But defense attorneys worry she thinks too much like a D.A., and no wonder—she admits she has her eye on the job.

By Nina Burleigh

Photograph by Darryl Snaychuk

NEW YORK STATE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE LESLIE CROCKER SNYDER SPENT most of the winter looking down at the mild, sleepy face of John Royster, who was on trial for brutally attacking three women with his bare hands, smashing their heads repeatedly against the pavement, and killing a fourth as she was opening her Upper East Side dry-cleaning store. From her perch on the bench, Snyder watched as Royster passed the time during long hearings intermittently writing on a yellow legal pad. Royster wasn't working on his defense but composing

a series of erotic love letters to the judge, most of which proposed a variety of telepathic sex acts involving her on her bed at home and him on his jailhouse cot, thinking of her. Snyder was well aware of his erotic musings because Royster, who was convicted earlier this month, didn't hesitate to send her the letters regularly. It can be a disarming surprise for a defendant entering Justice Snyder's courtroom from the prisoners' pen to find that the woman who now controls his fate is a conspicuously attractive blonde with a low voice who's prone to pearl chokers and pale-pink manicures. He might even think he got lucky—until he catches the look on his defense attorney's face. "I tell clients when they are assigned to her, 'You might as well slit your wrists,'" says one attorney who practices before her.

After 30 years in and around the criminal courts of Manhattan, Justice Snyder, who will be sentencing John Royster this week, has acquired an image that's part Gloria Steinem, part John Wayne. She's a heroine to the women in the D.A.'s office, where she founded the sex-crimes unit back in the seventies and fought to make rape laws fairer to women. Defense attorneys maneuver to keep their clients out of her courtroom, where she hands down infamously lengthy sentences. As one of New York's chief drug judges, she's handled some of the most complex gang and organized-crime trials in recent years. And although 78-year-old district attorney Robert Morgenthau won't be leaving his seat for another four years at the earliest, in law-enforcement circles, Snyder is discussed as a likely successor. Snyder, who describes herself as a "fan of law enforcement," is forthcoming about her intention to run. There is, in fact, a voter-friendly simplicity to her philosophy of justice: She has no mercy for violent men. "When you are dealing with the extreme violence I've often seen in top members of drug gangs, it is absurd to raise sociological root-cause issues," she says heatedly. "As a judge, I look at the evidence, the law, and the end result. And when I'm looking at an extraordinary amount of violence, I don't care if they didn't have a chance." She pauses. "They say it's the system. I think it's horseshit."

TALES OF THE JUDGE WHO PRESIDES OVER COURTROOM 1313 HAVE been told and elaborately embellished by attorneys, prosecutors, cops, and criminals. On the street, they say she had a daughter who became an addict and died of a heroin overdose; it's rumored to be her bittersweet revenge to hand down 200-year sentences with no chance of parole. Her nickname is the Ice Princess, or 213, for the number of years to which she famously sentenced one drug kingpin.

Defense attorney Diarmuid White, who represented mob figures associated with the Manhattan garbage-carting cartel whose case came before Snyder last year, claims he has proof that in her fifteen years on the bench, Justice Snyder has never had an acquittal in her courtroom. "I checked with her law clerk," he says. "It's true. She won't let it happen."

In reality, Snyder's children are all alive and well, and like any judge, she has had some acquittals in her courtroom, although it is true that she hasn't had a full acquittal in the past four years. It is also a fact that Snyder does not shy away from doling out maximum sentences when dealing with violent felons.

SITTING IN JUDGMENT: John Royster in Snyder's courtroom as the jury read his guilty verdict.



"When I'm looking at an extraordinary amount of violence, I don't

"I don't know any sentence that is appropriate but to remove these people indefinitely. And I am not defensive about that in the slightest," she said during an interview in her slightly disheveled courthouse chambers. The floor is piled with yellowing *New York Law Journals* and legal briefs; perched on her desk is a fuzzy bear emblazoned with the name of a drug enforcement agency. A creased map of Colombia hangs on the wall, as does a poster of Rosie the Riveter. "I just don't know how any judge presiding over cases where people wantonly shoot people and threaten to kill witnesses and their families could act any differently. If I'm going to get criticized, I will. I'm not going to operate like some ball-less wonder."



WORKING IT: Snyder in 1974, the year she founded the sex-crimes-prosecution unit.

DESCRIBED AS SMART AND CHARMING EVEN BY HER DETRACTORS, Snyder is known around the courthouse as the "kissing judge," given her quickness to hug friends hello, her winning manner with anyone who isn't before her for sentencing, her habit of wiggling her fingers in a friendly wave from the bench. "It is not advisable to leave anything valuable anywhere—remember, you are in a *criminal-court* building," she quipped to a juror who'd forgotten her pocketbook in the hall.

From the bench, Snyder does out Tic-Tacs and calls attorneys by their nicknames. But anyone who glances behind her desk will see a baseball paperweight inscribed with the words SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO PLAY HARDBALL, a reminder to the same attorneys that she runs her courtroom strictly. "When she gets the looks and the stares and the mumbles-under-the-breath, she will immediately take out the jury and say to the defendants, 'What's your problem?'" says former prosecutor Andrea Sacco, who tried a large drug case before Snyder.

Her toughness in court has brought serious threats to her life. She's had full-time security since presiding over the 1994–95 trial of the Wild Cowboys, a chillingly violent drug crew convicted of serial crimes, including a Bronx quadruple murder committed in the course of running a multi-million-dollar cocaine operation. With the nine gang members arrayed before her for sentencing in their jeans and sweatshirts, Snyder delivered a withering lecture: "You laughed in the faces of the criminal-justice system. No one could touch you. You could get away with virtually everything. But now we

know this: You are not above the law. . . . I am going to make the rest of your lives very simple." She then proceeded to sentence five of the young men, all in their twenties, to at least 120 years of jail time. The sentence was twice as long as the minimum mandated by law.

The ones who had been "smirking and sneering" at her, as she put it, got the longest sentences. "For some defendants, it is very difficult to have a woman in a place of authority over them," she says. "Some of them come from a Latino culture. It is a gross generalization, I know, but their attitude frequently begins with a sneering it's-just-a-broad thing."

Prosecutors like to rehash the time a defendant lashed out at the judge when she sentenced him to 40 years. "Suck my cock!" he shouted at Snyder in open court. "Application denied," she is said to have responded coolly.

Snyder remembers the incident slightly differently: "I could have given him 30 days for contempt, but that seemed ridiculous, since I'd just given him 40 years. So I said to him, 'If there's anything else you'd like to say, say it now, because you're not going to get another chance for a very long time.' That's when he jumped out of his chair and came at me."

The threats made on her life by the Wild Cowboys are taken seriously enough that she no longer rides the subway and now is ferried everywhere, even on weekends, in a black official vehicle driven by armed guards. Other state judges have been assigned security, but the duration of Snyder's protection—seven years so far—is unusual. Armed officers are posted at a table outside the door to courtroom 1313, inspecting people who have already passed through the metal detector and opened their bags to the court officers downstairs. Snyder's husband, pediatrician Fred Snyder, a tall, amiable man whose office is filled with children's toys, recalls the incongruity of having a

police cruiser permanently parked outside his Upper East Side office for nine months.

THE COMPANY SNYDER KEEPS IN HER FLUORESCENT-lit courtroom bears no resemblance to the world in which she was raised. Her father was a professor of eighteenth-century French philosophy, and Leslie, the younger of two children, was raised on campuses from the University of Virginia to Johns Hopkins to the Sorbonne, in a family that debated university politics and the ideas of the French philosophes. "Everybody sat around having these heavy scholarly discussions all the time," says Snyder, who still speaks Parisian French. "I think I said, 'Enough of that. I'm a doer, not a talker.'" Precociously smart, Snyder entered Radcliffe at 16, graduating in the class of 1962 alongside Elizabeth Holtzman and Ruth Messinger (she didn't know either). Shortly after graduation, her fiancé (she describes him as a "blond jock") broke off the engagement. Snyder fled to Paris for the summer. When she returned, she enrolled in Case-Western Reserve, where her tuition was waived because her father taught at the university.

Snyder arrived in New York in 1966 with a law degree from Case-Western and a gender-neutral first name, which landed her interviews at law firms that would eventually turn her away upon learning she was female.

As one of the few women in the D.A.'s office when she joined in 1968, she fought her own battle with early-seventies sexism.

care if the defendant didn't have a chance," says Justice Snyder.

The D.A. at the time, Frank Hogan, resisted her ambition for a long while, suggesting she work in consumer fraud. "Hogan was really upset that I wasn't married at 24 or 25 when I started," she says, amused. "I thought I would have to leave." Hogan finally relented, and in any case she married soon thereafter. When she became the first female A.D.A. in the homicide bureau, Hogan asked her to make sure it was all right with her husband if she worked on murder cases.

To complicate matters for Hogan, Snyder got pregnant shortly after joining the homicide bureau. Fred Snyder still laughs about the night he walked a very pregnant Leslie out to a waiting squad car. "This little old lady, my neighbor, felt so sorry for me," he recalls. The squad car, in fact, was taking her to an interrogation. At the precinct house in the Bronx, the defendant suddenly softened in the presence of the pregnant interrogator and confessed to murdering his girlfriend, information he'd been withholding from the cops for hours.

Snyder found her personal mission as a prosecutor while trying a Lower East Side double robbery in which two women had also been raped. At the time, 1970, the law still required three corroborated elements to prove rape: force, identity, and penetration. Snyder had the first two, but there was no evidence of penetration other than the women's testimony and the semen in their underwear, both of which were considered circumstantial. She argued for a rape charge, but the judge—"an old Irish guy," she recalls—refused.

Snyder was outraged. By 1974, she had created and was heading a new sex-crimes division in the D.A.'s office, the first of its kind in the nation. She also started rewriting rape laws and sending a reluctant male lobbyist up to Albany to get them into statute books. Snyder is given credit for getting rid of the rape-corroboration requirement in New York and for initiating New York's rape-shield law, which forbids defense attorneys from using a victim's sexual history against her in a rape case.

Snyder has a classic seventies feminist's sympathy for the women she sees before her and freely admits to giving women involved in drug cases more lenient sentences, on the grounds that their macho boyfriends, brothers, and fathers have probably abused them. "I know I have had the reputation of being pro-female," she says. "Certainly there are some queenpins, but a lot of these women are victims."

MARRIED 30 YEARS THIS MAY TO THE man she calls "my soul mate for life," Snyder, concerned about the threats to her family, asked that details about her children (and even her dog) not be printed. She describes herself and her husband as "quietly normal, social people" who often prefer spending time with each other to going out. "We do know plenty of social-X-ray types, but we've been too busy to formulate a social life like that. I would hate being a lady who lunched," she says. "Some people do important charity work, but then there are the people who sit around getting massages. I have no respect for them. I like to be where the action is."

Snyder left the D.A.'s office in 1976 to work on a police anti-corruption task force. There, she says, she learned about "the dark side" of law enforcement, an aspect she was oblivious to as a prosecutor. "It did not change my basic position that I happen to be an admirer of law enforcement," she says, "but it made me informed and attuned to the fact that police perjury and corruption do exist." After three years, she left briefly to go into a

criminal-defense practice. In 1983, she was appointed to a lower-criminal-court bench and night-court arraignments; three years later Mayor Ed Koch appointed her to a ten-year term on the State Supreme Court. She was reappointed by Giuliani in 1996, and she has thrived under both regimes.

Koch still waxes enthusiastic about her: "When I first met her, I said, 'You know, you have a reputation of sometimes being a little too irascible, a little too tough.' And she said, 'That's your reputation, isn't it?' We hit it off right away."

Defense attorneys complain that Snyder is unabashedly prosecution. She has, in fact, made some controversial law in the areas of search and seizure; one of her rulings, for example, denied defendants the names of the informants in certain search warrants if the informants have reason to fear for their safety. But that tightly reasoned ruling was upheld and is now precedent in New York.

In a less clear-cut case, Snyder is now embroiled in a seven-year-old legal battle over her use of what's called a shadow counsel—a second attorney assigned secretly to a defendant



APPROACHING THE BENCH: Leslie Crocker Snyder at her law-school graduation.

who wants to cooperate with the government but doesn't want the original attorney to know. A shadow counsel is typically used in organized-crime trials, when the defendant may be represented by an attorney the mob has provided—who, it is suspected, would report back to the boss about the defection, jeopardizing the safety of the defendant or his family. The original attorney, kept in the dark about the shadow counsel, continues defending the client in court hearings unrelated to the plea negotiations. Critics charge that the practice is deceitful and deprives the witness of his right to counsel, since he's essentially on his own while negotiating for the second attorney.

The case at issue is a 1990 drug trial in which Lynne Stewart, a high-profile defense attorney whose clients have included Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman and cop-shooter Larry Davis, was representing Dominick Maldonado, a mid-level player in a major hero-

"My blood runs cold at the thought of her as the D.A.," says one d

in dealership on the Lower East Side. Before the trial started, Maldonado approached the prosecution to try to arrange a deal but expressed fear that word would get back to the drug boss through Stewart. Snyder appointed a shadow counsel, but the deal that Maldonado tried to negotiate eventually fell through. Snyder ended up sentencing him to 100 years in prison, where, after a couple of years, he killed himself. Stewart is still fighting criminal-contempt-of-court charges that the D.A. brought when Stewart refused to appear before a grand jury and reveal who paid her fees.

Snyder's supporters say the shadow-counsel issue is merely a smoke screen the Stewart defense is throwing up to beat the criminal-contempt charge; but Stewart's lawyer, Stanley Cohen, says he sees too close a collusion between prosecutors and the judge. And the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, in an unusual move, filed an amicus brief in Stewart's case, charging that shadow counsel jeopardized "the integrity of the justice system" by interfering with a defendant's right to counsel. "Basically, this defendant was left without counsel at points," says Philip Edelbaum, chairman of the bar's Committee on Criminal Advocacy, which wrote the brief. "Shadow counsel did not accompany him to the proffer session with the prosecutors, who decided he was asking too much and rejected his plea. Now, if he had had counsel, he might have been advised to change what he was asking for."

Snyder is unrepentant. She can't talk about the specifics of Maldonado, but she defends the practice of using a shadow counsel. "Remember, it's the defendant who begs the prosecutor, who comes to the judge," she says. "This is far from unique in mob and drug cases. At least three or four [New York] judges have told me they appointed shadow counsels, and I believe there are many more." Edelbaum disagrees with Snyder. "Other judges are not doing this," he says, "and a lot of judges are upset about it." Snyder explodes when she hears Edelbaum's point. "He's right that probably 50 percent of the judges would never do anything controversial or anything that hasn't been rubber-stamped," she fumes. "But I don't operate that way."

In fact, prosecutors have long considered Snyder a favorite, especially if they need a wiretap authorization at 3 A.M. "She handled some of our biggest cases involving the Cali cartel," says Robert Silbering, former special narcotics prosecutor for the city of New York. "They were some of the biggest in the country and involved a complex international organization, thousands of kilos of cocaine to the U.S., and millions of dollars back to Colombia. Many judges refused to take them. Wiretap requests are very lengthy—40 or 50 pages long—and the orders had to be filed and updated constantly and read over by the judge. From a judge's standpoint, they were a tremendous amount of work."

DEFENSE ATTORNEYS SUSPECTED A TROUBLING grand design behind the fact that Snyder presided over so many of the past decade's biggest cases. Ordinarily, judges are assigned cases according to a rotation known as the wheel, but courthouse tradition also allows that judges who have supervised grand juries or already handled wiretap orders and search warrants continue their involvement and oversee the ensuing cases (prosecutors can use their discretion in choosing judges for those procedures). In 1994 and 1995, according to court statistics published in the *New York Law Journal*, Snyder presided over more grand juries than any other judge at her level in New York.

In 1995, Gerald B. Lefcourt, president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers, formally complained to Chief Judge Judith Kaye that prosecutors steered cases to Snyder. Since those telling statistics ran in the *New York Law Journal*, Chief Administrative Judge Juanita Bing Newton has started assigning grand

juries and cases to judges herself instead of automatically allowing them to take on cases they handled at the investigative level. Since the end of 1995, according to court statistics, Snyder has not supervised any special grand juries. Lefcourt still expresses concern that Snyder is "a lifelong prosecutor" and insists that "defense lawyers do not believe they get treated fairly in her courtroom."

Snyder defends her innovations—which defense attorneys would call invasions—with legal precedent. Only five decisions in her years on the bench have been reversed, while several hundred have been upheld. But underlying the legal reasoning are strong personal principles. "The world of drug cases is so replete with violence," she says. "These kinds of measures do not come up in, say, robberies, because generally you are not dealing with people who will resort to extreme violence at the drop of a hat. You develop a body of what might be viewed as extreme measures to deal with extreme people."

CONTRARY TO THE POPULAR WISDOM ABOUT HER, Snyder has shown mercy in cases in which defendants have not been in trouble before, or in which their involvement in the drug trade was peripheral. A Colombian native in his first year of college caught driving a van full of cocaine through the city several years ago is one of the lucky few. Under sentencing guidelines, he could have landed 25 years to life; but upon hearing that the defendant was enrolled in college and that his involvement was an isolated incident, Snyder gave him one to three years and let him serve his time at a halfway house for nonviolent felons. The man is now married and working toward a degree in refrigeration and heating.

She says she agonizes most about the midrange sentences. But when violent offenders' futures are on the line, the decision for her is a straightforward one. "In many of my cases," she says, "the crimes committed are so heinous, there is no realistic possibility in my mind of rehabilitation." To Snyder's mind, punishment, not reform, is the end goal of those sentences.

Snyder won't get her chance to run for Manhattan D.A. until Morgenthau, who shows no signs of slowing down, retires. She has never run for office and, except for a brief period when she volunteered for Bobby Kennedy's Senate run, has never been politically active. If she ran, Snyder would hire skilled political advisers to help her become a candidate. "I am politically naïve," she says.

Not really, say some skeptics, who argue that her tough-on-violent-crime stance has helped her win over two very different administrations in New York. "She knows the public looks with disfavor upon drug dealers, and her harsh sentences are very political," says one defense attorney. Defense lawyers are split over what it would mean if she succeeded Morgenthau. Murray Richman, immediate past president of the New York State Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers, says he'd be happy to see her as head prosecutor. "I love Leslie off the bench, but on the bench, holy cow," he says. "As the next D.A.? At least she would be where she should be." Her harshest critics in the defense bar will speak only anonymously. "My blood runs cold at the thought of her as the D.A. of New York," says one.

Her friends see a woman whose belief in the justice system is, as one person close to her put it, almost childlike in its black-and-white divides. "My husband kids me about it, but I still believe in truth, justice, and the American way," she says, with an uncharacteristically sentimental catch in her voice. "I've only once seen the jury system fail. The jury acted in a racist fashion, and I can say that because we heard them shouting at each other through the courtroom door. But generally speaking, I agree with jury verdicts. And in cases where I disagree, I have felt there was a reasonable way to get there."

ense attorney. "At least she'd be where she belongs," says another.

The fall men's-wear collections that strutted down the runways in Milan, Paris, and New York—generating an unprecedented amount of buzz and business—were a study in appealing contradictions. Bulky clothes appeared on svelte models, creamy sweaters with stiff pants, luxurious white cashmere over buff muscles and greasepaint, neckties with parkas, cheetah-print coats over windowpane suits, overcoats both cropped and long—even men's-wear modeled by women. There

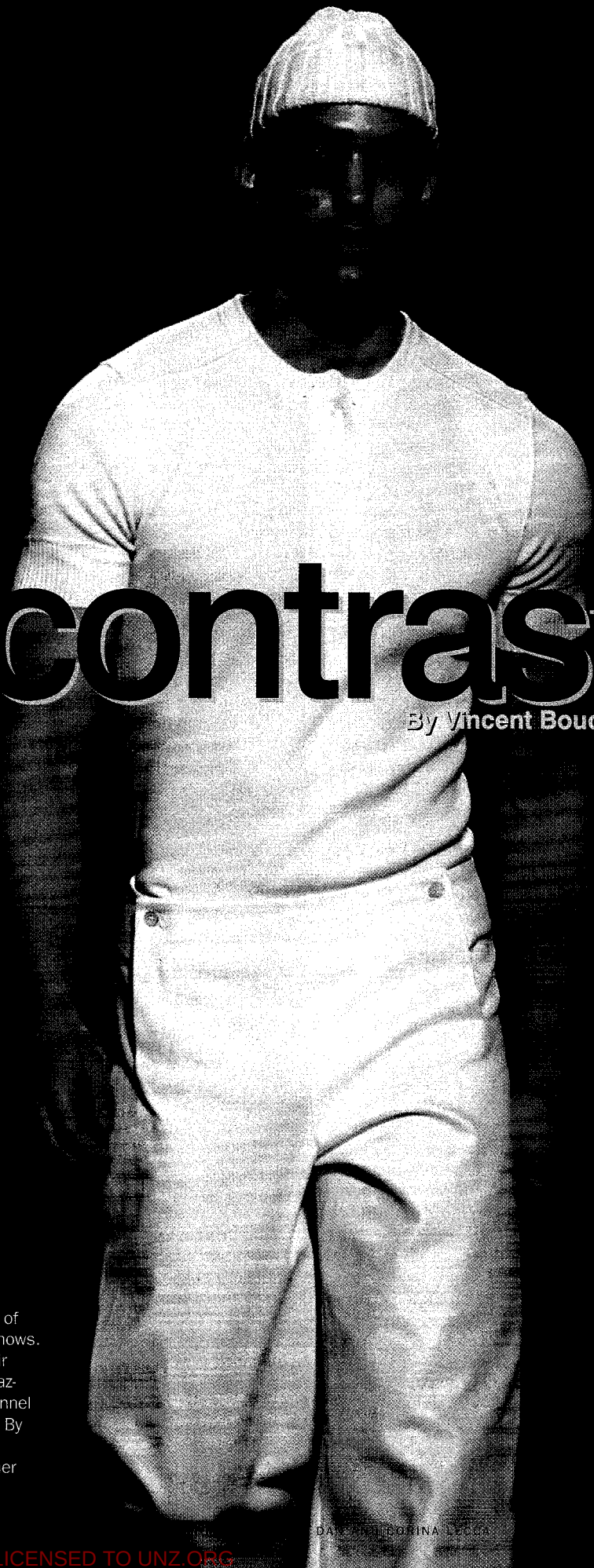
high contrast

By Vincent Boucher

was plenty of high-decibel rock-and-roll clothing, but no shortage of elegant, understated clothes for office or leisure, with spare lines and rich fabrics (though classic two-piece suits were less in evidence than in some previous years). Winter white is the season's dazzling newcomer, but the men in black still have their say. Whether cuddly soft or dashingly hard, there's something here for almost every man—and even, it seems, a few women.

John Bartlett

Showing the darker side of pale, Bartlett—the man of the hour—took the prize for best of the New York shows. His burly men sported black, greasy gashes on their faces and a masterful musculature delineated in dazzling winter white: cashmere long johns, couture flannel sailor pants, hand-knit alpaca sleeveless sweaters. By the time the final model appeared—astride a black stallion, yet—in a loden cape and camouflage leather pants, the pitch was absolutely thrilling.



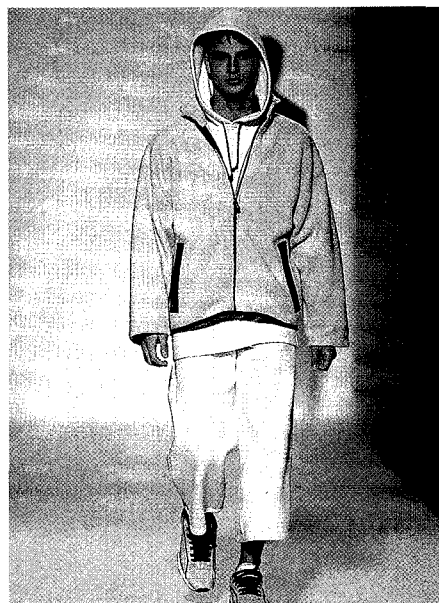


Jil Sander

The combination of particularly slender models and stiff felt fabrics that stand away from the body gave Sander's collection an air of sweet naïveté. Though her shapes were slim and her patterns, such as pristine pale tweeds, were delicate, her ruminations on texture—chunky sweaters, stiff canvas trousers, and spongy woolens—should be more than substantial enough for her customers, whose approach to fashion tends to be somewhat intellectual.

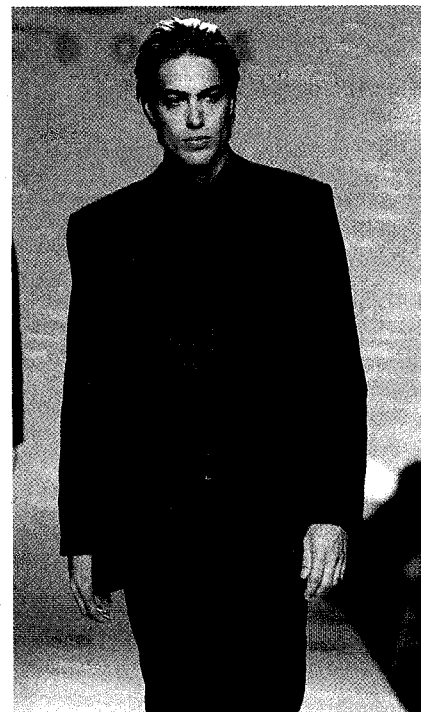
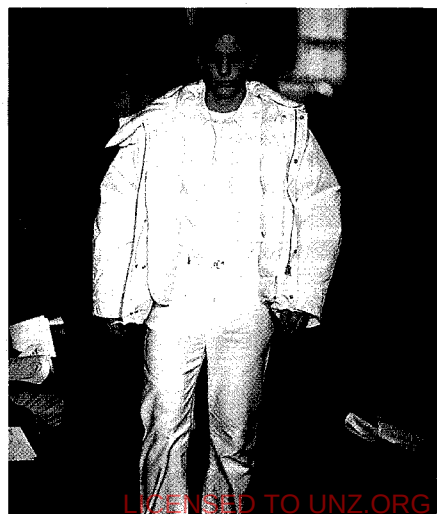
Nautica by David Chu

Tired of high-impact jockwear in pumped-up red, yellow, and blue? Chu's runway offered a vision of a more organically inclined athlete: high-tech fleece and knit components in natural tones that would look just as winning at brunch as they would at bat. And wide-leg sweatpants cropped at mid-calf gave the old locker-room uniform a new, fluid drape.



Helmut Lang

Even before he had announced his move from Vienna to New York, Lang's clothes gave him away: His layers upon downy layers of dazzling white and ivory tones look like some well-evolved vision of urban armor just right for the city's mean streets. The rich fabrics, such as baby camel's hair, alpaca, and cashmere, suggest an old-world luxury, but the shapes and juxtapositions are decidedly novel: Why not pair a necktie with a parka?



Hugo Boss

The Boss collection, renowned for its sure-thing power suits as well as its handsome overcoats, walked a narrow line for fall, sticking to a clean-cut silhouette and navy, brown, and charcoal. A slight warming trend was evident in the gray flannel suit with the brown window-pane pattern, worn over a russet shirt and matching tie, for a subtle tonal contrast.

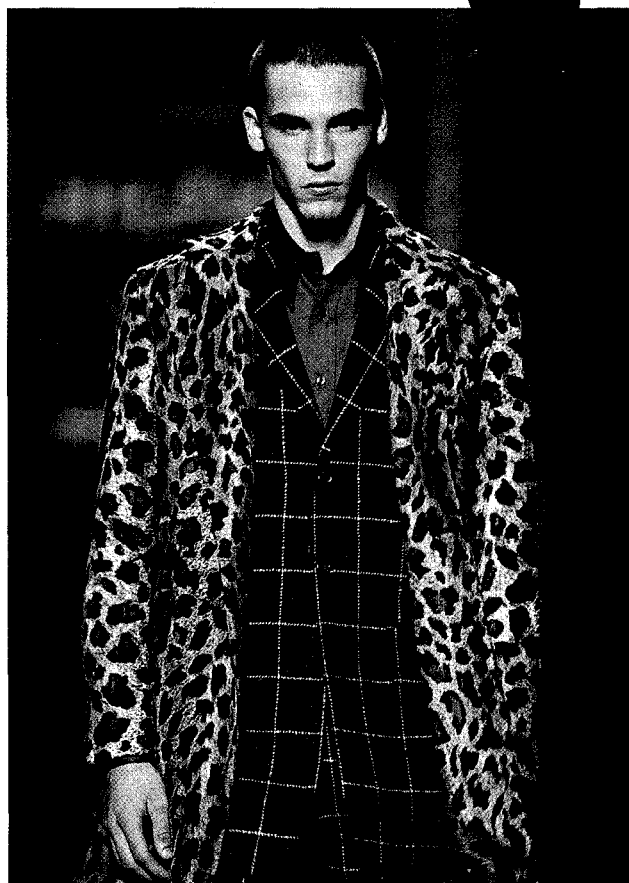
Giorgio Armani

Armani took some real chances this season, and the results got a lot of people talking. Confidently updating his lush signature style, he used burnished velvet for everything from shirts and trousers to the edging on a leather jacket—and stole the show with soft woolen overcoats cut in unusual silhouettes and cast in loamy grays and browns.



Versace

For her first solo men's-wear collection, Donatella Versace backed herself up with the rock-and-roll imagery she'd previously tapped for the younger Versus line—moving the Versace men's collection away from its hallmark homoerotic heat to a cooler feeling of studied ennui. But as always, the beat was pure luxury, whether in purple-and-green leather jackets, red fur-trimmed shearling coats (worn with knee-high lace-up boots), or her stage-worthy hip black suit with strips of dazzling diamanté to catch the spotlight.

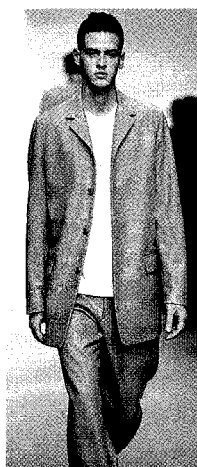


Tommy Hilfiger

It's only rock and roll to Hilfiger—at least this season, as he spotlighted his top-shelf red-label collection (exclusively available, at least for now, in his Los Angeles boutique). These made-to-be-seen clothes seemed to crave a spotlight. But with or without, looks like a silver leather sport jacket, a hand-painted-leather frock coat, and a ferocious cheetah-print coat over a bold windowpane suit are loud and proud.

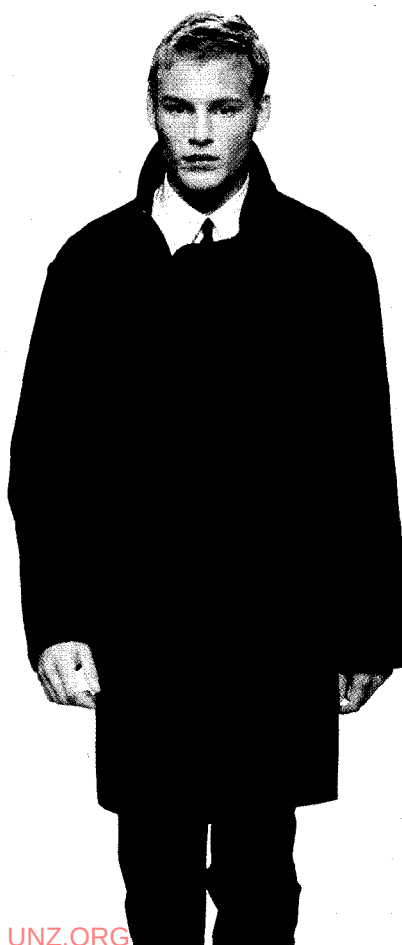
Calvin Klein

The master minimalist chose for the first time to unveil his men's-wear collection in his austere new Milan headquarters, and the result was simplicity itself. Spare, lean, and unconstructed, his pale tweed suits (with long jackets and loungey trousers), trim leather jackets (with concealed closures), and unlined woolen overcoats were, in a phrase, perfectly plain.



Donna Karan

Karan also chose to show in Milan (for the second time), and she produced a showcase of all she does best—nothing tricky, just simple, luxurious clothes. A good example is her cashmere sweater knitted in a tubular stitch that encircles the body like a soft seamless cocoon, paired with gently draped heathery wool trousers. Other standouts were her felt sport jackets and gray wool suits over semi-sheer sweaters.



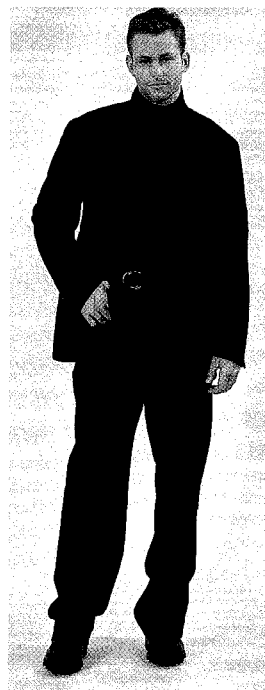
Prada

Miuccia Prada's previously severe vision of men's style softened this time around, but only a little: Her fall line revolves around slim but boxy suits and abbreviated overcoats that conceal a layer of puffy padding. Cast in her hard-edged wool and nylon, and limited to a palette of black, gray, navy, and white, these shapes achieve a high-tech minimalism with a distinctly Millennialist feel.



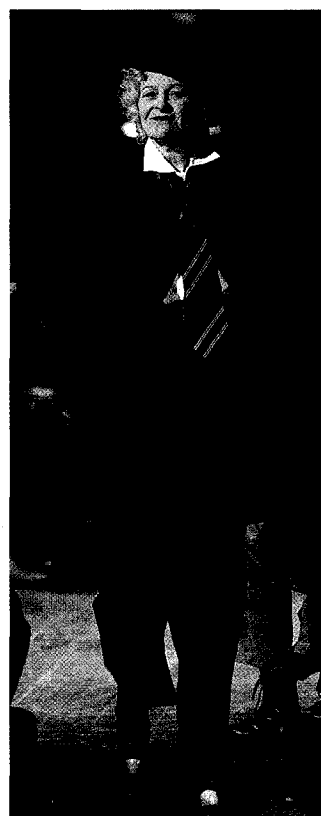
Sandy Dalal

Nabbing the CFDA Perry Ellis award for most talented newcomer just days after presenting his second runway collection, 21-year-old Sandy Dalal is clearly a young man in a hurry—and his exuberant collection took some of men's wear's most venerable staples and turned them on their head. The impressively realized results included audacious floor-length overcoats, soft-focus oversize paisley suits and shirts (his signature), and a cheerful cacophony of tartan.



Polo by Ralph Lauren

For the past several seasons, Purple Label—the collection of impeccably cut suits and coats with the strong Savile Row influence—has been Ralph Lauren's focus. This season, however, the designer paid more attention to his younger customers and infused the tried-and-true Polo line with an edgier vibe. Hip monochromatic pairings and easy, almost sweaterlike tweed jackets took the starch out of the classics; oversize trousers worn long over the shoe referenced hip-hop fashion without going overboard.



Yohji Yamamoto

Yamamoto's clothes didn't break much ground, but his show was fairly adventurous: He displayed his signature oversize suits and stunningly long coats on an all-star all-female cast, including Charlotte Rampling and Vivienne Westwood (at left), who was especially dapper in bowler and striped red tie. With wit and winning style, Yamamoto showed plum-colored fur collars, sweeping off-white dusters over dark suits, and blanket stitching on navy wool overcoats.

Paul Smith

After all these years, Paul Smith is still a bit of a cheeky lad, and his runway renaissance of the past two seasons shows no sign of aging. Who else would take a traditional glen-plaid overcoat, shorten it to a modern knee-length, and add a raffish velvet border to the lapel? Who else would pair a tweedy brown suit with a shetland patchwork vest in ivory, lavender, and salmon pink? Who else would insist that an embroidered velvet waistcoat was a wardrobe essential—to wear during the day, at that?



Gucci

Designer Tom Ford seems to have had an Austin Powers—like sixties dandy in mind for this collection of iridescent-gray wool suits, crisp French cuffs, and fur-collared topcoats. For daytime, he revived the red-and-green-striped ribbon that was the trademark of pre-Ford Gucci, as a campy belt here or a blue-jeans trimming there. For evening, he showed a fur-collared velvet smoking jacket or tuxedo. Rupert Everett, have you chosen your Oscars outfit?

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BY CORKY POLLAN



Slides Rule

Hardly your kids' jellies: Patrick Cox's are 2½-inch platform slides. Adhering to the principle that jellies should come in jelly-bean colors, this season Cox is making his cushy molded-plastic mules in lots of jazzy brights (\$60).

BERGDORF GOODMAN/*Fifth floor*

BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Fourth floor*

PATRICK COX/*702 Madison*

Avenue, near 62nd Street/759-3910

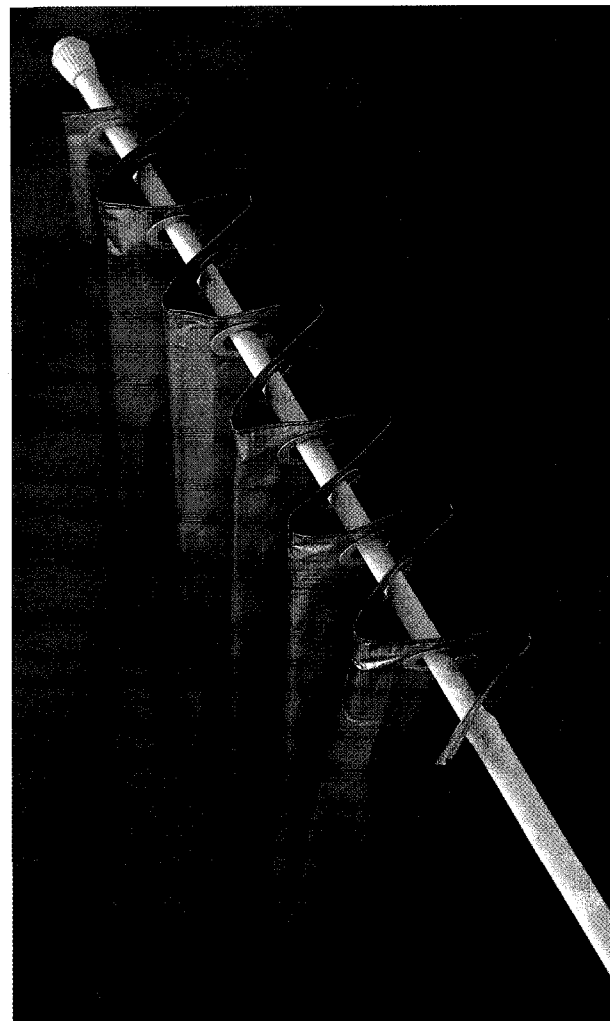
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Fifth floor*



Can Do

In Vietnam, recycling soda cans has turned creative, spawning a countrywide cottage industry. Villagers work the aluminum until it's pliable, line it with vinyl, and pipe it with plastic tubing to morph Coca-Cola, Pepsi, 7-Up, and Heineken cans into eye-popping wallets (\$10).

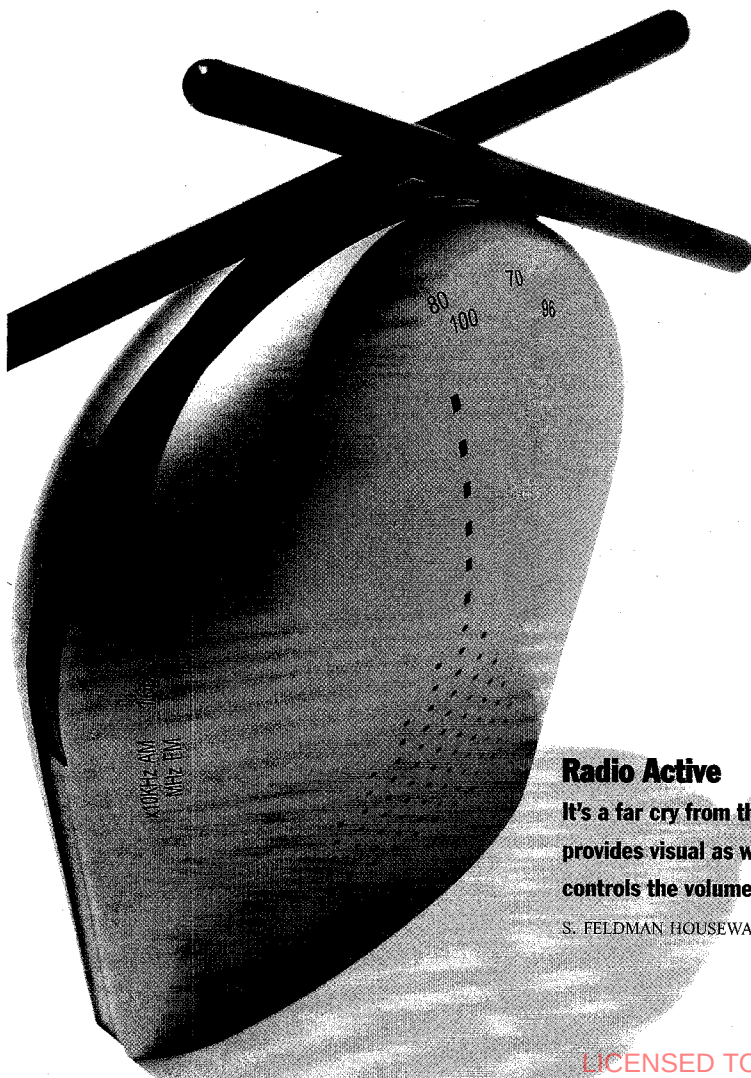
COOPER-HEWITT DESIGN MUSEUM SHOP/2 East 91st Street/849-8355



Off the Hook

A shower curtain that's cutting-edge? That's virtually an oxymoron—or was before the Zähler Company came up with the *hookless* curtain. No more contorting to attach ugly hooks, no more struggling with button-on loops that are a test for anyone's small motor skills. This heavy-duty vinyl curtain simply pops onto the shower rod thanks to slits in the reinforced rings and in the vinyl fabric (\$35; in white and ecru, too).

GRACIOUS HOME/1217 Third Avenue,
at 70th Street/988-8990



Radio Active

It's a far cry from the must-have Bose, but Arco's new battery-operated radio provides visual as well as audio diversion. It's called *Pick-Up Sticks*: One stick controls the volume; the other changes stations (\$25).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Joshua McHugh (3), Michael Grimm.

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ANDREA RENEE—A DESIGNER WHOSE jewels every downtown fashionista and party girl should check out—has had her baubles in many an editorial spread of late (*Elle*, *Us*, *Top Model*, and others). And her fabulous stuff isn't expensive even without a sale: blue-Austrian-crystal-and-filigree butterfly necklace, was \$85, now \$68; matching ring, was \$18, now \$14.40; crimson-Austrian-crystal-and-gunmetal rhinestone headband, was \$35, now \$17.50. **Andrea Renee SOHO NYC, 119 Sullivan St. (343-2059); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. 12–7; 3/25–3/29.**

Welcome to the Neighborhood

UNLIKE THE CONVEYOR-BELT MENTALITY OF a lot of the bigger salons in town, Sophie's approach is a warm "we have all the time in the world for you." At her sale: facial (vegetable peel, collagen, glycolic, or thermo-mineral), was \$70, now \$59.50; manicure and pedicure, was \$37, now \$32; anti-cellulite wrap, was \$70, now \$59.50; half-day spa party (two to four people), was \$178.36, now \$140; full-day spa (two to four people), was \$220, now \$187. **Sophie's European**

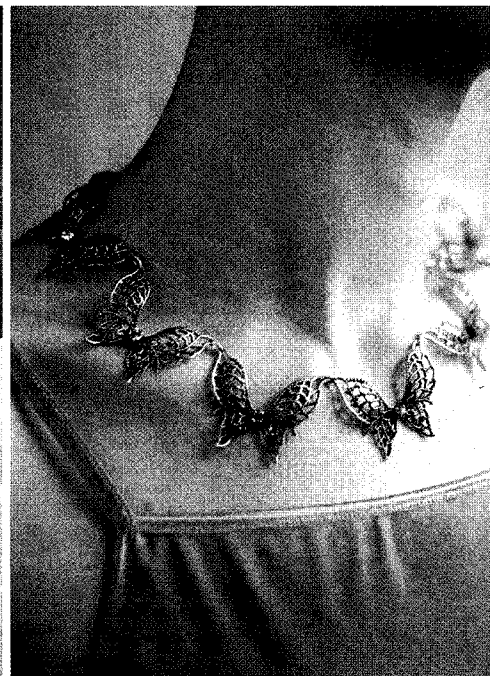
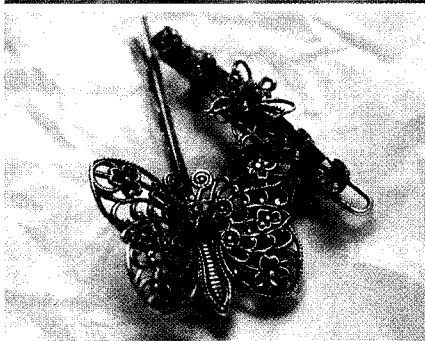
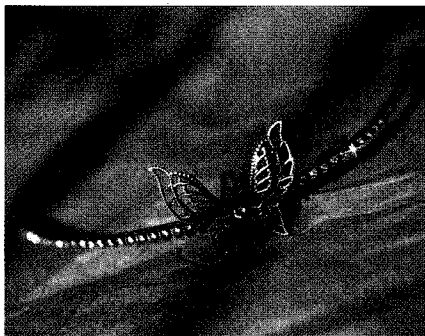
Touch of Beauty, 240 E. 75th St. (452-0730); Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sat. till 8, Sun. 12–7; A.E., M.C., V.; 3/23–4/23.

Couples Therapy

AFTER AN EXTREMELY POSITIVE REACTION to its Valentine's Day special, Healthy Hands has figured out that a romantic evening doesn't have to be a one-night affair. Its "spa special" consists of sending two massage therapists to your home, one for each of you, followed by a gourmet dinner served by a chef; the regular price is \$500, but it's now \$400. Also, a series of twenty massages at the salon is now \$1,339 (was \$1,440), and a series of twenty at your home is \$1,870 (was \$2,200). **Call Healing Hands at 486-1122 to schedule an appointment or for more information; A.E., M.C., V.; 3/23–4/23.**

Run Away With the Dishes

TRIBECA POTTERS—A STUDIO OF TEN ceramic artists—is holding its eighth annual sale on "seconds" and regular merchandise. For example, platters, were \$80, now \$30; teapots, were \$40–\$100,



Emerge from your winter cocoon: Andrea Renee's butterflies reflect this spring's favorite motif.

now \$25; hand-carved pitchers, were \$68 and up, now \$30 and up; one-of-a-kind sculptured masks, were \$150, now \$100; "seconds" serving plates, if perfect \$25, here \$8; covered casserole dishes, if perfect \$36, here \$15. *Tribeca Potters*, 443 Greenwich St. (431-7631); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 11-6; 3/27-4/12.

Sit Pretty

THE FURNITURE AT ECLECTIC HOME reflects the rest of the store's aesthetic—it's colorful, funky, and wonderful to look at. At its April sale, all orders for new upholstered furniture placed during the month will be \$150 off (includes designs by Urbana and Carter; for example, Urbana cloverleaf rolling ottoman in fluorescent velvet, was \$495, now \$345). Half off selected floor models, too: black-and-white Deco "occasional" chair, was \$525, now \$295; aluminum hotel table lamp, was \$59.95, now \$39.95; chrome-and-glass rolling bar cart, was \$295, now \$249. Go, go, go. *Eclectic Home*, 224 Eighth Ave., near 21st St. (255-2373); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. noon-9, Sun. till 7; 4/1-4/30.

The Party's Over

TO OFFLOAD SOME OF THE CHINA, NAPKINS, and other catering essentials accrued from its events, Neuman & Bogdonoff is putting the lot on sale (most of which has never been used; N&B just bought too much). Cotton napkins, retail \$3, here \$1.25; tablecloths, were \$14, now \$7; china sauce bowl, was \$3, now 90 cents. *Neuman & Bogdonoff*, 173 Chrystie St. (228-2444); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 9-5; 3/23-4/3.

Flying Carpets

TRUVA IMPORTS NEW AND OLD KILIMS AND other articles from Turkey, Indonesia, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and India every few weeks. Four-by-six-foot new kilims from Turkey, were \$169, now \$118.30; two-by-three-foot Afghani kilims, were \$69, now \$48.30; three-to-four-foot-by-seven-to-ten-foot old kilims from Turkey, Afghanistan, and Pakistan, were \$285-\$1,195, now \$199-\$836; silver bracelets, were \$49-\$135, now \$34.30-\$94. *Truva*, 58A Greenwich Ave. (462-4040); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 11-7, Sat. till 8, Sun. 12-7; 3/23-4/30.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

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Spas & Salons

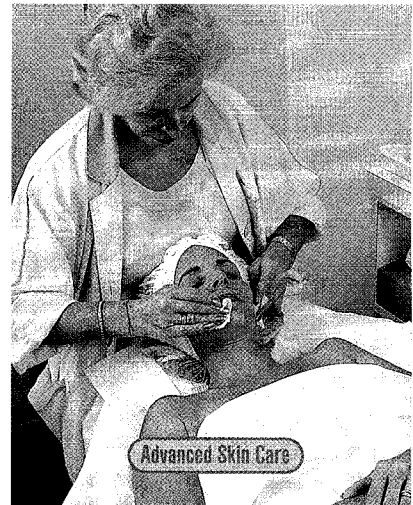
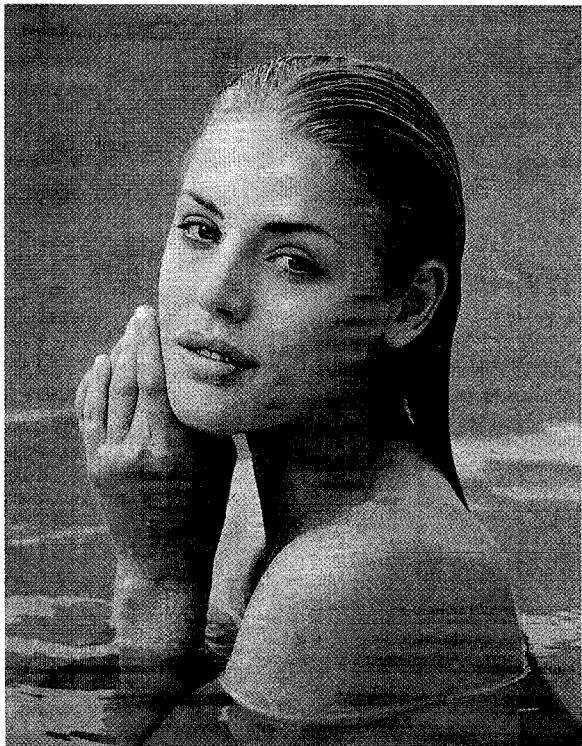
Looking Great in '98

Though regular holidays at Baden Baden or Montecatini may be out of the question, New York's day spas and salons offer the best of the best: cutting-edge treatments and therapies from Europe and Asia—all designed to help you look good and feel even better in time for spring.

Once upon a time, the rich and privileged traveled by carriage and horseback to "take the waters" at such legendary spas as Bath or Baden-Baden. These places promised cures

for a variety of ailments ranging from dyspepsia to neurasthenia. As conventional medicine became more effective, spa cures fell out of favor. Now we've come full circle, recognizing that such staples as massage and aromatherapy

are not simply luxuries for the wealthy, but part of good body maintenance in an increasingly stressful world. And though regular holidays at Baden Baden or Montecatini may be out of the question, here at New York's day spas and salons, we have the best of the best: cutting-edge treatments and therapies from Europe and Asia, all designed to help you look good and feel good. So, whether your schedule allows a full day's retreat or just an hour or two, you'll find dozens of pleasant ways to re-charge, re-energize, and renew yourself in plenty of time for the advent of spring. With these amazing packages, go on and treat yourself!



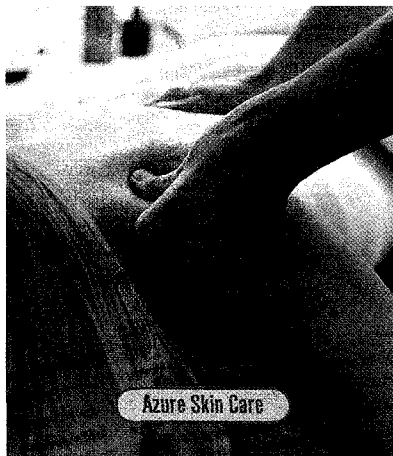
Great Escapes Spa Style

Allana Day Spa & Laser Institute, 160 E. 56th St., 980-0216. "We're very down to earth and laid back here," says owner Alice Abernathy. "We have celebrity and society clients, but we also have people who go without new shoes so they can have treatments." And indeed the atmosphere at Allana, which offers laser hair removal as well as spa services, suggests an English home: comfy wing chairs, antiqueish tables, oriental rugs, all in rich shades of burgundy, mauve, and blue. "One of our newest and most exciting treatments," says Abernathy, "is the Crystal Peel Micro-dermabrasion, a painless and trauma-free way of resurfacing the skin and refining its texture and tone. It gives great results in treating sun damage, fine lines, wrinkles, stretch marks, broken capillaries, age spots, and seborrhea dermatitis. Another excellent treatment is our all-natural and hypo-allergenic Oxygen Therapy Facial, which cleanses, hydrates and revitalizes the face, using 87 different vitamins, minerals, enzymes, amino acids and pure oxygen gas."

Advanced Skin Care, 532 Madison Ave., 3rd fl., 758-8867; fax 758-1482. In their bright and immaculate newly expanded spa/salon, which now features hair services by Philip Ciano, European-trained Ana Antal and Izabell Anton practice the skin care magic they've acquired with decades of experience. "Our goal," says Ana, "is to personalize each treatment and to provide the ultimate in professional services, using the highest quality products."

"There is no supermarket approach here," adds Izabel. "We select the best products from many different laboratories. Some of the oils we use cost us more than \$100 for a small bottle." In their search for the most advanced skin care, they discovered Epicuren Deep Skin rejuvenation, developed by a scientist to help heal burned skin, and which uses plant enzymes to repair and rejuvenate aging, sun-damaged skin. They also offer a European Oxygen Treatment, which delivers oxygen, vitamins, minerals, amino acids, and enzymes with a mist spray.

Angel Touch Health & Beauty Spa, 115-10 Queens Blvd., Suite LL3, Forest Hills, NY, 718-997-7772. A short walk from the subway, this Queens day spa and salon has an ambitious menu that includes extensive skin and body care treatments, a variety of massages, hair removal (by waxing or by needle-less galvanic technique), as well as nail care, hair styling, and hair color. The Day of Beauty includes a facial with a European deep cleansing, body wrap with a mud mask, body scrub with Dead Sea salt, massage, manicure and pedicure, and use of sauna and jacuzzi. Owner Clara Raykin says that colonic therapy is one of her most popular treatments. "You cannot be beautiful outside if your body is clogged with wastes inside. When these wastes are flushed away, you are healthier, you feel lighter, and your skin is clearer."



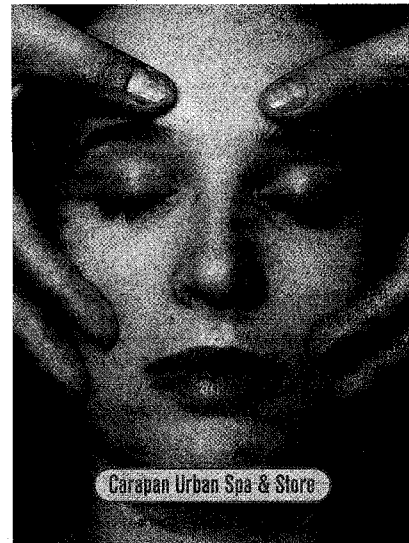
Azure Skin Care

Azure Skin Care, 227 W. 29th St., 563-5365. This airy loft resembles a Parisian atelier and is decorated for comfort and tranquility, rather than for pomp and

show; it should appeal to those who feel at home in the Village and the West Side. "We take a naturalistic approach to looking good and feeling good," says owner Mina Boker. "We offer many treatments under one roof. We have a nutritionist to advise clients on weight loss and healthy eating and we will soon be adding Ayurvedic facials." A popular Azure treatment is the Sea Clay Contouring. Clients are wrapped in linens that have been soaked in the sea clay solution, then covered with a vinyl suit and asked to do mild exercises, which help flush toxins from the body. "The treatment leaves the skin smooth and silky. And we guarantee a loss of at least six inches or you don't pay for the treatment," says Boker. "This is not water loss and it will not come back when you drink water." For added contouring, clients take the Ultratone™ treatment, designed to electronically tone and tighten the muscles.

Carapan Urban Spa and Store, 5 W. 16th St. (Garden Level), 633-6220. "Our service is unique and very personal," says Richard Laurie, owner of Carapan, a day spa that creates a southwestern atmosphere off lower Fifth Avenue. "When you come here, you're not just left alone. An attentive coordinator will escort you throughout your Carapan experience." At this juniper, pine, and sage-scented retreat, the massage menu includes: Swedish, shiatsu, reiki, sports, medical, reflexology, cranio-sacral, and manual lymph drainage. Aromatherapy rituals and a non-invasive natural herbal facial are also available. After treatments, clients use the complimentary shampoo, gels, lotions, and moisturizers, then sip herbal tea, cider, or sparkling water in the lounge. Or close their eyes and let the soft music and amber lighting take them away from the city and into "a beautiful place of tranquility where one comes to restore one's spirit," which, incidentally, is what the Pueblo Indian word "Carapan" actually means.

Ettia Holistic Day Spa for Men and Women, 239 W. 72nd St. (2nd fl.), 362-7109 or 1-800-795-7109. "Skin doesn't talk, but it does communicate" says Ettia Tal, a pioneer in the holistic approach to beauty and a registered nurse. "I use my



Carapan Urban Spa & Store

knowledge to identify what's going on inside to help the condition outside." At her welcoming West Side haven (which also offers steam room and showers), Tal earth-mothers clients with methods that incorporate ancient healing techniques and herbs with the newest and most effective treatments. Ettia "reads" faces and identifies stress, trauma, environmental toxins, and poor diet. Her prescription for basic skin care is simple: cleansing and toning to maintain PH balance and firmness; a healthy diet to nourish the body from the inside out. "We work according to individual needs. I have some clients who have been coming for 18 years—and who have never had the same facial twice. I don't just give a facial because it is in fashion or because a client has read about it in a magazine. A facial with me is like a meditation with nature. You come back rested and happy."



Ettia Holistic Day Spa for Men and Women

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clients here and to educate them about maintenance and problem-prevention at home." Though her estheticians perform a wide range of spa services, Lia is especially proud of her facials. "We give fantastic facials," she says, "seven different types, for men and women. We never leave the skin red and blotchy. You can have a facial, then go out on a

"I believe in pampering and knowledge. It's good for the soul and good for the skin, not just on special occasions but on a regular basis. I like to educate my clients." —Lia Schorr

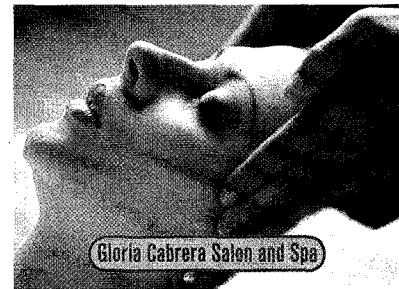
Lia Schorr Skin Care, 686 Lexington Ave., 486-9670. With over 30 years of experience, Lia Schorr has a no-nonsense approach to beauty and skin care. Her inviting day spa operates like a well-run ship, staffed by Lia-trained European estheticians. "I believe in pampering and knowledge," she says. "It's good for the soul and good for the skin, not just on special occasions but on a regular basis. I like to pamper my

date, to lunch—even get married. To do a facial properly, you must know skin, you must know how to advise the client on the appropriate type, and you must know how long to keep it on."

Ki-Touch Beauty Center, 9 E. 45th St., 682-1166. This low-key Midtown day spa has "theme" treatment rooms, a line of European skin products, and a lengthy menu that includes cellulite treatments, four types of massage, aromatherapy, various scrubs and wraps, as well as paraffin treatments for the hands and feet. Among the head-to-toe packages is the half-day of beauty, which consists of a body mud mask, massage shower, Swedish body massage, foot reflexology, European Derma-Lift facial, manicure and pedicure, aromatherapy steam room, and a spa lunch. As part of Ki-Touch's weight reduction program, esthetician Irina Pritsker recommends colonic irrigation. "Not only will it help with weight loss, it is also excellent for the skin, and it has many added health benefits."

Gloria Cabrera Salon and Spa, 605 Fifth Ave. (bet. 48th and 49th), 750-0808; 309 E. 23rd (bet. 1st and 2nd aves.), 689-6815. Several sleek European matrons swathed in sable, busy

executives, harried urban professionals—these are but a few of the clients that visit Cabrera's bustling Fifth Avenue salon in the course of a day. The staff is multilingual, so it comfortably caters to an international clientele. Says Cabrera: "I understand and respect how valuable time is, so whatever our clients want done, we will adjust to their schedules. We can, for example, do a facial, hair styling, and manicure in under two hours. For those who have more time, we offer more leisurely pampering with our half-day of beauty, which includes a facial with alpha hydroxy treatment, a scalp massage with hair styling, and a half-hour back massage. For total relaxation, we have a full Day of Beauty, which includes a one-hour massage with an exfoliating treatment, a manicure and pedicure, a rejuvenating facial, hair styling, makeup, and a light lunch."



Ling Skin Care Salons, 12 E. 16th St., 989-8833; 105 W. 77th St., 877-2883; 128 Thompson St., 982-8833. If winter has left your skin dry and flaky, if you're plagued by acne or enlarged pores, fret not. Help is as near as one of Ling Chan's three immaculate Manhattan salons. Hong-Kong trained Ling will analyze your skin problem and then prescribe the appropriate blends of teas and herbs. Says Ling, "We use green tea for oily skin, ginseng for dehydrated skin, and chrysanthemum for problem skin and blemishes. We also use tea to custom blend masks that will rehydrate and restore the skin. For the eyes, we have a new treatment to reduce puffiness and dark circles and improve elasticity." To maintain good results at home, Ling has a complete line of skin care products. Her night cream, fans say, is incredibly rich without feeling oily, while her moisturizing facial masque is a fine antidote to airplane-cabin dryness. Ling's makeup line includes a custom-blend foundation with an oil-free or moisturizing base and custom-blend powder.





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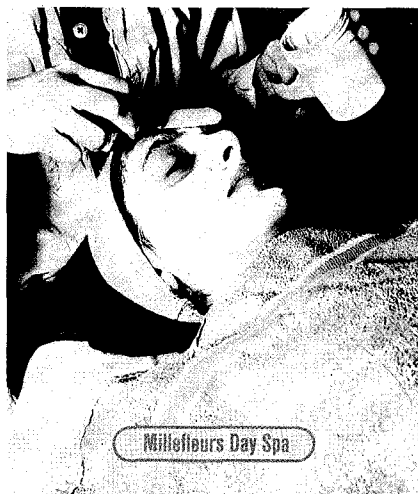
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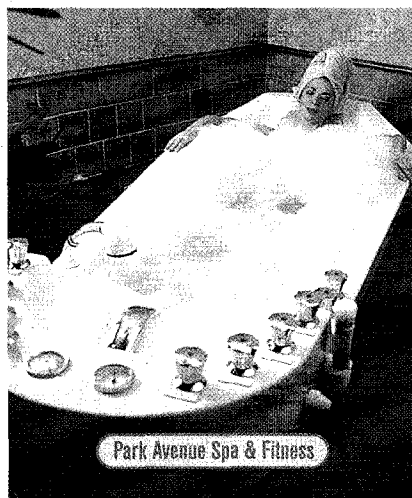
mixtures. The spa offerings include a
variety of body wraps, salt scrubs, aromatic
and Ayurvedic facials, massages, and last-
minute "I need to be pampered" calls.
New services include yoga, Tai Chi,
therapeutic baths, natural hair care, and
Mendhi, the henna tattoo from North
Africa/India. One may choose from a
variety of half- to full-day package
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from body treatments to acupuncture,
authentic tarot reading, and more. Come
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Park Avenue Spa & Fitness, at the
Swissôtel (The Drake), 440 Park Ave.
(at 56th St.), 756-3968. New Yorkers who
enjoy "discovering" the city's hidden
treasures will appreciate this sparkling
and uncrowded spa and fitness center
tucked inside the Swissôtel. The decor is
European: soft shades of gray and beige
and silver and gold. The staff, unfailingly
attentive, offering not only the conventional
robe and slippers, but also a complimentary

"Our philosophy is beauty from the inside out. We don't believe
in the quick fix. We give information on how to take care of
yourself and how to improve your life. We do skin care, body
treatments, and facials, and we have a host of wonderful
classes and a meditation room." — Leslie Nelson, Sollo Sanctuary

artifacts. Gina Michael has created a
getaway right here on Manhattan Isle.
The word is spreading fast. Experience a
makeup line with ingredients of rock and
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bottle of water, fresh-squeezed juice, and
fruit. "It's very private, very intimate
here," says spa director Uzi Shademan,
"like getting away from New York. The fit-
ness facility and spa is a nice combination.
People can work out, do a sauna or steam,
and then have a treatment. We also have a
unique hydrotherapy tub and a special
table for pre-natal massage—a woman can
lie on it even if she's eight months
pregnant." Though the atmosphere
invites you to linger, folks in a hurry can
opt for the one-hour New York De-Stress
Express: shoulder, back, and neck
massage; TMJ and scalp treatment;
reflexology and mini-facial.



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Store, (257 Columbus Ave., 769-0107;
2929 Broadway, 666-6429. "We're all
about customizing and nurturing,
with our spa services as well as our hair
services," says Scott J., whose new
Columbus Avenue spa welcomes New
Yorkers weary from stress, pollution, and
just plain fatigue. "Our treatments are a

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fusion of Eastern and European techniques, but we always do what's right for the client. If someone doesn't like steam, we can use hot towels for the same results." Among the many unique treatments here is the Himalayan Rejuvenation Treatment, which, Scott says, "is based on ancient Ayurvedic practices. It rejuvenates and relaxes, it deeply cleans, it purifies and soothes body and soul. It includes a full-body exfoliation, an oleation friction massage, a plant perfume steam bath and scotch hose, a massage with aromas. We also have customized full-body massages and a mind/body rejuvenation treatment—an all-over 'facial' that improves circulation and activates the body's natural detoxification systems."

Stressolution, 12 E. 46th St., 7th fl., 682-2722. Amid the bustle of Midtown, this quiet and spacious co-ed retreat beckons with soft earth colors, New Age music—and a chiropractor on the premises. "Though we offer all spa services, including pedicures, manicures, and waxing, we are more therapeutic in our approach focusing primarily on massage," says director Dona Pereira. "We have a number of massage modalities, such as Swedish, reflexology, and a customized medical massage using techniques to alleviate pain. "Our algae wrap detoxifies and fights stress and we use Dead Sea mud for arthritis and rheumatism, paraffin wraps to soften the skin and relieve arthritis and sore muscles," says Dona. "Our luxurious aromatherapy treatment is one of a variety of facials." Pereira, whose client list includes bankers, traders, and lawyers, points out that her environment is comfortable for both sexes with lots of privacy.

The Mind-Body Connection

SoHo Sanctuary, 119 Mercer St., 334-5550. This combination yoga studio and spa is a warm yet minimalist environment: natural wood, comfortable chairs, green plants, soft pink bathroom tiles, all chosen to be soothing and calming. "Our philosophy is beauty from the inside out," says Sanctuary director, Leslie Nelson. "We don't believe in the quick fix. We give information on how to take care of yourself and how to improve your life. We do skin care, body treatments and facials—and we have a host of wonderful classes. Our space is intimate and tranquil;



it feels like a home away from home. Our circular meditation room is a place to unwind and to find peace and calm amid the mayhem of the city." The Sanctuary, which is located in a landmark SoHo building, has a tea service, an holistic library, and a steam room, which are complimentary with a class or treatment.

Shape-In Strategies

Callanetics Studios of Manhattan, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832, 765-2900. For almost a quarter century, Callanetics has been reshaping bodies that are, well, less than perfect. "It's the intelligent woman's exercise," says Ruth Jeffries, owner of the Manhattan studio. "The more you think it through, the better it works. Your brain does, after all, control your body, so this is really a mind-body connection." In her skylit loft, soft jazz or classical music plays as Jeffries teaches the precise exercises that work the deep postural muscles—not the surface muscles, which can, she warns, make you bulk up. "The exercise can be taken to higher and higher levels. It lifts the breasts, reduces saddlebags, trims the waist and tummy, and lifts the behind. It feminizes the body and creates a long, lean silhouette. You'll usually see results within 10 sessions taken over a three-week period."

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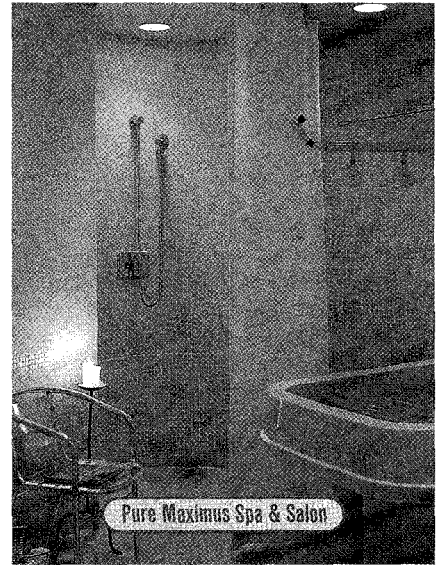
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Slimming Solutions

Skin & Body Care, Inc. 50 E. 78th St., 585-4228. For every woman who has worked hard at the gym and who still has lumpy "orange peel" thighs, there is, at last, help. "ENDERMOLOGIE™ is a non-invasive technique that reduces inches, not pounds," says Denise Margulies, who is a licensed Endermologist and a partner in this attractive boutique salon (partner Diana Ward specializes in hi-tech facials). "Your skin becomes smoother, your clothes start to fit looser, and you feel invigorated." Using a hand-held machine developed in France, Denise performs a carefully choreographed deep-tissue massage that works through the subcutaneous fat, breaks up the fibrous bands that attach the fat to the skin (and create the dimples) and redistributes the fat through the rest of the body. "During my pregnancy, I gained 48 pounds," Denise admits. "I had cellulite down to here," she adds, pointing to her knees. "Through 'ENDERMOLOGIE™ and exercise, I now have a better body than I ever had." [F.Y.I. Denise is tiny, trim, and superbly toned.]



Pure Maximus Spa & Salon, at The Source, 1504 Old Country Road, Suite 226, Westbury, NY, 516-222-8880. When Richard Calcasola built his 11,000 square-foot Pure Maximus, he had several goals in mind. One was to create a dramatic hair salon that would "wow" his clients and provide the exciting styles and color services for which he was known. "For the spa," he says, "I wanted to provide cutting-edge technology in an atmosphere of luxury and beauty. And I wanted to include water services, which are what a spa is all about." The "wow" factor is definitely there, in the dramatic soaring ceilings, the rich natural colors and textures, the uncommonly beautiful stations by noted designer Phillippe Starck. The spa area is quieter, with New Age music and subtle lighting. Featherbeds soften the massage tables, aromatherapy oils perfume the air. The signature treatment is the Water Journey (prelude to massage), a three-part experience that begins with an aromatherapy bath in an imported hydrotherapy tub, followed by an expert exfoliation with limu (Hawaiian sea salt), a Vichy shower—and finally, a unique cascading waterfall that soothes and stimulates body and mind.

DeFranco Spagnolo Salon & Day Spa, 200 Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, NY, 516-466-6752. Located in the heart of picturesque Great Neck, this cozy salon and day spa is an easy drive from Northern Blvd. and from all points on the LIE. The atmosphere, like the soft pastel color scheme, is quiet and relaxing. "We offer head-to-toe service, everything from hair to pedicures, and we have excellent estheticians," says co-owner René

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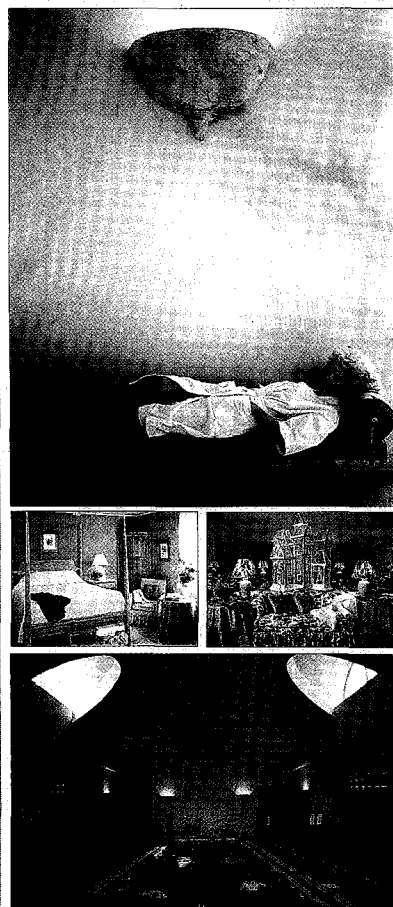
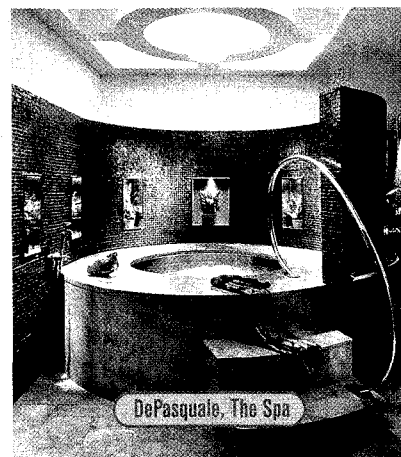


Spagnolo. Among the popular treatments on the menu here: seaweed wraps, aromatherapy, full-body mud masque, body scrubs, body polish done with thermal salts from a Hungarian spring, and a deep-pore cleansing facial. The therapist at René Spagnolo does Swedish massage incorporating Shiatsu points as well as reflexology.

...And in the Garden State

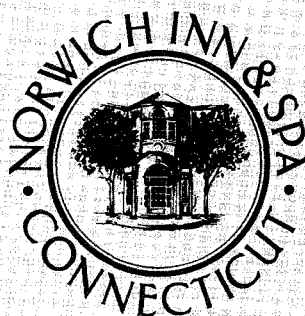
DePasquale, The Spa, Rte.. 10 East, Powder Mill Plaza, Morris Plains, NJ, 973-538-3811. Natural colors and textures, gently curved walls, sculpted tile floors, and a skylit meditation center are among the visual delights of this full service spa and salon. "When I created the spa, I wanted a place that would deal with the senses, the natural things of the earth," says owner Carmen DePasquale. "And since we've supported various Rainforest organizations for over 15 years, we decided to create a 'Rainforest Experience.' But instead of having a

room painted simply with trees, we chose a botanical mural with exotic plants, in the style of Monet's Water Lilies. The therapy uses concentrated steam to gently open the pores, as pure oxygen detoxifies and purifies the skin. The treatment ends with a soothing scalp massage. With our Mineral Earth Experience, we've tried again to touch Mother Nature, using various mud therapies for different skin problems, from dryness to acne."



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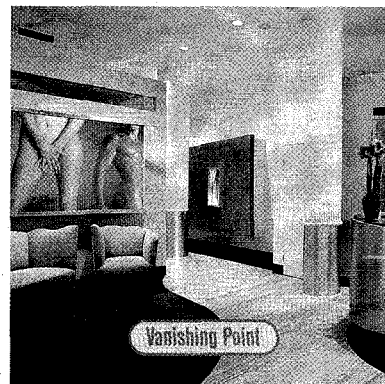
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Special Advertising Section

Take It All Off

Vanishing Point, 4 W. 16th St., 1-888-778-8870. Men and women alike delight in thick, lustrous hair—as long as it's on their heads. But unwanted hair in all the wrong places can be unsightly, unattractive, and downright embarrassing. Today's technologies present solutions that are much more appealing than daily shaving and the inevitable stubble that follows. To explore one exciting option, we spoke with Melisse Shaban, CEO of Vanishing



Point, which performs hair removal with photo-epilation.

So, Melisse, what's the deal?

Q. What exactly is photo-epilation?

A. It is the removal of hair through light pulse technology.

Q. How is this different from other methods?

A. We use a laser-like device with a large footprint, which means we can treat a larger surface at once. We can move clients through the process much more quickly, which makes treatment less costly.

Q. Any other difference?

A. Photo-epilation also has the capability of changing settings for the individual; so we

can treat all skin types, all skin colors, all hair colors.

Q. How safe is the process?

A. Completely safe. We are FDA approved, we have a physician on staff, and our technicians are registered nurses.

Q. How effective is it?

A. We let clients judge for themselves. We are so confident of our results that we offer a free 15-minute treatment, with no obligation.

Q. Is there anyone who shouldn't have this treatment?

A. Pregnant women. And anyone whose skin has been heavily exposed to the sun must first take a patch test. It may be necessary to wait, to stay out of the sun for two weeks before treatment.

Q. Is Vanishing Point co-ed?

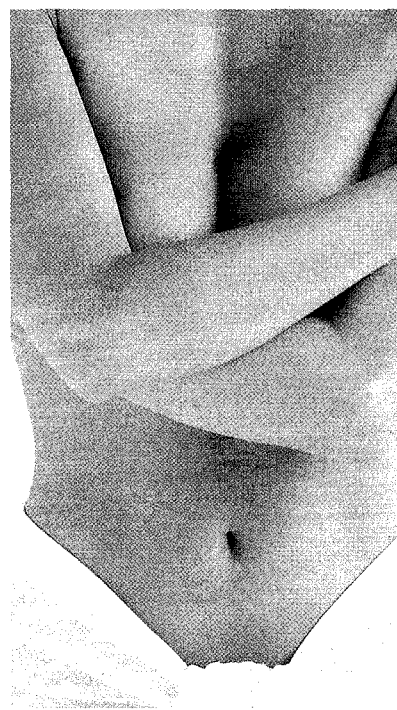
A. Yes, 40% of our clients are men. They have back, neck, and shoulder hair removed—and they can have chest hair thinned.

Q. Is Vanishing Point a spa?

A. No. We are not a lifestyle environment. We are a hybrid, with the practicality of medicine. We serve people who have problems and want them fixed quickly and conveniently. We are results-oriented and we are priced for everyone.

Q. But you do offer services other than hair removal?

A. Yes. For the convenience of our clients, we offer cellulite recontouring massage and facials. And we allow clients to build custom packages according to their needs. For example, with warmer weather coming, they might choose to combine hair removal with cellulite treatments.





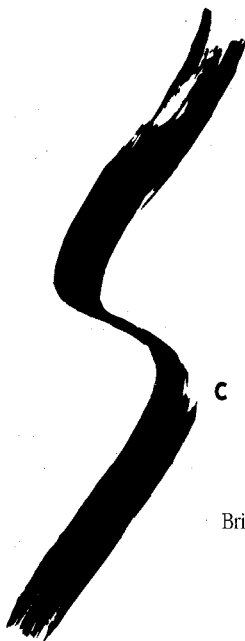
Get Out of Town

Norwich Inn & Spa (607 West Thames St., Norwich, CT, 1-800-ASK-4-SPA). Imagine an historic New England country inn dating back to 1929, 40 lushly landscaped acres, spacious villas with wood-burning fireplaces overlooking a golf course—and facilities for non-stop pampering. If this picture appeals, consider a Connecticut getaway to the Norwich Inn & Spa. "In the summer of this year, we'll be completing an \$8 million expansion and renovation," says vice-president of operations, Mark Vinchesi. "This means a new state-of-the-art gym, new treatments, a new restaurant, new facilities, and more services." At Norwich, guests have choices galore: a gourmet restaurant or award-winning spa cuisine; classes in yoga and Tai Chi; a variety of workouts; a half-dozen baths; a splendid selection of body wraps, massages and facials. The "PERSONAL ESCAPE PLAN" includes fitness classes and a package of beauty and body treatments. Also available: consultations with spa experts for customized nutrition and wellness programs to take home with you.



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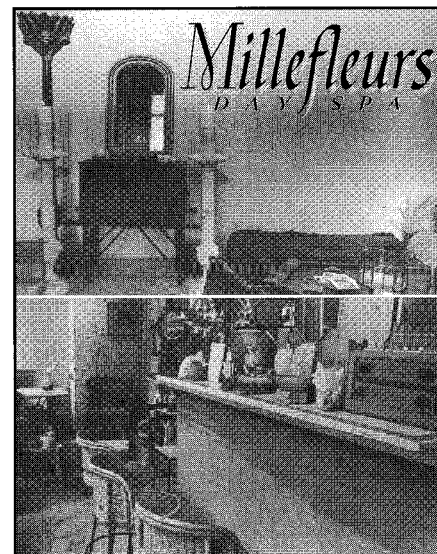
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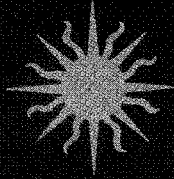
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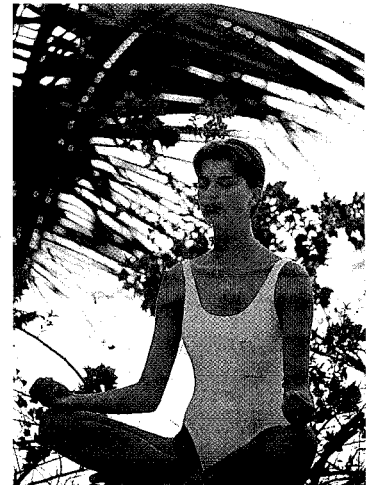


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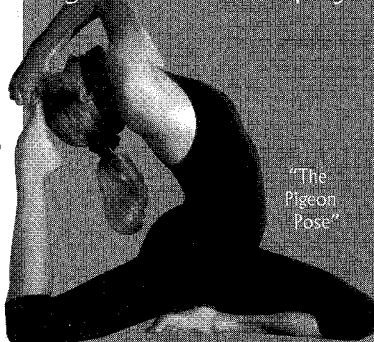
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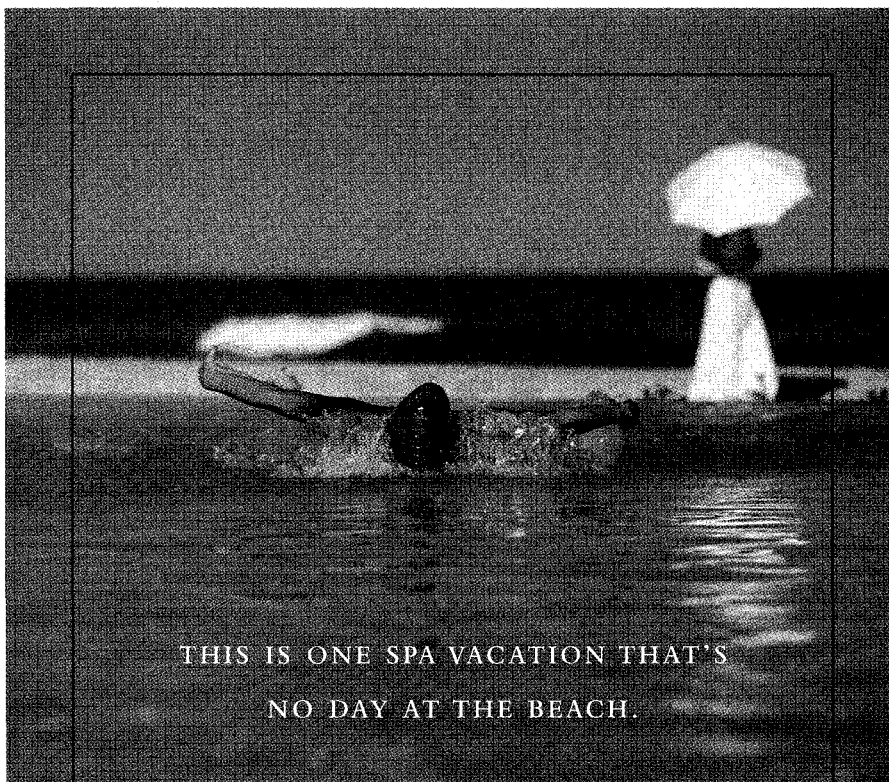
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Sequence, 106 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 1-888-BLEND-88. At Sequence, the objective is not only natural looking hair, but hair that has natural flow and movement—as well as color and texture that suits the client's needs. These results, says Dino Dondiego, are achieved with Hair Blending.™ "Our technique gives the most natural effect because using one real hair at a time allows for even distribution in the right areas. The ultimate test: run your fingers through your hair, feel your hair and your scalp. It should be a good feeling."



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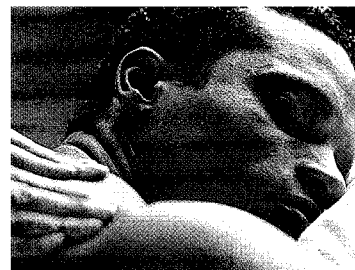
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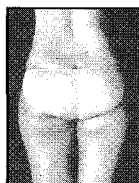
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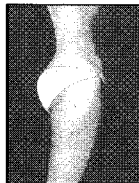
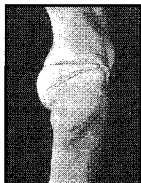
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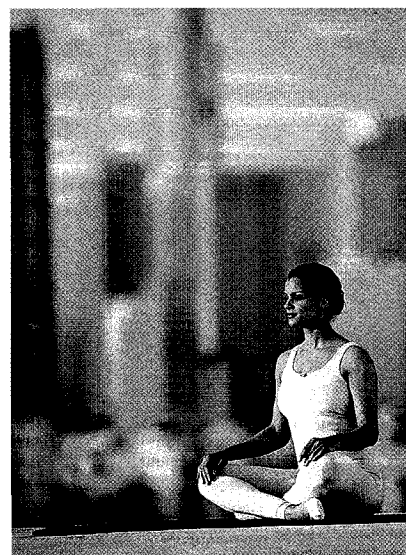
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Sweet and Sour

Dancing despite the Nazis, the tawdry chorines of 'Cabaret' provide a bracing alternative to 'The Sound of Music's' sugarcoated Trapps.

HAVE SCANT USE FOR SITE-SPECIFIC stagings. Theater should free us from limiting literalness: A play about coal miners does not call for performing underground; a drama about psychotics needs no cast of certified psychos in a genuine madhouse. The stage is privileged to deal in illusions, allowing us to gaze deeper and see more clearly from the outside looking in than we ever could mired in the mêlée. So I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for **Cabaret**, complete with poorer sight lines, buttock-bruising wooden chairs, and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks.

Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a two-tiered set, part jungle gym, part bulb-bordered and crooked picture frame around the band, part plain platform with minimal and easily removable furniture backed by three ominous doors. All very functional but also eye-catching. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz, though I wonder whether William Ivey Long's suitably tawdry costumes need be so bedraggled: The chorines' stockings feature more holes than a Swiss cheese, more runs than Mickey Mantle could amass at his apogee.

Mendes, aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes but does less for the goings-on at Fräulein Schneider's boardinghouse. This is partly because nightclub-site-specificity thwarts boardinghouse specificity, but partly also because the writing does not allow for much character development in either the Sally Bowles-Clifford Bradshaw central affair or the secondary romance of Fräulein Schneider and Herr Schultz, her greengrocer suitor.

The major performances are all at least a mite off. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Both Mary Louise Wilson (Schneider) and Ron Rifkin (Schultz) have accent problems, and the delightful Miss Wilson plays a bit too much for comedy, the good Mr. Rifkin a bit too little. John Benjamin Hickey, though aptly ambiguous sexually, comes up short on whatever would draw Sally to him. As the sinister, leering Emcee, Alan Cumming (repeating his London role) is just fine except in his song "I Don't Care Much"—a ques-



tionable number written for the movie version.

The supporting cast—notably Denis O'Hare, Fred Rose, and Michele Pawk—delivers staunchly, and Mendes's idea of making the chorines double as members of the onstage band is terrific, including that final touch when they appear wearing identical Louise Brooksonian Lulu wigs. Such double duty is quite an accomplishment: Whether they lend a whiff of George Grosz to the orchestra or twist themselves into Marshall's burlesque choreography, these young ladies rate unstinting kudos. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival of the Masteroff-Kander-Ebb *Cabaret* has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious—the kind that wouldn't stoop to a Broadway musical in the first place.

CURIOSLY, THE OTHER BIG CURRENT REVIVAL, **The Sound of Music**, also involves Nazism in the ascendant. For the rest, this brimmingly wholesome family entertainment is the exact opposite of *Cabaret*. The birth of the Trapp Family Singers out of the spirit of music (as Nietzsche would have titled it) is the most saccharine of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals, even as the book is the least stimulating of the Lindsay and Crouse collaborations.

Still, there are ways of preventing this honeyed confection from becoming pure treacle. In the Broadway premiere (1959), Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel saw to that; in the movie version, Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer contributed, respectively, zeal and edge enough to energize (continued on page 65)

Club kids: The Emcee (Alan Cumming) lovingly entwined with the Kit Kat Girls in *Cabaret*.

ART MARK STEVENS

Photosynthesis

Two shows at the Met capture a turning point in twentieth-century art: the moment when photography became modern.

Shadow economy:
Paul Strand's *Wall
Street, 1915*.

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, ALFRED STIEGLITZ set out to prove once and for all that photography was an art—not just a curiosity or a mechanical means of documentation. He did so by stealing a march on the aesthetes of the period, demonstrating that a photograph could be as elegant as a Whistlerian tone poem; as moody as a symbolist reverie; as delicate in construction as a Japanese print; as atmospheric as a Monet impression; as serpentine as an Art Nouveau poster. The photographers around Stieglitz, many of them inspired by his ideas, made images that whispered

torialism in New York, 1900–1915 and Paul Strand Circa 1916—deftly capture this essential moment in the coming-of-age of modern photography. Organized by Maria Morris Hambourg and Laura Muir, the “Pictorialism” exhibit of 40 images establishes the background in which the young Paul Strand developed as an artist. Understanding this background, in turn, enriches the power of the 60 images in “Circa 1916” (organized by Hambourg), deepening one’s appreciation of Strand’s originality. As a piece of curatorial work, the two shows are a model of excellence. Without overwhelming the eye with too many images, the curators, led by Hambourg, illuminate an essential “hinge” in the history of photography as an art—and, no less important, in the personal evolution of a singular artist. And they manage to avoid boxing the work into the pigeonholes of pedantry. This is first and foremost a collection of ravishing photographs, many of them exquisite platinum prints.

Paul Strand (1890–1976) grew up on the Upper West Side, in a brownstone between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. Inspired by the photographer Lewis Hine, who taught a class at the Ethical Culture School—where Strand was a student—he soon found his way to Stieglitz. He was bright enough to make him his master: Stieglitz’s art gallery was where the important battles of modern art were being fought in the United States. Perhaps more than any other artist, Strand grasped Stieglitz’s ambivalent view of Pictorialism. As a young photographer, he made gorgeous photographs in the Pictorialist idiom; but, prompted by Stieglitz, he soon began confronting the modern world around him, working toward a less gauzy, more structured style. (He was more Cézanne than Monet.) With the arrogant humility of an important young artist, he schooled himself in the most advanced art of his time—notably the work of Picasso and the cubists.

Between 1915 and 1917, Strand confronted three great themes in an unabashedly modern manner—the flux of the city, the abstraction of forms, and the faces on the street. The show at the Met presents superb examples from each series. There is nothing static in Strand’s New York: It is a city built of passing glances, a streetscape of dashing diagonals and unexpected angles.

“Art” in what amounts to a shout. Their lush pictures, which seemed to transcend the burly modern world, could seduce the toughest eye. And yet there remained something defensive and murkily poetic in this Pictorialist sensibility. Stieglitz himself understood the critical problem: If photography was a child of the modern era, shouldn’t it speak in the brassy vernacular of its day? Why should the new cubist *painters* claim modern space for themselves? Stieglitz began to talk of banishing the painterly poetic fog from photography.

Two shows at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—Pic-



What Strand's images of the city gain in spontaneity, however, they do not lose in compositional rigor. And so the flux of modern life never becomes trivial or evanescent; it has a touch of the eternal, a measure of gravitas. The same is true of the still lifes and portraits. The arrangements of cups, plates, and fruit may represent a thoughtful reflection on cubist structure, but they never become "abstract" in the sense of static, dry, or lifeless. Strand had much too fine a sensibility to force meaning or ideas into an image. In the great portraits of people on the street, for example, there is never any heavy-handed message about the downtrodden.

Nowhere is this more true than in *Wall Street, 1915*, one of the greatest photographs of the twentieth century. There are so many whispers in this picture, so many resonant implications in the relation between the rush-hour pedestrians and the bleak windows of the Morgan bank. To begin with, this is not a random crowd: The pedestrians walk in small groups that mirror, loosely, the progression of severe rectangular windows. A brilliant diagonal beam of white—shooting across the image—enhances our sensation of movement and establishes a no-man's-land between the personal and the abstract. What is the nature of the conversation between humanity and these monumental windows? Some critics consider the picture a critique of capitalism, but the photograph transcends any such interpretation. In contrast to most windows in art, these open into darkness. The image is a fearful intimation of tragedy, a presentiment of a century of spiritual crisis. You can see foreshadowed the inhuman scale of totalitarian power; the emptying of traditional meaning into the void; the cranking of human beings into the geometric maw of modernity. This is a modern meditation, in short, upon death, power, and time.

Strand could not possibly have set out with such a grand purpose. But he was not just lucky, either. An image like *Wall Street, 1915* came to him because he was ready. The show at the Met highlights that readiness—essentially a form of preparation that few young artists today are willing to undergo. Strand did not reject what came before him, for example. He built upon it. There remains a softness in *Wall Street* that derives from Pictorialism, but here it serves to strengthen the photograph's powerful contrasts. Strand also resolutely resisted the easy allure of content, insisting that an image have strong formal values; never in this show do we feel "had" by advertised meaning. Not least, Strand worked hard in the darkroom, much as painters once schooled themselves in craft, developing a strong foundation for his work; the platinum prints in this show are, among other things, beautiful objects. Strand made his own luck. ■

Simon continued from page 63

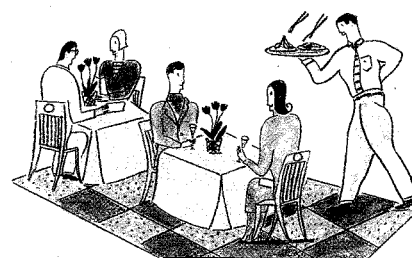
the show out of its sweet sappiness. This revival, directed by Susan H. Schulman, has other ideas. Repeated expeditions to Salzburg have taught the director that (a) nuns spend their days working at useful tasks and (b) many Austrians took to Nazism enthusiastically. So we get enough Stakhanovite nuns to rival Disney's workaholic dwarfs. Huge swastika banners incarnadine woodsy Salzburg, making the green one red. Heidi Ettinger's set design cuts corners until we get the wedding scene in Nonnberg Abbey, whose minutely reproduced splendors could make the Vatican envious.

In the performances, rewards are sparse. The Maria of Rebecca Luker, pretty and sweet-voiced, is not the robust tomboy who could galvanize the Trapp children out of their torpor and charm Captain von Trapp out of his military rigor. Indeed, the rigor Michael Siberry's Captain evinces perilously resembles rigor mortis; it would take two of him rubbed together to strike a spark. The children are conventionally appealing, the tiniest as cute as a lederhosen button, and Tracy Alison Walsh, as the bespectacled Brigitta, better than that. As the Mother Abbess, the decent Patti Cohenour cannot hold a candle to Patricia Neway's 1959 prototype, but the total disaster is the Max of Fred Applegate, who can instantly turn the Alps into Catskills. The absolute winner is the Elsa Schraeder of Jan Maxwell, whose unstrained professionalism turns an unsympathetic secondary part into the show's single star turn.

Regrettably, Miss Schulman tries, in various details, to emulate the movie version. But such a thing as Maria's entrance strolling down the hillside, though fine in a helicopter shot letting the mountains dance around the girl, cannot be duplicated onstage. Miss Ettinger's delectable curtain (no one designs curtains better than she) does not rise on an equally delectable production, but parents no more demanding than their brood may feel that the bloom is not yet off the edelweiss.

THE OTHER YOUNG IRISH DRAMATIST, CONOR McPherson, debuts here with the cryptically entitled *St. Nicholas*, which might as easily be called *Chaconne for Invisible Orchestra* or *Study in Puce*. The first ten minutes, and a few subsequent ones, mock a drama critic and are capital fun. The rest concerns said Dublin critic's trip to London in pursuit of an actress, and his entanglement there with a bunch of vampires. Thus is a Richard Brinsley Sheridan start reduced to Sheridan Le Fanu. Still, this 90-minute one-man show may be worth it for Brian Cox. Though despair at his material sometimes makes him bellow, he gives a bravura performance that transmutes pointlessness into poignancy. ■

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Illustration by Jeff Jackson

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS Einstein on the Rocks

At the Met, Robert Wilson's minimalism meets Richard Wagner's maximalism, with catastrophic results; Yo-Yo Ma dances with Bach.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HAS BEEN RUSHING TO catch up with the twentieth century before it departs, but importing Robert Wilson's "vision" of Wagner's *Lohengrin* turns out to be a bad idea, literally too little too late. Wilson, you will remember, left New York's avant-garde scene for Europe years ago, his head full of ideas for the vast theatrical epics that eventually brought him great acclaim from the Continental intelligentsia, putting the philistines back home to shame. Yet now he returns, avant-garde no longer, bringing with him this glacial, minimalist *Lohengrin*, a production that must strike even the most devout Wilsonian as a tiresome bit of old hat.

Wilson's early original work, most famously *Einstein on the Beach*, was undeniably creative, innovative, and influential, but it is an aesthetic that sits uncomfortably with nineteenth-century repertory opera, a genre that this mixed-media man has been cultivating with increasing frequency as his prestige has grown and his invention flagged. One might think that slow-paced Wagnerian music drama would respond to Wilson's typically ritualistic stage spectacles with their Kabuki-like gestures, leisurely changing stage pictures, traveling shafts of light, and geometric arrangement of rectangular beams. It doesn't really, especially *Lohengrin*, still a conventionally structured opera in most basic respects and more resistant to abstraction than Wagner's later works. Beyond that, Wilson's dictatorial approach straitjackets the singers, who function as little more

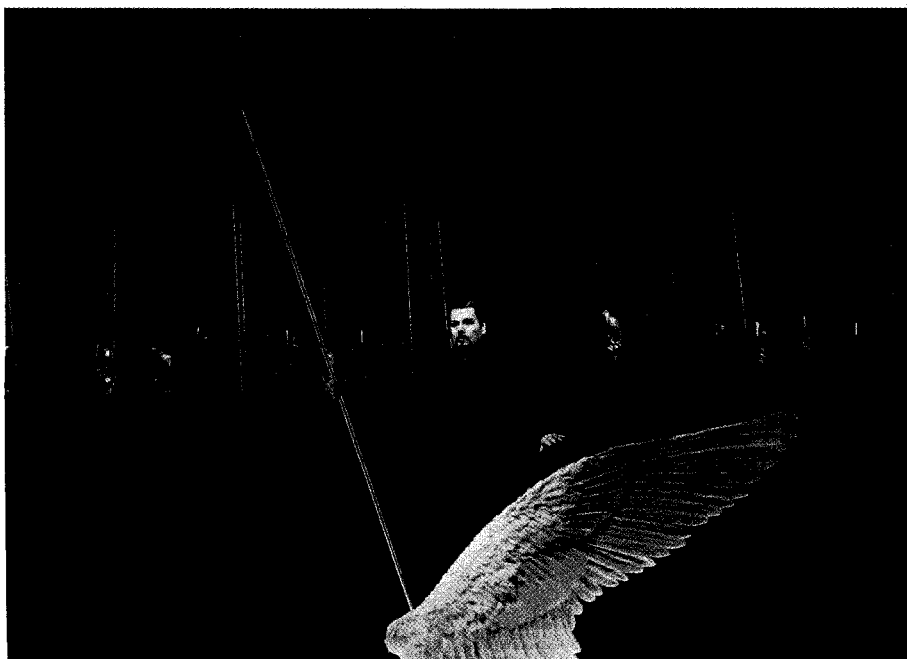
than slaves to the director's concept. Some of us still go to the opera to see what a great singer will bring to a role, but a rigidly stylized Wilson extravaganza makes any individual expression impossible.

To make matters worse, most opera singers are unprepared to command the physical discipline necessary to realize Wilson's precise stage pictures. Nor is a busy repertory company like the Met the place to keep such a mannerist exercise in trim shape—one can only imagine what it will look like next season, rehearsed by a house director working from the book. Perhaps the strain of having to strike and hold so many stained-glass attitudes accounted for the painful slippage in pitch during the unaccompanied Act One ensemble at the first performance—a musical lapse I never expected to hear at James Levine's Met. The only singer onstage who seems at all comfortable is Deborah Polaski as Ortrud, no doubt because her career has been based in Germany, where director-dominated opera is practically a disease. Polaski stalks the stage with confidence, her clawlike hands in a constant state of threatening menace. If her portrait of this scheming villainess comes off as pure Hollywood camp—the Bride of Frankenstein, Norma Desmond, and the Spider Lady were bandied about at intermission—that is not entirely her fault. She might, though, be blamed for failing to project any real vocal presence and singing flat whenever the music takes her to the top of her range.

The rest of the cast just looks awkward—including the chorus, even while standing stock still. As the virginal but sorely beset Elsa, Deborah Voigt is required to pose continually with one hand extended and head cocked, gliding over the stage as if looking for an elusive dance partner. This she does gamely if unconvincingly, further hampered by an unflattering shift that does her ample figure no favors. At least Voigt sings the music with



Deborah Voigt, right, and Ben Heppner, below, in the Met's new production of *Lohengrin*.



uncommon ease and tonal beauty, her expressive face betraying more urgency and emotional involvement than Wilson may have wanted. As Lohengrin, Ben Heppner mostly looks befuddled by it all, especially when he must slay the hapless Telramund with a rude glare. On opening night it took him two acts to place his voice properly, but when he finally arrived at his long narration, Heppner was producing enough golden tenorial tone to make him the swan knight of any Elsa's dreams. My sympathies go to Eric Halfvarson as King Henry, who spends the opera trying to balance a horizontal scepter in his right hand, and to Hans-Joachim Ketelsen (Telramund) and Eike Wilm Schulte (the King's Herald), who seem to have no stage function whatsoever.

At least there is James Levine's famous orchestra, which gives a stately but glowing account of the score. Musically, in fact, this was a mostly distinguished *Lohengrin*, and the first-night audience appreciated the fact. The cheers that greeted Levine and the singers, though, turned into cries of rage the moment Wilson appeared for his bow, an imposing wall of vocal hostility the likes of which I have never before heard at the Met. How ironic that this performance was dedicated to Leonie Rysanek, who had died in Vienna just days before. Even the potent artistry of this generously giving soprano, whose Elsa and Ortrud are both precious Met memories, would have been useless in a production that might as well be cast with robots.

THE ENTIRE MUSIC WORLD SEEMS TO ADORE Yo-Yo Ma, his cello playing, his boyishly buoyant presence, and his ability to suggest that a well-integrated personality need not preclude a questing artistic spirit. Always on the lookout to expand his horizons and test new ideas, Ma was in town recently for a three-part celebration at Lincoln Center: as soloist in the local premiere of Tan Dun's *Symphony 1997*, composed for last summer's festivities in Hong Kong; playing all six Bach cello suites at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola; and as the star of six one-hour films, available on home video, presenting the Bach suites in unusual visual contexts that include dance, Kabuki, architecture, and garden design. The films, just released by Sony Classical, will also be shown on Channel 13 on April 1, 8, and 15.

As he restlessly casts about for new directions to explore—the cello repertoire, after all, goes only so far—Ma has strayed into some questionable projects, especially in the area of new music. It's understandable why Tan Dun would attract him—indeed, this Chinese-born composer's early years as a cruel victim of his country's "cultural revolution" has since made him and his music virtually uncriticizable. (continued on page 78)

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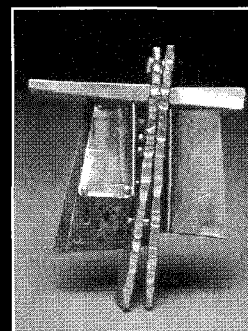
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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Can't Get Enough

A drug-and-alcohol problem in his own family prompts Bill Moyers to point his camera at America's pervasive culture of addiction.

OLD-FASHIONED TELEVISION JOURNALISM—HONorable, scrupulous, even leisurely—makes a splendid comeback in **Moyers on Addiction: Close to Home** (Sunday, March 29, 9 to 11 P.M.; Monday, March 30, 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Tuesday, March 31, 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13). In case you've forgotten, these are the basics: Here's a social problem; here are people trying to do something about it; now let's go see if what they're doing works. In Bill Moyers's case, his oldest son had an alcohol-and-drug problem. When he started looking around, Moyers noticed that much of the country had similar problems, amounting to "a culture of addiction." So he went out and talked to addicts trying to get clean, people running programs to help in the process, scientists investigating the psychological and the physiological mechanisms of dependency ("the biography and the biology"), and public-policy analysts and activists who want to change our laws and our attitudes to encourage a compensatory "culture of recovery."

Addiction here is broadly defined, to include, most emphatically, nicotine. *Close to Home* doesn't have much use for distinctions between legal drugs like alcohol and cigarettes, which are seductively advertised, and illicit drugs, which are socially and legally stigmatized. Tobacco contributes to the deaths of 400,000 Americans every year, alcohol to 100,000, heroin and

cocaine to 9,000. We are a country of 61 million smokers, 11 million heavy drinkers, 5 million potheads (daily use), 2 million cokeheads, and 600,000 heroin addicts (weekly). We are also a country where only one in three addicts has access to a publicly funded treatment program. The wealthy, says Moyers, go to Betty Ford; the poor go to jail.

Where you connect to these five and a half hours over three nights will depend on what you already know and whom you're worried about. If, like me, you've spent some time yourself in hospitals and rehabs and twelve-step meetings, the remarkable range of recovering alcoholics, pill poppers, crackheads, and speed freaks will come as no surprise. Crossing color, class, gender, and generational lines, the communities of addiction and recovery are as democratic as America gets. Twelve-step meetings are in fact downright radical: nonprofit and nonhierarchical, with a fierce etiquette of listening to and caring about everyone who wanders into the rooms. Nor will the nine stories told in talking-head montage in the first hour of *Close to Home*—about suburban drinking, morphine at an Air Force base, skin-popping on a South Bronx rooftop, the undercover narcotics cop who loses herself on the job—seem all that surprising, either. It's one story, anyway, of lost children in a black forest of bad chemicals. The astonishment is that, with some help from the friends of their affliction,

they've survived to become counselors and actors and journalists, novelists and computer technicians.

Similar hours are devoted to visits to treatment facilities and recovery programs like the Ridgeview Institute in Atlanta; Hazelden in Minnesota; Project Safe in Rockford, Illinois; TRUST in Dade County, Florida; and Focus on Families at a methadone clinic in Seattle. We sit in on group therapies, go to uneasy high schools, meet families brought up in the welfare system, and worry about the fearful and neglected children of addictive parents. Sharon Gless shows up from *Cagney & Lacey*, and we are made to realize that the story line of Cagney's alcoholism, followed by her A.A. meetings, was the personal made programmatic. On *Cagney & Lacey*, Cagney's father had also been an alcoholic and died from it. *Close to Home* tells us that the children of alcoholics are four times more likely to become alcoholics themselves than the children of non-alcoholics, and that 6.6 million children under the age of 18 live in households with at least one alcoholic parent.

Dr. Steven Hyman analyzes cocaine's effect on the brain in the second hour of Moyers's five-part series.



But to me—after choosing eleven years ago not to follow my father into an early grave—the most provocative segments of *Close to Home* are a Sunday-night hour on “The Hijacked Brain” and a Tuesday-night hour on “The Politics of Addiction.” In “Brain,” Moyers talks to researchers who track the blood flow of “the reward circuit.” It’s neuroscience as archaeology: By taking pictures of a mind on drugs, they map feelings, locate “craving,” and find “the image of desire in the brain.” All these drugs are natural plant products that take over the ordinary work of dopamine, a neurotransmitter released by pleasure, and like Trojan horses, they compromise and ultimately usurp normal brain function. They *change* the brain, which will no longer produce dopamine on its own. So the drug that began as a reliable high (like falling in love, as the show explains) becomes indispensable for functioning at all—even for getting out of bed. Not that this happens to everyone who smokes, drinks, pops, or needles. Addictive personalities can run in families, and obviously there is a genetic component, but they are also encouraged or discouraged by cultural traditions. Each of us is a thermostat with a different setting (although a “hollow leg” is usually a bad sign), and life history and environment must be factored in. Not that any of this is an alibi. Addiction may be something to which some of us are predisposed, like diabetes, rather than a voluntary behavior—but it’s also reversible. A “disease model” of alcoholism and other addictions in no way diminishes our personal accountability once we know the facts. It simply suggests how hard recovery will be, and how much help we need.

Which is where “The Politics of Addiction” comes in. Never mind the hypocrisy of glamorizing some drugs, like alcohol, while demonizing others. We squander \$238 billion annually in lost productivity, hospitalization, death, and crime because of alcohol, tobacco, and illicit-drug abuse. “The Drug War,” Moyers says, “has become the Vietnam of our time.” I’d call it our My Lai. Of the \$16 billion we spend annually fighting it, less than a third goes to treatment. Our prisons are overcrowded, our civil liberties are daily nibbled to death, our insurance companies don’t want to pay for 28-day rehabs, and, to quote Moyers, “our policy-makers are like addicts in denial.” Yet Arizona’s Prop 200, approved by nearly two thirds of that conservative state’s voters, has just mandated treatment instead of prison for nonviolent drug offenders. If this is, indeed, the beginning of a change in drug policy from the criminal paradigm to a public-health model, then Moyers once again will deserve not only the usual Emmy and DuPont but also our cherishing gratitude. ■

“Hello laser, goodbye razor.”

Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine

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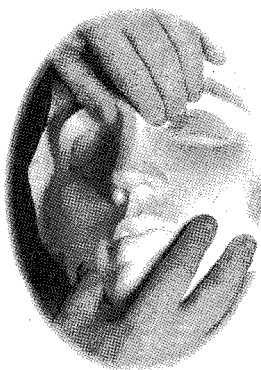
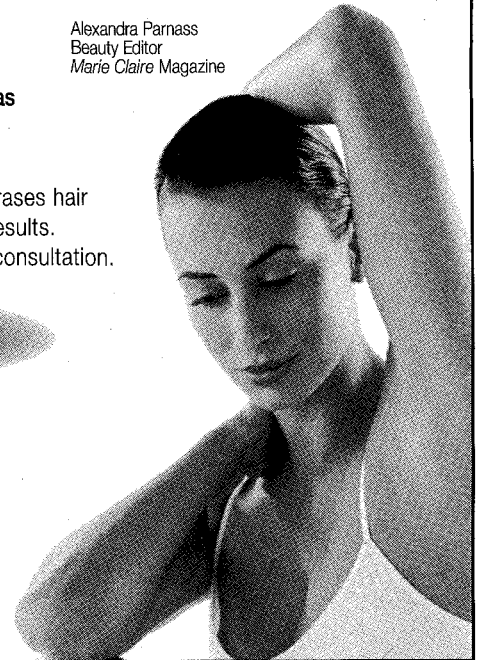
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Eastern Parade

You can find good Korean food in Manhattan. But for a 24-hour extravaganza (complete with waterfalls), head to Flushing.

RARELY HAVE I WILLINGLY DINED AT A RESTAURANT with a waterfall, and, until today, never have I even considered a meal in a restaurant that offers a choice of waterfalls. But that was before I sampled the fare at **Kum Gang San** (138-28 Northern Boulevard, 718-461-0909), a rambling leviathan of a Korean barbecue-cum-sushi bar-cum-wedding palace with indoor and outdoor cascades, located in Flushing, Queens.

I can find ethnic eats in my Cobble Hill neighborhood; but as is true in many New York enclaves, the Old Country foods there are the remnants of past waves of immigrants who have, for the most part, moved on to the suburbs and assimilated. One has the sense (and thankfully so) that the recipes and family ownership haven't changed since 1904. With the Korean community in Queens, by contrast, one steps into a still-rising tide: In and among the Korean restaurants and fish stores of Flushing, Hangul characters also announce Korean-owned cappuccino bars, computer stores, and—the true mark of hopeful new arrivals—bridal shops.

Kum Gang San, which never closes, pulses with the energy and raucousness of growing families by day. The food comes quickly. The ingredients are fresh. The menu is constantly updated with seasonal ingredients. During the night shift, die-hard partyers eventually give way to greengrocers and fish retailers en route to predawn markets, or Town Car drivers on their way to pick up financially ambitious insomniacs wanting a jump on the Nikkei.

The menu offers the better-known Korean dishes:

salaciously pungent and spicy kimchi (fermented cabbage and red-chili paste) and sweetly marinated short ribs, grilled at tabletop barbecues. But the adventurous diner will not be disappointed, as I found on a visit with David Cunningham, the sous-chef at Lespinasse, who was introduced to the restaurant by a Korean friend. We advised the waiters to disregard their preconceptions about the squeamishness of Western stomachs as we ordered panchan, Korean-style tapas: We could take it, no matter what its anatomical origin. Thus began a parade of at least a dozen delicacies that included crab claws with hot pepper, shredded scallions with sesame oil and pepper flakes, soy-marinated short ribs with garlic, and—a special treat of the day (or was it merely a test of our culinary commitment?)—an unusually tender cut of beef, sliced roasted calves' ears with salt and crushed red pepper. For the finale, we were served two perfectly grilled Spanish mackerel, as sure a harbinger of spring as the first shoots of asparagus.

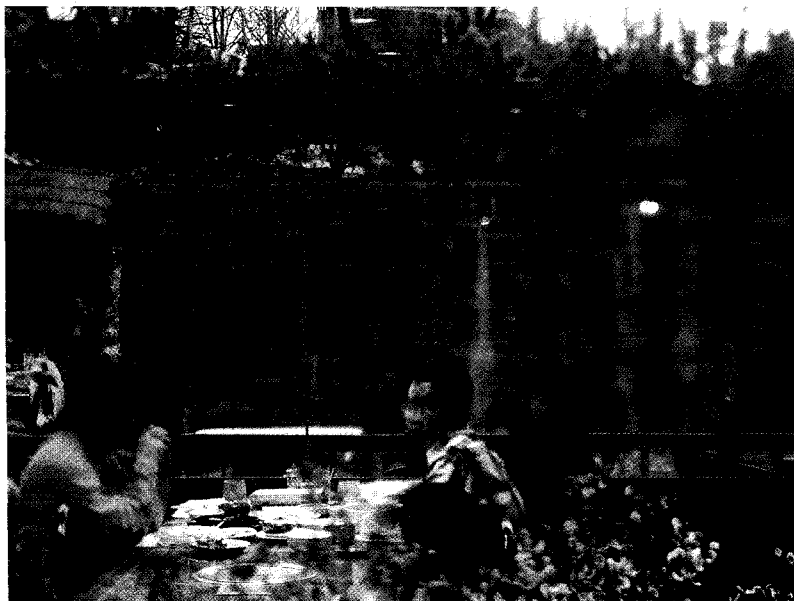
From the main courses, Cunningham chose tender panfried octopus with sliced raw onions, scallions, and a robust dose of chili. I enjoyed a combination of julienned raw beef with daikon, sweet rice vinegar, and raw egg yolk that produced a steak tartare with some sweetness and crunch. Of course, we had a scallion-and-seafood pancake, a thick, flavorful eggy crêpe that kids can be counted on to devour in the event that everything else on the menu defies their peanut-butter-dependent palates. The most unusual new taste proved to be thinly sliced pork belly, which was good and salty (not unlike corned beef), served with lightly fermented napa cabbage and briny raw oysters—the makings of a Saint Patrick's Day lunch in New Orleans, right down to the hot sauce.

As the after-church crowd streamed in on a Sunday afternoon, we paused in the entry hall to examine a huge model of the sixteenth-century ironclad junk from which the legendary Admiral Yi Soon Shin had terrorized his enemies. Across from the replica of the smoke-belching, dragon-prowed ship, a big-screen television brought us the latest NCAA action. Cunningham made his farewells, explaining that he had to run home and change for his weekend gig as pipe major of the New York Scottish Pipes, Drums, and Dancers. As he left, I reflected gratefully that the New York melting pot is still at a roiling boil.

Open seven days, 24 hours. Come with a group and figure about \$20 per person for a big meal. Wine, beer, cocktails. A.E., M.C., V.

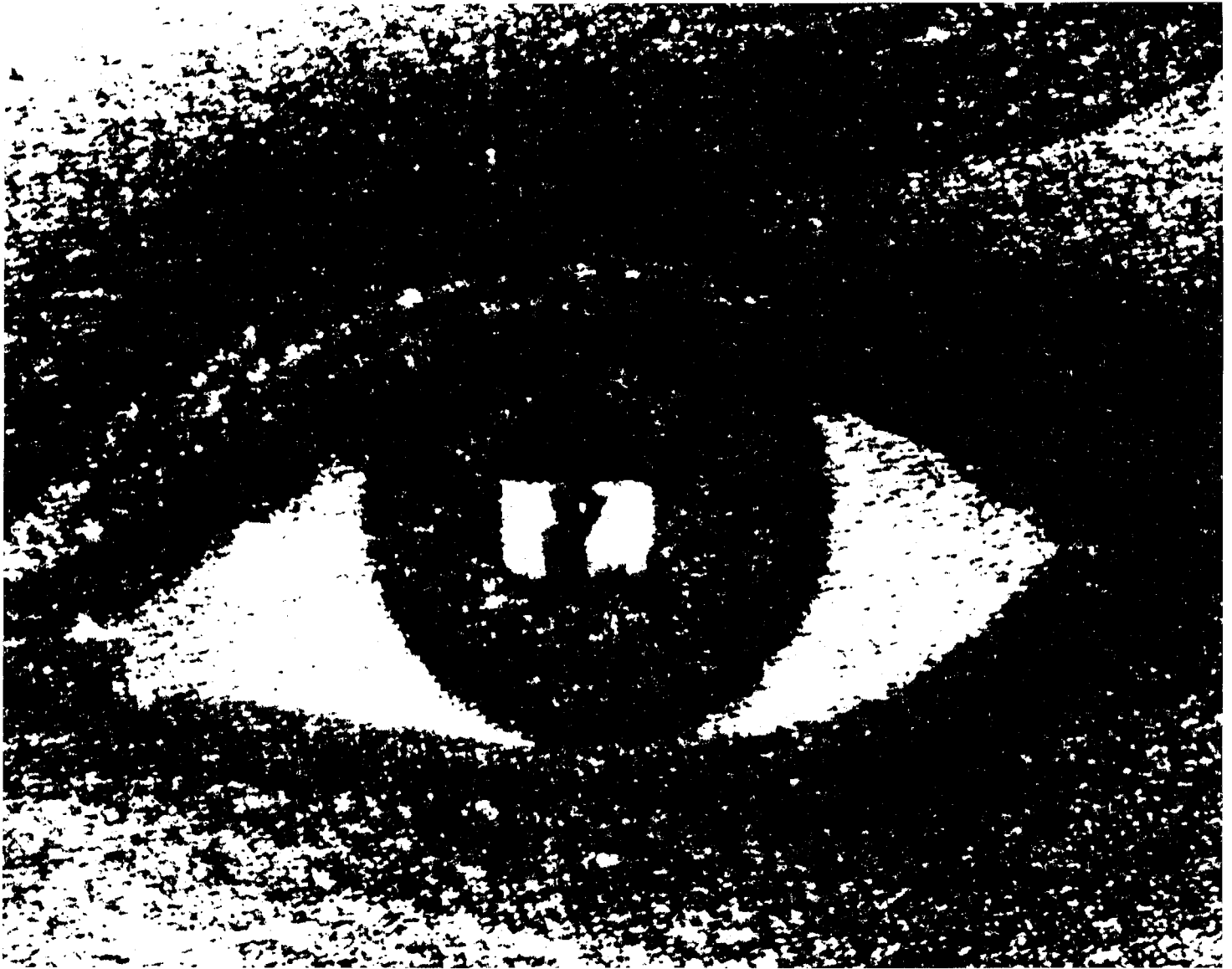


Above right: Prime rib, barbecue style; below, Kum Gang San, open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.



c u e

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



READY FOR THEIR CLOSE-UP

**"New Directors/New Films" returns to MoMA
with 32 New York debuts (page 76)**

art 84 bars 96 concerts 101 dance 101 kids 102 the mix 97 movies 72 nightlife 94 radio 97 restaurants 88 sports 100 television 97 theater 79 the written word 97

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movies

Character... New Directors / New Films

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Regency; Cinemart; North Shore Towers.*

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. On trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: We see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as “the middle passage.” Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone is capable of. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg’s way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he’s completely on top of what he’s doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister’s head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as “E.F. The Apostle,” he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks’s new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker.

(Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It’s only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can’t explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Tur-

Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.

Character—A man’s lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at the Quad.*

Dangerous Beauty—Katherine McCormack is a sixteenth-century Venetian courtesan who uses her brain to trade beauty for power. Also starring Rufus Sewell and Fred Ward. Directed by *thirtysomething*’s Marshall Herskovitz. (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

Dark City—A man discovers his memories aren’t his own and fights to discover reality. With Kiefer Sutherland, Rufus Sewell, Jennifer Connelly, and William Hurt. Directed by Alex Proyas. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 59th Street East; Criterion Center.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen’s new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it’s about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on

his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he’s a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry’s books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of “self-criticism”? It’s getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. I have nothing against egocentricity, but Allen doesn’t seem to realize that he’s left the impression that women are drawn to Harry only because his creator is a famous movie director. (Denby; 12/29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Eden—Joanna Going is a prep-school teacher’s wife whose imagination makes her mundane daily life bearable. Also starring Dylan Walsh and Sean Patrick Flannery. Directed by Howard Goldberg. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Frozen—A young performance artist in Beijing makes his own suicide his last work of art. Based on a true story, the unauthorized Chinese production was written and directed by Wu Ming (*No Name*). (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Funny Games—An Austrian thriller about a family whose vacation becomes a nightmare when a pair of clean-cut young men take them hostage. Written and directed by Michael Haneke. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Opening Show Me the Mishegoss

In *A Price Above Rubies*, Jerry Maguire’s Renée Zellweger plays a spirited Hasidic woman whose success selling gemstones in midtown fuels her desire for independence. But independence, of course, doesn’t fly in her close-knit community. Starts Wednesday, March 25.



turro as a gay latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers’ self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can’t open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Beckman; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Borrowers—John Goodman stars in the film version of the famous series of books about a miniature family. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *84th Street; Centre*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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Genealogies of a Crime—A lawyer's life gets messy when she becomes romantically involved with her client, a young murderer. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Raoul Ruiz. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Grease—The re-issue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Hush—Gwyneth Paltrow goes to live with her new mother-in-law (Jessica Lange) and discovers she chose the wrong family to marry into. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. It's actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. He has built the movie around Pam Grier, but most of the time he pairs her with another B-movie actor, the somber, stone-faced Robert Forster. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. After the formal bravura of *Pulp Fiction*, it's as if he were saying, "Look, no tricks; everything is exactly as it seems." So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-3.*

James Ellroy: Demon Dog of American Crime Fiction—The writer explains the origins of his crime-obsessive psyche. Directed by Reinhard Jud. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and

Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Guild 50th Street.*

★**L.A. Confidential**—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Chelsea West; New York Twin; 84th Street; Kings Plaza; Marboro; Bay Terrace; Atrium.*

The Leading Man—Jon Bon Jovi stars as a manipulative Hollywood star who worms his way into the middle of a complicated love triangle while making his theatrical debut in London. With Lambert Wilson, Thandie Newton, Anna Galiena, and Barry Humphries. Directed by John Duigan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Live Flesh**—Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house

that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Love and Death on Long Island**—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen fave from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leow), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mean Streets—Scorsese's 1973 breakout film about low-level New York mafiosos, starring up-and-comers Harvey Keitel and Robert De Niro. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

Meet the Deedles—Twin surfers visiting Yellowstone National Park help save Old Faithful. With Dennis Hopper. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Men With Guns—On the eve of his retirement, a Latin American doctor sets off to visit the students he trained for village medicine and discovers the political persecution that lies beyond the city. Starring Federico Luppi, Mandy Patinkin, and Kathryn Grody. Directed by John Sayles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mendel—After the Holocaust, a young boy and his family start over in a town of Christian missionaries in Norway. Directed by Alexander Røsler. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mr. Nice Guy—Jackie Chan returns as a cooking-show hero who gets involved in a gang war. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Sutton; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside; Plaza.*

★**Mrs. Dalloway**—In this accomplished but slightly tedious adaptation of Virginia Woolf's great novel, Vanessa Redgrave is Clarissa Dalloway, a prosperous woman—married to a member of parliament—who is preparing for her annual party. In the hours before the party, Mrs. Dalloway reviews her life, casting back 30 years to easy summer days at her family's country estate, where, as a young woman, she rejected a demanding, puppyish suitor, Peter Walsh, in favor of the more stable and successful Richard Dalloway. Did she marry the right man? *Mrs. Dalloway* is at its most inventive, and most Woolfian, when Redgrave is front and center, behaving with elaborate social grace and thinking very different things to herself. I can't

Opening Family Feud

In the Dickensian 'Character,' a Rotterdam lawyer's lifelong struggle with his sadistic father ends with his arrest for patricide—a murder he may or may not have committed. The Oscar-nominated Dutch film (starring Fedja van Huet, below, with Betty Schuurman) opens Friday, March 27, at the Quad.



Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

imagine any other actress large enough (in every sense) to hold together this plotless story. (Denby; 2/23/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Niagara Niagara—A woman with Tourette's syndrome takes a handsome loner with her on a harrowing, comical road trip to find a rare doll. Starring Robin Tunney and Henry Thomas. Directed by Bob Gosse. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East.*

No Looking Back—Lauren Holly is a waitress who must choose between a decent man (Jon Bon Jovi) and her former loser boyfriend (Ed Burns). Also starring Blythe Danner. Directed by Ed Burns. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

A Personal Journey With Martin Scorsese Through American Movies—A week-long sneak preview of Scorsese's documentary, in which he reflects on film clips from the last 100 years of American cinema and tells how movies shaped his character and his work. To be released on video in April. (3 hrs. 46 mins.; NR) *Crown Gotham.*

Post Coitum—A successful French book editor with a husband and two children falls in love with another man and the downward spiral begins. Directed by Brigitte Roüan. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**Primary Colors**—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Thompson talks in her own style, ironic and precise, sometimes with great warmth, at other times coldly, with severe anger. Physically, she's hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. It is certainly a performer's view of running a campaign; it offers personality as performance. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Proposition—Kenneth Branagh is a Boston priest who comforts his rich uncle's wife (played by Madeleine Stowe) and gets entangled in the couple's tragic fate. Also starring William Hurt and Blythe Danner. Directed by Lesli Linka Glatter. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The Real Blonde—The writer-director Tom DiCillo had a great idea for a movie—a sexual roundelay set among young models and actors in New York. *The Real Blonde* undresses quite a few people, but the picture is so dully written and uncertainly di-

rected that the audience is left wondering whether the stentorian clichés coming out of the characters' mouths are meant satirically or simply represent DiCillo's idea of how people talk. The audience can't possibly enjoy the sight of Matthew Modine floundering around as a failed actor who doesn't seem to know what he wants to do with himself. The other victims of DiCillo's miscalculations include Catherine Keener, Daryl Hannah, Maxwell Caulfield, Bridgette Wilson, and, as a hypocritical

Documentary Saving Grace

For a long time, Hollywood's idea of film preservation was to dump old movies into the Pacific Ocean; lucky ones were left to rot in storage vaults. When studios finally became concerned about saving their early movies, thousands had already been lost. Silents were the biggest casualties, but original negatives for favorites like *Citizen Kane* are also gone forever. In the documentary *Race to Save 100 Years*, the new rush to preserve films is illustrated with "before and after" footage of salvaged classics and interviews with rescuers like Martin Scorsese. Also, a different restored picture (including 1921's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, below) will be shown each night. Starts Friday, March 27, at Film Forum. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



loudmouth agent, a stridently unfunny Kathleen Turner. (Denby; 3/9/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; 59th Street East; Coronet.*

Senseless—Marlon Wayans is a workaholic who competes with David Spade for a \$60,000-a-year analyst's job. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-3.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The film cuts backward and forward in time, and we expect that Stephens will uncover some amazing circumstance that will explain everything. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th*

St; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Taste of Cherry—A man drives around Tehran trying to find someone to help him commit suicide. Winner of the Cannes Palme d'Or. Directed by Abbas Kiarostami. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

The Man in the Iron Mask—Leonardo DiCaprio is a lusty French king who keeps his saintly twin brother locked away in the Bastille—until four Musketiers (played by Jeremy Irons, John Malkovich, Gerard Depardieu, and Gabriel Byrne) decide to switch the siblings and save the country. With Anne Parillaud, Judith Godrèche, and Edward Atterton. Directed by Randall Wallace. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who retrieves not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane) and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionaire Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Twilight—Paul Newman is an aging private investigator who does a favor for an old friend (Gene Hackman) and gets caught up in a murder mystery. With Susan Sarandon and Stockard Channing. Directed by Robert Benton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; 72nd St. East; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

U.S. Marshals—Tommy Lee Jones plays his tenacious character from *The Fugitive*, but this time he's chasing Wesley Snipes. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Fortway; Kenmore; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Atrium; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point;

the *Washington Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris-like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Wedding Singer**—In Sandler's new comedy (set in 1985), he's a suburban New Jersey entertainer at weddings and "functions," a charmer with long

hair who makes eyes at aunts and uncles as he sings. He spends most of the film making eyes at Drew Barrymore, who plays a plump angelic blonde. It's a very pleasant movie but soft as a down quilt. Sandler's not only the life of the party; he's a part-time shrink, a peacemaker who brings people together. Of course, no one takes him very seriously. Sandler is a gifted young man, but if he's going to become a big comedy star in the movies, he's got to either blow the place sky-high or find a more challenging turf. (Denby; 3/2/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

Wide Awake—A little boy—grappling with the fate of his recently deceased grandfather—goes in search of the meaning of life and death. Starring Denis Leary, Dana Delaney, Rosie O'Donnell and Joseph Cross. Directed by M. Night Shyamalan. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Wild Things—The local rich girl seduces her guidance counselor and claims he raped her. Then everyone piles on, including the high-school outsider (played by Neve Campbell). With Matt Dillon, Denise Richards, Theresa Russell, Bill Murray, and Kevin

Bacon. Directed by John McNaughton. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 84th Street; Movieworld.*

Festival Brand New Heavies

New Directors/New Films rolls into MOMA this week, with 32 movies and thirteen directorial debuts. The festival, curated by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and MOMA's Department of Film and Video, opens on March 27 with Manuel Poirier's *Western*, winner of the 1997 Jury Prize at Cannes, and *Smoke Signals*—the first dramatic feature film written and directed by Native Americans. Below, some of the pics with the best buzz. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)



Flicks mix: *Under the Skin*, *Buffalo '66*, *See the Sea*, *Smoke Signals*, *Junk Mail*.

THE FILM

THE WORD

BUFFALO '66

Director Vincent Gallo's casting alone makes this picture intriguing: Christina Ricci, Anjelica Huston, Mickey Rourke, Ben Gazzarra, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Gallo stars as an excessively grubby ex-con who makes Ricci pose as his girlfriend so he can impress his thick-witted parents. Set in Gallo's hometown of Buffalo.

JUNK MAIL

Pal Sletaune's dark comedy about a creepy Norwegian postal worker who lives in squalor, steals other people's mail, and trashes letters he doesn't want to deliver won last year's Cannes Critics Week award.

SEE THE SEA

French director François Ozon's short psychological thriller (only 52 minutes long) starts out happily enough: A young girl with a backpack gets permission to camp out on the lawn of a remote seaside home. But then her unsuspecting hostess makes the mistake of inviting the sullen transient in for dinner, and, well...

SMOKE SIGNALS

The gripping, often humorous story of two twentysomething Indians on a bus trip to retrieve the ashes of one man's alcoholic father. Native-American novelist Sherman Alexie adapted his short stories for the movie, which won the audience and directors awards at Sundance. Directed by Chris Eyre.

UNDER THE SKIN

A young woman reacts to her mother's death by withdrawing from her only sister and turning to alcohol and compulsive, impersonal sex. First-time director Carine Adler won last year's Edinburgh prize for Best British Feature.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Dangerous Beauty; Good Will Hunting; Gummo; Live Flesh; Love and Death on Long Island; Men With Guns; Mrs. Dalloway.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L.A. Confidential; The Apostle; The Real Blonde.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)

The Sweet Hereafter. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Funny Games; James Ellroy; Demon Dog of American Crime Fiction; Mean Streets.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Ma Vie en Rose; Mendel; Post Coitum; Taste of Cherry.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Deconstructing Harry; The City of Lost Children.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Four Days in September; Hush; The Leading Man; Mr. Nice Guy; Mrs. Brown; Niagara Niagara; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things; The Wings of the Dove.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *U.S. Marshals; The Big Lebowski; Dark City; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight; Wag the Dog.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Primary Colors.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *L.A. Confidential; U.S. Marshals; As Good As It Gets; Dark City; Mr. Nice Guy; Wild Things; The Wings of the Dove.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Primary Colors; Titanic; Twilight.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Apostle; Hush; Primary Colors; The Real Blonde; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *L.A. Confidential; The Big Lebowski; Good Will Hunting.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *U.S. Marshals; Good Will Hunting; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask.*

Photographs courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Dark City; The Real Blonde.*
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Love and Death on Long Island; The Wedding Singer; Wide Awake.*
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Primary Colors; The Real Blonde.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *U.S. Marshals; As Good As It Gets; Caught Up; Dark City; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Personal Journey With Martin Scorsese Through American Movies.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Mrs. Dalloway.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Chairman of the Board.*
Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Jackie Brown; Scream 2; Senseless.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Amistad.*
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *The Big Lebowski; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; Twilight.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Mr. Nice Guy; Wag the Dog.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Anastasia; Boogie Nights; Fallen; The Full Monty; The Rainmaker; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Twilight.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Mr. Nice Guy; The Wedding Singer.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Big Lebowski.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *The Man in the Iron Mask; Wild Things.*
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Dangerous Beauty; Hush.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *U.S. Marshals; As Good As It Gets; The Big Lebowski; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Wild Things.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Twilight.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Live Flesh.*
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *U.S. Marshals; L.A. Confidential; The Big Lebowski; The Borrowers; Primary Colors; The Wings of the Dove.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Apostle; Love and Death on Long Island; Men With Guns; Mrs. Dalloway; Post Coitum; The Sweet Hereafter; Taste of Cherry.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *As Good As It Gets; Dangerous Beauty; Good Will Hunting; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight; Wag the Dog; The Wedding Singer; Wide Awake; Wild Things.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Four Million House Guests.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Primary Colors; Twilight.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *U.S. Marshals; Mr. Nice Guy; Titanic.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *U.S. Marshals; Mr. Nice Guy; Titanic.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Man in the Iron*

Mask; Titanic.
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Caught Up; Good Will Hunting; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; Senseless; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Wild Things.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Caught Up; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Senseless; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Wild Things.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; Senseless; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *U.S. Marshals; The Big Lebowski; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Wild Things.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *U.S. Marshals; The Big Lebowski; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; The Real Blonde; Wild Things; The Wings of the Dove.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *U.S. Marshals; Caught Up; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *U.S. Marshals; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *L.A. Confidential; U.S. Marshals; The Big Lebowski; The Borrowers; Caught Up; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Senseless.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight; Wild Things.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *L.A. Confidential; As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *U.S. Marshals; Anastasia; The Big Lebowski; Good Will Hunting; Hush; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *U.S. Marshals; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Wild Things.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *U.S. Marshals; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *U.S. Marshals; Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Wild Things.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *L.A. Confidential; U.S. Marshals; The Big Lebowski; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; The Wedding Singer.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Wild Things.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *U.S. Marshals; As Good As It Gets; The Big Lebowski; Mr. Nice Guy; Wild Things.*



Opening Pretty Boys Floyd

Skeet Ulrich, Matthew McConaughey, Ethan Hawke, and Vincent D'Onofrio (above, with Dwight Yoakam) are *The Newton Boys*, a band of brothers who move out of Mom's house and grab a part of the Roaring Twenties as Texas's most famous bank robbers. Richard Linklater's big-budget costume drama opens March 27.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Afterglow; Love and Death on Long Island; Titanic; Twilight; The Wedding Singer.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *U.S. Marshals; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Senseless; Wild Things.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Hush; Mr. Nice Guy; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; The Wedding Singer.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *As Good As It Gets; Mr. Nice Guy; Titanic; Wild Things.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Hush; Primary Colors.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *The Borrowers; Good Will Hunting; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *U.S. Marshals; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; Primary Colors; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *U.S. Marshals; The Borrowers; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic; Twilight; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things; The Wings of the Dove.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Afterglow; The Apostle; Love and Death on Long Island.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mr. Nice Guy; Titanic.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets; Primary Colors; Titanic; Twilight.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Big Lebowski.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *U.S. Marshals; L.A. Conf-*

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Davis continued from page 67

I'll carp anyway, since his 70-minute symphony, grandly subtitled *Heaven Earth Mankind*, strikes me as a monstrosity. Like his opera *Marco Polo*, staged last fall by the City Opera, the symphony indiscriminately assembles a variety of musical styles, from atonal noodling, Eastern folk song, and bits of Beethoven's Ninth to the tackiest apothecoses from the Hollywood cornfields. The whole clumsy apparatus never coalesces or begins to suggest a composer with a voice of his own, and after a while one wonders if even Dun knows who he is cribbing from. During the score's recent performance in Avery Fisher Hall, Ma sat serenely in the middle of the whole mess, looking positively angelic and playing his heart out, along with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the American Boychoir, the Princeton Girlchoir, and an imposing 2,400-year-old set of imperial Chinese bells.

Ma's "inspired by Bach" film anthology has been in the works for more than six years. This is an interesting attempt to give music a visual interpretation, but the results are not uniformly convincing. The most successful, I think, involves Mark Morris, who flirts mischievously with Ma as he feverishly devises ingenious choreography for the Third Suite using the startling image of a dancer falling downstairs as his basic inspiration. The film gives a fascinating glimpse of the creative process at work, followed by a performance of the dance itself with Ma providing elegant "accompaniments." In the Second Suite, the cellist is seen playing within computer-generated, three-dimensional re-creations of the Piranesi prison etchings—a striking blend of spatial and musical architecture from the eighteenth-century, but in between the movements the viewer is apt to be bored by much empty commentary about art history, the mysteries of D minor, and such. In at least one film the music is swallowed up altogether—the Fourth Suite gets totally lost within the disorderly plot of a soap opera directed by Atom Egoyan.

I suspect that in the end, most will be more than content with Ma's confronting Bach all by himself, in concert or on his new audio-only recordings of the suites (Sony S2K 63203). Needless to say, the daunting technical challenges are easily met by this virtuoso as he takes a far freer approach to the music than when he last recorded the set in 1984. The bowing is more subtly articulate, the dance stylizations more boldly characterized, the dynamic range extended—all communicating an increased sense of fantasy that Ma no doubt picked up while making these thought-provoking films.

dential; *The Borrowers*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Primary Colors*; *The Man in the Iron Mask*; *Titanic*; *Twilight*; *Wild Things*; *The Wings of the Dove*.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) U.S. Marshals; *As Good As It Gets*; *Primary Colors*; *The Man in the Iron Mask*; *Titanic*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) U.S. Marshals; *The Big Lebowski*; *The Borrowers*; *Good Will Hunting*; *Hush*; *Mr. Nice Guy*; *Primary Colors*; *The Man in the Iron Mask*; *Titanic*; *Twilight*; *The Wedding Singer*; *Wild Things*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"True Stories: The Films of Barbara Kopple." 3/28: *Harlan County, U.S.A.* (1977) and *American Dream* (1989). 3/29: *Fallen Champ: The Untold Story of Mike Tyson* (1993), *Wild Man Blues* (1997), and "Dialogue With Barbara Kopple." 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); \$20 nonmembers; \$12 members.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—3/28: *La Coquille et le Clergyman* (1927). 3/29: *Romanov* (1995). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$6; \$4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Village 12th St—"Dennis Nyback Presents." 3/30: "The Mormon Church Explains It All to You: Films From the Sixties." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363). \$8.

Different Light—3/29: *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* (1970). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Featuring: We Are Not Alone!" 4/1: *The Thing From Another World* (1951). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—3/27-4/2: *Race to Save 100 Years* (1998). Plus a different restored film each night. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Rendez-vous With French Cinema Today." 3/24: *Reprise* (1997). "New York Film Festival Encore." 3/25-3/26 and 3/28-3/29: *Public Housing* (1997). "Movies for Kids." 3/28-3/29: *Danny, Champion of the World* (1989). "Welcome to a Celebration of Romantic Comedy." 3/30: *Theodora Goes Wild* (1936) and *The Aufsil Truth* (1937). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$8.50.

French Institute—3/31: *Capitaine Conan* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7.

Japan Society—"Literature to Film." 3/25: *The Catch* (1961). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"From the Archives: Otto Preminger." 3/24: *The Man With the Golden Arm* (1955) and *The Moon Is Blue* (1953). 3/26: *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959) and *Laura* (1944). "Eisenstein." 3/17: *The General Line* (1929). "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 3/26: Various shorts. "New Directors/New Films." 3/27-3/28: *Smoke Signals and Western*. 3/28-3/29: *Goshogaoka, The Lucky Star, and Under the Skin*. 3/29-3/30: *Cosmos and Leila*. 3/31 and 4/2: *See the Sea*. 3/31-4/1: *The First Time*. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.

The Museum of the City of New York—3/28: *Berenice Abbott: A View of the 20th Century*. 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Free.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy awards." 3/31: *Eat Drink Man Woman* (1994) and *Strawberry and Chocolate* (1994). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); \$8, \$5 members.

The Screening Room—Midnight weekends: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961) and *Valley of the Dolls*. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 3/28-3/29: *Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family* (1941). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); \$5 members, \$6 nonmembers.

theater

The Chairs... At Sea With Danner and Herrmann

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Cabaret—*Willkommen!* Sam Mendes directs a revival of this eight-Tony-fabulous musical by Kander and Ebb. Natasha Richardson plays Sally Bowles; Alan Cumming plays the grinning emcee. Ron Rifkin and Mary Louise Wilson also star. \$50-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquet seating available. In previews for a 3/19 opening. *Kit Kat Klub*, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).

The Chairs—Ionesco's 1952 absurdist comedy—it stars two nonagenarians and 62 chairs, and not necessarily in that order—was an unexpected sell-out in the West End last fall. The play now runs here, for a brief twelve weeks, with the same cast (Geraldine McEwan, Richard Briers) and, perhaps more critical, the same chairs. \$35-\$60. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Previews begin 3/23 for a 4/1 opening. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Deep Blue Sea—Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner, both of whom appeared on Broadway years ago in *The Philadelphia Story*, reunite for this Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves her husband for a younger, less responsible man. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/26 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).

Golden Child—A successful Chinese businessman is caught between his own culture—which has allowed him three wives—and the values of the West, taught to him by a missionary in the Philippines. Directed by James Lapine; written by Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly*. \$30-\$50. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 3/23 for a 4/2 opening. *Longacre Theatre*, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

The Herbal Bed—Peter Whelan's drama about lurid accusations of adultery—leveled against Shakespeare's eldest daughter. Directed by Michael Attenborough; presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. \$20-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/27 for a 4/16 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).

Li'l Abner—Dogpatch! Daisy Mae! Jubilation T. Cornpone! Presented by Encores! Johnny Mercer wrote the lyrics; Gene de Paul did the music. The revival stars Burke Moses, Alice Ripley, Dana Ivey, Dick Latessa, and Lea DeLaria. \$25-\$55. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 6:30, Mon. at 6. *City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia (*Master Class*) directs the revival. \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre*, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).

Now Playing

Ah, Wilderness!—Lincoln Center Theater presents Eugene O'Neill's charming—and only—comedy, which the playwright described as "a capture of a mood, an evocation [of] the spirit of a time that is dead now with all its ideals and manners and codes." Debra Monk, Craig T. Nelson, and Sam Trammell star; Daniel Sullivan directs. \$45-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this painting shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton; even so, it requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with

mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (haughty) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

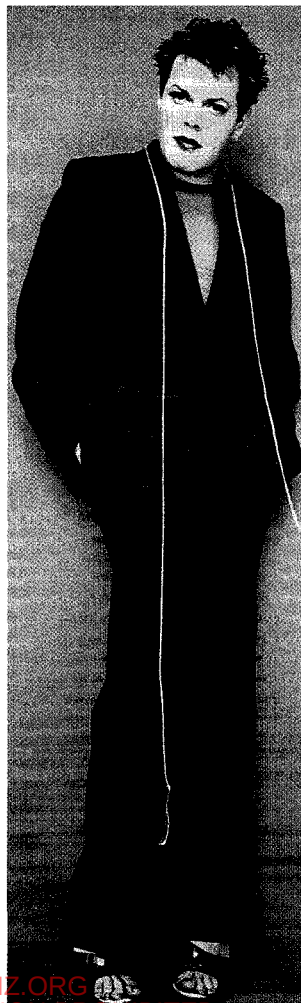
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and

the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls*, stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. \$40-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater*, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings



Opening Fashion Hoot

British comic Eddie Izzard, who never met a pair of open-toe shoes he couldn't dignify, ponders the ugliness of camouflage, the sponginess of the moon, and the arbitrary conventions of taxidermy ("Why sand? Why not stuff dogs with porridge?") in *Dress to Kill*. Opens March 26 at the Westbeth.

Photograph by Xanna.

these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) \$17.50-\$55. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre*, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off: he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsising the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. \$40-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$80. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferrro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. \$45-\$55. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, \$357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious fam-

ilies—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters. \$31-\$125. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).

Preview The Chairman of the Boards

People kept on saying, "Ionesco, pooh!" recalls English director Simon McBurney, describing his initial nervousness about reviving the Romanian playwright's 1952 self-described "tragical farce," *The Chairs*. He need not have worried: Last fall's co-production between the Royal Court Theatre and McBurney's own Theatre de Complicité was one of the sellout events of the London season, virtually doubling its anticipated Court run. And this week it's headed to Broadway, as the latest New York entry from West End producer Bill Kenwright, whose *A Doll's House* won four Tony awards last season. Playing the nonagenarian couple at the play's center are British theater veterans Geraldine McEwan, who last visited Broadway in 1963, and Richard Briers, an alum of numerous Kenneth Branagh films—he was Polonius in the star-a-second *Hamlet*. Their onstage cohorts include 62 chairs—an array that makes for some extraordinary stage business, not least when McEwan, age 65, must drag around four at once. "The actors have got to know them very well; they're like their friends," McBurney says, noting that "a chair is any actor's single most important prop; if an actor were to ask for anything, he would probably ask for a chair." Still, that doesn't by itself explain the appeal of an absurdist landmark at a time when nothing can seem more dated than yesterday's avant-garde. "Ionesco had no idea what he was doing was absurd," says McBurney, 39. "He thought he was writing a play. People have tended to deliver the dialogue as nonsense when in fact it's not nonsense at all: It's completely logical, emotionally and rationally." Ah, but is it fun? McBurney laughs. "If audiences want an hour and a half of cracking entertainment," he says, "then this is the piece to see. It's full of surprises, and I've added a few of my own."

MATT WOLF

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—

They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Sibery plays the widower captain. \$50-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) \$30-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

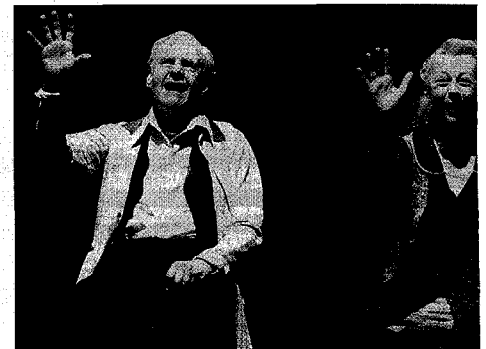
Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Anadarko—Two prisoners, their jailers, and an American Indian collide. Written by Tim Blake Nelson; directed by the Long Wharf's Doug Hughes. \$15. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *MCC Theatre*, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).

The Cripple of Inishmaan—An Irish orphan, Cripple Billy, dreams of landing a part in a Hollywood filmmaker's documentary in order to impress his beloved. The play is Martin McDonagh's first in his Aran Island trilogy and his second to open in New York this season. \$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a



Photograph by Steven Vaughn.

4/7 opening. *The Public's Newman Theater*, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).

Dinah Was—A play about Dinah Washington, Queen of the Blues. Yvette Freeman (*ER*, *Working*) plays the diva—come rain or come shine; Oliver Goldstick wrote the script. \$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/24 opening. *WPA Theatre*, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressing comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. \$35–\$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. In previews for a 3/26 opening. *Westbeth Theatre Center*, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the bandit from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. \$10–\$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. In previews for a 3/30 opening. *P.S. 122*, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. \$30–\$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 3/17 for a 3/31 opening. *Actors' Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).

Saturn Returns: A Concert—A nonnarrative cycle of songs about faith and longing, based on myths and hymn texts. Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel. \$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 3/34 for a 3/31 opening. *The Public Theater's LuEsther Hall*, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).

Now Playing

Amazing Grace—After Timothy McVeigh's conviction, Ted Kaczynski's confession, and the Texas execution of a born-again Christian, the public may not be very eager to spend more time thinking about the death penalty. But this latest drama from Blue Light Theater Company—about a murderer awaiting her execution—could well be worth looking at, because Michael Cristofer, Pulitzer-winning author of *The Shadow Box*, wrote the script and Marsha Mason plays the condemned. \$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four*, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).

Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. \$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

BAFO (Best and Final Offer)—A dark comedy about the havoc downsizing wreaks on the white male psyche. Written by Tom Strellich; directed by Robert Kalin. \$37.50 Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 3/8/98. *American Place Theatre*, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Benita Canova—Struck by Balthus's erotic depictions of little girls, Richard Foreman responded with this, his own metaphysical portrait of sex and violence among the nubile. \$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/5. *Ontological Theatre at St. Marks*, 131 10th St. (533-4650).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$39–\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie*, *The Sound of Music*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Oliver!*, and *Bye Bye Birdie*. \$20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 6/21. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Eyes for Consuela—Under Terry Kinney's highly kinetic direction, this new Sam Shepard play is as adhesive as a burr, as headstrong as a burro, and as savory as a burrito. Where else would we encounter a Mexican bandit with a double family life—one on each side of the Rio Grande—who indulges in sociophilosophical dialectics with his captive gringo? As the two men made kin by mar-

LI'L ABNER

Book by
**NORMAN PANAMA
& MELVIN FRANK**

Based on Characters Created by
AL CAPP

Original Direction & Choreography by
MICHAEL KIDD

Lyrics by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
GENE DE PAUL

Artistic Director
KATHLEEN MARSHALL

Musical Director
ROB FISHER

Starring
**LEA DELARIA TOM RIIS FARRELL KATIE FINNERAN
JONATHAN FREEMAN DANA IVEY DICK LATESSA
JOHN MINEO BURKE MOSES MICHAEL MULHEREN
JULIE NEWMAR ALICE RIPLEY DAVID OGDEN STIERS**

Directed by
CHRISTOPHER ASHLEY

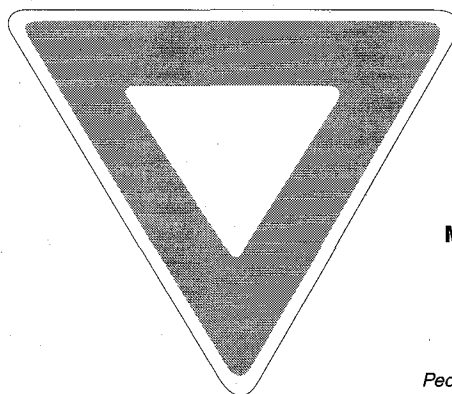
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ital problems, David Strathairn (Henry) is as splendid as usual, and Daniel Fardalo (Amado), new to me, a wonderful surprise. (Simon: 3/2/98.) \$35. Tues.—Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

A Flea in Her Ear—Bill Irwin, who proved himself a first-class interpreter of French farce in the Roundabout production of *Scapin* two years ago, now brings his directorial energies to bear on this 1907 Feydeau comedy about the misadventures of a suspicious wife. Mark Linn-Baker, last seen on his way to the forum, stars. \$50. Tues.—Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/10. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$40–\$45. Mon., Wed.—Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to Tony 'n' Tina's *Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50–\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20–\$47.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. \$35. Mon. at 8, Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hot Klezmer—A brief and tuneful history of Klezmer. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. \$37.50. Schedule varies. Opened 3/19/98. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 E. 26th St. (633-9797).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Deirdre Lovejoy and Cotter Smith. \$45–\$47.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. \$45. Mon., Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—

heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$47.50–\$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I Will Come Back—A new musical celebrating Judy Garland's life. Written and directed by Timothy Gray, an associate of the diva; starring Tommy Femia, a cabaret performer who's made a healthy living out of impersonating her. \$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. \$25–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This O'Neill drama opens at a perfect time, considering that its sunnier, funnier analogue, *Ah, Wilderness!*, is playing just up the street at Lincoln Center. Brian Murray and Frances Sternhagen star; Charlotte Moore, as always, directs. \$30–\$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street*, does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. \$40. Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "Schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baiz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Los Angeles, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals*, directs here, too. \$47.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mystery of the Rose Bouquet—A psychological thriller by Manuel Puig, author of *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. \$20. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 3/19. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Opening Getting Out of Dodge

He, sadly, is best known these days as the smirking pitchman for Dodge minivans, and she as Gwyneth Paltrow's mother. But with any luck, Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner will reestablish themselves as sovereigns of the New York stage in "The Deep Blue Sea," the 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. Opens March 26 at the Roundabout.

David Conrad
(left) and
Blythe
Danner.



Mystery School—Tyne Daly, the powerhouse actress who nearly out-Etheled Ethel Merman in the 1989 revival of *Gypsy*, gets the stage all to herself in this site-specific production from En Garde Arts and Long Wharf Theatre. Through portraits of five female characters—an academic, a recovering alcoholic, a Christian fundamentalist, an archaeologist's widow, and a cable-access talk-show host—Daly shows how adaptive human beings, not to mention fine actresses, can be. Written by Paul Selig. \$32.50–\$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home further uptown. \$25–\$45. Mon. at 8, Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pride's Crossing—One of our subtlest playwrights (Tina Howe) and one of our most incisive performers (Cherry Jones) have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. (Simon: 12/22/97.) \$50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. \$40. Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by the always estimable Theatre for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles; Ron Daniels directs. \$37.50 per *Richard*. Schedule varies. Through 4/5. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the *Catillan* lithp geth a tuneful *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$42.50–\$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Opening Royal Blue

Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, was also a diva of excesses: She drank too much, she ate too much, she married too many times (six). But before dying at age 39, she had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman ('E.R.,' 'Working') tells her story in 'Dinah Was,' a new play with music opening on March 24 at WPA.

the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) \$20. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 5. *Classic Stage Company*, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).

St. Nicholas—Brian Cox, a happy mainstay of the British and American stage, plays a vicious Dublin theater critic who falls in love. Written and directed by Conor McPherson. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages*, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. \$24.50-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Tallulah's Party—Tovah Feldshuh stars in a musical about the celebrity's life—and who's more Tallulah than Tovah? \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre*, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. (239-6200).

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. \$35-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre*, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).

Single File *continued from page 27*

Gonorrhea and chlamydia, taken together, account for 49 percent of all the STDs infecting New Yorkers. For younger women, chlamydia is the most commonly contracted STD; for older men, it's gonorrhea.

Among New Yorkers who have had an STD, 19 percent have had chlamydia, 30 percent have had gonorrhea, and 6 percent have HIV or AIDS.

Part of the reason for these high infection rates may be the failure of many New Yorkers to regularly use protection. Thirty-eight percent of respondents admitted having unsafe sex in the last year. Twenty-two percent said they have been unsafe in the last month.

The bottom line: If you're having sex in New York, there's at least a one in ten chance your partner has had an STD. If your sexual partner is a 30-to-40-year-old man, there's a one in five chance.

Abortion

FOR NEW YORK WOMEN, ABORTION IS AN everyday reality: 29 percent have had one, and the percentage among poorer women is considerably higher. Thirty-four percent of women earning under \$35,000 have had an abortion, compared with 22 percent of women earning more than that. Forty-five percent of single black women surveyed reported having had an abortion, compared with 22 percent of white respondents.

The borough with the highest number of abortions among single women is Manhattan; Queens has the lowest number.

The Methodology

THE SAMPLE USED IN THIS SURVEY WAS SELECTED randomly and represents the demographic mix of New York City singles. Our sample consisted of more than 1,000 individuals between the ages of 21 and 40 who said they were not involved in a serious relationship. All five boroughs were proportionally represented. Telephone interviewing guaranteed respondents anonymity in answering a detailed battery of questions.

When it came time to analyze results, respondents were grouped by gender, race, age, sexual orientation, and income. Our sample consisted of 51 percent men and 49 percent women. Men aged 21 to 29 made up 27 percent of the total sample; men 30 to 40, 21 percent. Women 21 to 29 made up 28 percent of the total sample; women 30 to 40, 18 percent. Blacks constituted 26 percent of the whole, whites 39 percent, Latinos 16 percent, and Asians 7 percent. Gay men and women were 8 percent of the sample, self-described bisexuals 3 percent.

Hot Spots *continued from page 32*

Quality Produce

ON SATURDAYS AT THE **UNION SQUARE GREENMARKET**, pay no attention to the hand-holding couples, weighed down with string bags, consulting the recipes for their latest dinner for ten. Focus instead on the forearms of the kindly farmers replenishing the maple syrup, shallots, strawberries, or forsythia. After a couple of dates with supercilious stockbrokers, don't you really need to come back to earth? Don't be embarrassed to ask for help in this atmosphere of abundance: If all goes well, you'll never go hungry again.

Execudykes

IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A NICE LESBIAN anesthesiologist, marketing consultant, or otherwise respectable businesswoman you can bring home to your mother, a stream of good marriage prospects flows through **JULIE'S** (23 East 58th Street), a tiny, slightly claustrophobic watering hole with the ambience of an airport bar. The nearly invisible entrance (below ground level, adjacent to the townhouse) harks back to the days of secret passwords, but the air of propriety—a sign requests appropriate attire, and the clientele leans toward Chardonnay rather than beer—gives way to an approachable and democratically diverse collection of sapphic humanity. Think of it as a restricted country club everyone who's been good is allowed into.

Russian "Models"

"I HAVE TO APOLOGIZE THAT IT'S SO SLOW tonight. Everyone is in Europe for Fashion Week," says Mark Baker, one of **LIFE's** (158 Bleecker Street) promoters, at midnight on a Friday night in the Village. But by 1 A.M., the line outside is halfway down the block. "This is when the creative juggling begins," says Dirk von Stockum, general manager of Life and host of its VIP room. "You've got people coming in who might be more fabulous than the last people you had to clear a table for." By 3 A.M., a gaggle of purported Russian models have commandeered the men's bathroom. Two ladies are getting phone numbers from a couple of the guys at the urinals. "I don't have a pen," says one fella holding up a free hand. "I do," says Rachel, who holds up a Cross pen, showing off a diamond-studded Rolex. "But I'll wait till you wash your hands." ■

By David Bahr, Sarah Bernard, Ondine Cohane, Helen Eisenbach, Amy Feitelberg, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Sam Grobart, Braden Keil, Hunter Kennedy, Alexandra Lange, Stephanie Saulmon, Ethan Smith, and Mike Steele. Edited by Ariel Levy.

art

Robert Cumming... Shiro Kuramata

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Judith Cotton—Recent paintings that depict rowers in boats, alone and in groups; through 4/11. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Jean Fautrier—Paintings that depict still life and nudes set in a looming color space, by this seminal French artist (1898-1964), whose works were admired by Mark Rothko; through 4/11. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Sherry Kerlin—Oil and ink drawings based on photographs; through 4/11. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Daniel Ludwig—Recent figurative paintings and drawings; through 4/11. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Reuben Nakian—A selection of terracotta and bronze sculptures celebrating the 100th anniversary of the sculptor's birth; through 4/11. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Esteban Vicente—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and recent paintings and collages; through 4/18. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

57th Street Area

Theresa Bernstein—A survey of figurative paintings by this 108-year-old artist, who was a member of the Philadelphia Ten, a group of women artists that formed in 1917 in response to the male-dominated Eight, later called the Ashcan School; through 4/18. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings made when the artist was living in Paris between 1931 and 1939; through 4/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Michael Filmus—Recent paintings of landscapes in the Berkshires; 3/26-4/25. David Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Agnes Martin—New acrylic and graphite paintings that are primarily blue; 3/27-4/25. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Maria Martins—The first exhibition in 50 years of sculpture by this Surrealist, who was born in Brazil and exhibited widely in New York and Paris during the forties; through 4/18. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Philip Smith—New paintings that depict incised hieroglyphic drawings on monochromatic fields; 3/27-4/25. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

Mary June Waid/Hugo Bastidas—Paintings and pastels that depict fragments of the human form/New paintings; through 4/18. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Timothy Woodman—New painted aluminum-relief sculptures; through 4/18. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Matthew Antezzo—Painted portraits from photographs of contemporary American artists and a painting depicting an image taken from a computer screen; through 4/25. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

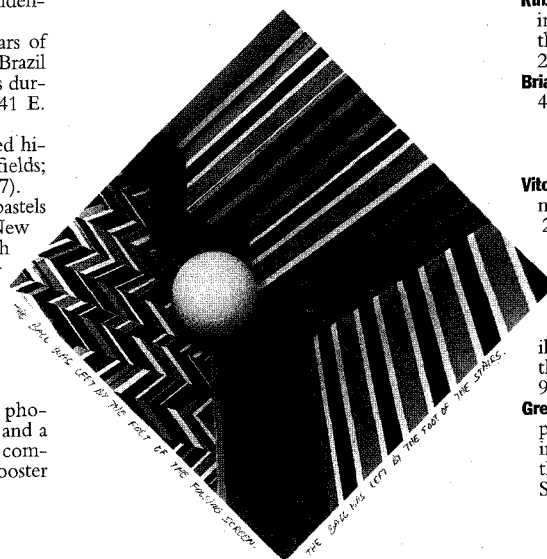
Howard Buchwald/Gregory Raymond Halili—Oil paintings from the seventies and acrylic paintings from the past four years/Miniature gouache paintings of patterned fabrics and landscapes; through 4/15. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

John Chamberlain—Two monumental painted steel sculptures; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Bruce Conner—A survey of the artist's inkblot drawings from 1975 to 1997; through 4/18. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Photography Ship Shape

Conceptual artist Robert Cumming is perhaps best known for his photographs from the seventies—images of common objects in bizarre stagings—currently on view in MOMA's "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Less familiar is an ongoing body of work from the past 30 years on view at Janet Borden gallery: photographs of twentieth-century architecture based on nautical motifs, a subject that required no special orchestration (560 Broadway; through April 4).



Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Pier Consagra—Sculpture and drawings; 3/28-4/25. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Ellen Gallagher—New paintings that incorporate a vocabulary of marks and symbols; through 4/11. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Gerald Monroe—New paintings; through 4/4. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Augustus Goertz/Macyn Bolt—Recent abstract paintings by both; through 4/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Peter Hristoff—Recent large-scale paper pieces based on the formal structure of prayer rugs and paintings that continue to explore themes of hope, despair, death, and regeneration; 3/28-4/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Merlin James/James Hyde—Recent paintings by both; through 4/18. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Frank Moore—New paintings that depict American vernacular imagery such as the bald eagle, the buffalo, the bear, and the American flag; 3/28-4/25. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Nurit Newman—A video installation, still photographs from the video, and a series of sculptural towers placed in a forestlike configuration; through 4/25. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Cornelia Parker—An installation constructed from the charred remains of a Texas church that was struck by lightning; through 4/18. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Manfred Pernice—Drawings and architectural models that comment on the inherent opposition between interiors and exteriors; 3/26-5/9. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Stephen Pace—Abstract paintings from the fifties; through 4/8. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Rubén Torres-Llorca—A narrative and conceptual installation of sculpture, by a Cuban artist; through 4/25. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Brian Wall—Recent abstract steel sculptures; through 4/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Chelsea

Vito Acconci—Three new installations that were first made in 1974-75; through 4/1. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Matthew Benedict—Works in gouache on paper, embroideries, and stencil works; through 4/25. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Eshrat Erfanian—Paintings on paper that evoke illuminated manuscripts and Persian miniatures; through 4/25. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-9930).

Gregory Green—Sculptures and installations that emphasize the power of nonviolent means for effecting change in political and economic structures; through 4/25. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Photographs by Robert Cumming.

Mary Heilmann—New abstract paintings; through 4/18. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Charlie Hewitt—New sculpture and mixed-media works on paper and canvas; through 4/5. Kempler, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

David Ivie/Matt Marelo—Small-scale paintings of mysterious scenes/Video and film stills of old disaster movies into which the artist has inserted himself as a character. Through 4/4. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Ronald Jones—Sculptural versions of furniture with historic associations; through 4/11. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Lovett/Codagnone—Recent collaborative photographs; through 4/12. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Jason Middlebrook—Paintings that depict the aisles and products at Home Depot, Walmart, and other chain stores, and a sculpture that is a replica of a column in the gallery; through 4/18. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Tom Moody/David Clarkson—Large paper "paintings" that bring to mind op art and are created with laser printing, xerography, and ordinary copier paper/Monochromatic paintings on rough plywood constructions. Through 4/18. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Alice Neel/August Sander—Paintings from the fifties through the seventies that depict men in suits and have not been previously exhibited/Photographs of businessmen, entrepreneurs, and industrialists from the twenties and thirties. Through 4/25. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Victor Pesce/Nicholas Howey—Reductive paintings of faces and still life/Abstract paintings that are both geometric and gestural. Through 4/4. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Mark Sheinkman/Meg Webster—Sculptural paintings/New large-format and black-and-white photographs of farm animals. Through 4/18. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Dan Walsh—New abstract paintings and a series of thirteen books, each with twenty unique drawings to scale of the artist's paintings; 3/28-4/25. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Mary Weatherford—Large-scale paintings that incorporate actual starfish and shells and whose fields of color suggest panoramic views of the sea or charts of constellations; 3/28-4/29. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Clemens Weiss—A ten-foot-tall cathedral of glass cases filled with drawings and stacked on metal shelves; through 4/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vintage

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Gagosian—980 Madison Ave. (744-2313). "The New York School," with works by de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Newman, others; through 4/25.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Earthly Delights," with works by Johnson, Miles, Slonem, Waitzkin; through 5/31.

57th Street Area

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Defining the Edge: Early American Abstraction," with works by Bengelsdorf, Browne, Drewes, Glarner, others; 3/26-5/30.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "TABOO: Sex and Sin in Modern Art," with works by Attie, Coe, Dix, Heckel, others; through 5/30.

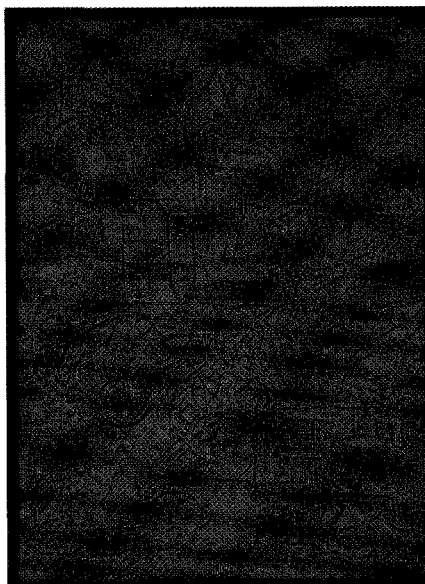
Yoshii—20 W. 57th St. (265-8876). "Giacometti and Japanese Sculpture;" through 4/25.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "The Sound of One Hand," with works by Callahan, Crewdson, Beer, Demarchelier, others; through 4/18.

Bravin Post Lee—476 Broome St. (966-2676). An exhibition of work by Lukas, Seliger, Wiener; through 4/25.

Photograph courtesy of the Danese Gallery.



Talent

Waxing Mystical

When Phillip Smith moved to New York in 1974 to pursue a career as a painter, he faced the classic young artist's dilemma: He had to make money in order to paint. So he began writing for *Interview* and other magazines, eventually spending three years as *GQ's* managing editor. Surprisingly, Smith's art didn't suffer from the distractions—after being included in Artists Space's prescient 1977 "Pictures" show, he went on to solo exhibitions at Tony Shafrazi Gallery and Jason McCoy. Smith's latest efforts go on view this week, at Danese (41 East 57th Street; March 27 through April 25). Still, at 45, the artist has never had the flashy success of some of his peers; his career has been quiet and steady, attracting a small but dedicated group of admirers. "I think my paintings require a commitment of time from a viewer, and most people don't have a lot of time," says Smith. The works themselves are slowly made—Smith spends a month applying layers of paint and wax to a canvas before he begins scratching a delicate spider's web of symbols into its surface with the tip of a screwdriver. The finished piece is a drawing as much as a painting, Pop Art of the subconscious where clock faces, plants, spirals, and figures bent in prayer intersect. "I think the work is describing a metaphysical existence," says Smith, who grew up in Miami and credits his father, an interior designer turned psychic healer, as the inspiration behind much of his imagery. "Every day he got up at four and started taking dictation from the spirits," Smith recalls. "He had healing sessions and séances. We'd be in Denny's and the lights would blink." Smith attributes the increased clarity of his recent work to his martial-arts training of the past five years. "In karate, you learn to simplify your technique, and that somehow carried over into my paintings," he says. "A friend of mine calls them time capsules for the millennium."

EDITH NEWHALL

Collins Contemporary Art—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Substance," with works by Hyde, Muniz, Scarpitta, Webster, others; through 4/18.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). An exhibition of drawings by Fasnacht, Friedman, Horn, Kelly, Schwartzberg, Stout; through 4/29.

The Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). Drawings by Buckley, Chagoya, Christie, Coen, others; through 3/28.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Hydro Video," with works by Fernandez, Goldberg, Miasaki, Ventura, others; through 4/1.

Goldstrom—560 Broadway (941-9175). "Black and White," with works by Matisse, Picasso, Heckel, Kirchner, others; through 4/1.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). An exhibition of works by Puckette, Rubins, McClelland; through 4/18.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "A Delicate Condition," with works by Applebroog, Bing, Cusick, Dickson, others; through 4/25.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). An exhibition of contemporary Chinese art, exploring the unique trajectory of China's cultural, social and political past; through 4/18.

Schickler—560 Broadway (431-6363). "Art and the New Order: Photographs and Drawings of the European Avant-Garde, 1913-1923," will focus on the work of early modernist artists from Russia and Italy; through 4/18.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Archigram: Experimental Architecture, 1961-74," with over 400 drawings, models, multimedia installations, magazines, and recreated environments; through 4/25.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). "Esperanto '98," a test of the theory of art as a universal language, with works by Sangar, Tuggar, Tzaig, and Zhijie; through 4/10.

Chelsea

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). "Decorative, Functional, and Sculptural Objects for the Garden," with works by Calyer, Swanson, Godowsky, Tannen, others; through 5/2.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). "Super Freaks: Post Pop & the New Generation;" through 4/18.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). "Maverick," new sculpture, photography, drawing, painting, and video from Bustamante, Fischli, Fritsch, Horn, others; through 4/11.

Rare—435 W. 14th St. (645-5591). "California Current," with works by Colson, Ellis, Giffin, Hoff, others; through 4/14.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). "Dreamers: The Visionary Drawings of Four American Inventors," the works of Adkins, Dellschau, Sowell, and L. C. Spooner; through 4/18.

Other

Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture—500 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-518-4455). Mon.-Fri. 10-6. "Dream Houses: Three Latino Constructions," with drawings and models by Warren Antonio James, Miguel Rivera, and Madeleine Sánchez; through 6/19.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St. Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Only Child (Wanna Come Out and Play?)," works evoking a child's sense of fantasy, by Allen, Cox, Eicher, Del Valle, others; 3/26-5/16.

Photography

Edouard-Denis Baldus—Ten rare salt prints made by the photographer in 1855 to commemorate the state visit of Queen Victoria to the Exposition Universelle in Paris that year; through 4/18. Klotz Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Cecil Beaton—Portraits, still life, and fashion work by the English photographer (1925–1967); through 4/18. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Larry Burrows—Color and black-and-white photographs taken by the photographer for *Life* magazine during the Vietnam War; through 4/11. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Robert Cumming—A survey of the artist's photographs of architecture based on nautical motifs; through 4/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Charles Hagen—New color photographs in which the artist's 4-year-old daughter is a primary subject; through 4/26. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$5.50, \$4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$5.50, \$4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Simpson Kalisher—Black-and-white photographs of railroad workers taken between 1951 and 1956 that were published in the 1961 book *Railroad Men*; through 4/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Alexander Liberman—Portraits of artists, writers, dancers, and others by the artist, sculptors, and former editorial director of all Condé Nast magazines; through 4/18. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3755).

O. Winston Link—Photographs taken in New York between 1937 and 1952, almost two decades before he began his project on the Norfolk and Western Railroad; through 5/2. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Anne Arden McDonald—Portraits of couples and group portraits; through 4/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Ralph Eugene Meatyard—Vintage prints from the photographer's estate; through 4/25. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Inge Morath—An exhibition celebrating the Magnum photographer's 75th birthday, including recent work and a selection of well-known images; through 5/2. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Lilo Raymond—A retrospective of the photographer's images of interiors, still lifes, and carved-stone angel sculptures in cemeteries; through 4/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Tokihiko Sato—Photographs of urban scenes and bucolic landscapes that fuse conceptualism with straight topographic documentation; through 4/25. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Aaron Siskind—Photographs made between 1956 and 1978 from the collection of Golda Lewis; through 4/11. Carr, 478 W. Broadway (673-5518).

David Smith—Photographs taken by the sculptor between 1931 and 1965, of arrangements of found objects, New York City, the landscape around his studio in Bolton Landing, New York, and his sculptures; through 4/18. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Ed van der Elken—Black-and-white vintage photographs documenting Paris's café scene of the fifties; through 4/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

William Wegman—New Polaroid prints and editioned digital ink-jet prints that depict the artist's dogs with a new simplicity of form suggestive of classical statuary; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 5/10. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and

shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 5/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Sacred Mountains of the World." Color photographs of revered mountains around the world; through 3/31. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Over 100 examples of sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, seals, and other artifacts made by inhabitants of the Indus River Valley between 2600 B.C.E. and 1900 B.C.E., drawn primarily from collections in Pakistan; through 5/3. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of Iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. . . . "Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu, Working in Brooklyn." An exhibition of sixteen sculptures that incorporate material found on the streets of Brooklyn by the Chinese artist; through 5/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Jewels of Lalique." A retrospective of jewelry by the French Art Nouveau artist-designer; through 4/12. . . . "Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; through 5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: Free-falling." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: Torqued Ellipses." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten

steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Diamantina Gonzalez: Recurrent Memories." A site-specific installation about the relationship between time, space, and memory; through 3/29. . . . "Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 5/3. . . . "Brian Nissen, Chinampas: A Vision of the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco." Bronze, ceramic, and wood sculpture and mixed-media assemblages based on the form of chinampas, artificial islands originally created by the Aztecs for agricultural purposes; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Shiro Kuramata 1934–1991." Furniture and objects by one of postwar Japan's most influential designers; through 5/2. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; through 6/3. . . . "After Mountains and Sea: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); \$8, \$5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segal." The first major United States retrospective of the preeminent Brazilian artist, who was a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; through 5/10. . . . ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York-based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Paul Strand Circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk

Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Norman Norell." The first retrospective of the American designer (1900-1972), known for his tailoring perfection; through 4/18. . . "Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966); Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$5, \$2.50 seniors, students, and children.

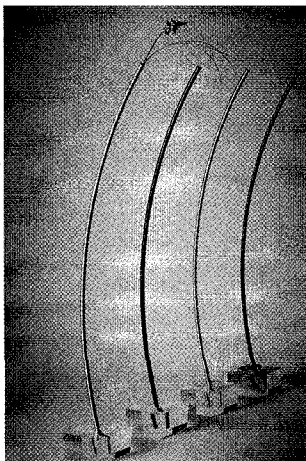
Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800); Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . "Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881-1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913-14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; through 5/12. . . "Fabrications." An exhibition developed jointly by MOMA, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Wexner Center for the Arts, comprising a total of twelve installations simultaneously constructed at all three venues by architects and architectural teams; through 4/28. . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . "Rethinking the Modern: Three Proposals for the Museum of Modern Art." Design proposals for the expansion and renovation of the Museum

of Modern Art, featuring the work of the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi, who was chosen in December 1997 to design MOMA's expansion and renovation, and by the Swiss architectural firm Herzog & deMeuron, and the New York-based architect Bernard Tschumi; through 4/28. . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector Barbara Schwartz through purchase and through her gift in memory of her late husband, Eugene M. Schwartz; through 5/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935-1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties that was funded by the Federal Art



Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus accompanied by a video documenting a performance piece; through 5/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12-8, (free Thurs. 6-8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898-1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; 3/28-8/29. . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960-1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. . . "Subject Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who during her 39-year tenure (1929-1968), built the Picture Collection at the New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; through 3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; 3/25-7/12. . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks

from the new book, *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; 3/31-8/23. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 4/12. . . "10 Years Portikus, Frankfurt, Germany"; through 4/12. . . "Matthew McCaslin, Susan Etkin, Michael Joo"; through 4/12. . . "Installations/Projects—Siah Armajani, Per Barclay, Shane Cullen, and Philip Napier"; through 4/12. . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . "Wish You Luck." 22nd National and International Studio Program Exhibition; through 4/19. . . "Meg Webster 'Pool'"; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084); Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$4 suggested donation, \$2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 3500-2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian

Retrospective "Shiro Kuramata 1934-1991" surveys the career of the influential and tragically short-lived Japanese designer, a visionary whose whimsical furniture (left, "Flower Vase *Ephemeria*") and architectural interiors reflect the Japanese concept of art and craft as part of a single continuum and draw on his own deep fascination with contemporary Western culture. At NYU's Grey Art Gallery & Study Center, 100 Washington Square East; through May 2.

Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . "New York From

Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600-1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$6; \$4 students and seniors.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; 3/31-7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878); Tues.-Sun. 11-4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); \$3; \$2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including 15 installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; through 5/10. . . "Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. . . "Collection in Context: 1948." A multimedia exhibition surveying important artwork, music, film, and news footage from that year; through 3/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Garden of Qián, by Ming Fay." A fantasy garden of tree and fruits handcrafted from paper, wire, synthetic fibers, and layers of polyurethane; through 4/17. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/25 at 10 and 2: "Fine Chinese Ceramics, Bronzes, and Works of Art." On view from 3/21. 3/26 at 10 and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 3/21. 3/31 at 10: "Important Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 3/27.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 3/31 at 10: "Asian Works of Art." On view from 3/28.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 3/30 at 10:30: "Asian Works of Art." On view from 2/25.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 3/20. 3/26 at 10:15 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 3/21. 3/27 at 10:15: "Korean Works of Art." On view from 3/21. 3/27 at 2: "Arcade Asian." On view from 3/21. 3/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 3/26.

restaurants

New Squids on the Block... Ms. Sushi

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. 337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) (\$).

Cellar in the Sky—This oenophile's dream changes its

way, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that

grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Wall Street Club—Until April, this third-floor annex of Wall Street Kitchen & Bar serves only lunch. If you have anything to celebrate, do: Ten vintages of Dom Pérignon are available by the glass. The modern American menu features comte ravioli, oyster pan roast, and bacon-wrapped brook trout with spaetzle. 70 Broad St. (797-9500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen

Opening Miso Hungry

Chef Ken Lammer won raves for his healthy but refreshingly non-Spartan food at Ken's Place on Long Island. Now, at the serenely cozy KPNY, he aims to seduce jaded Manhattanites with Asian-influenced dishes like plum-and-soy-cured lox, tabini-marinated turkey scallopini, free-range poussin, and soy-caramel baked salmon with quinoa salad. (557 Hudson Street, near Perry Street; 627-3092.)

menu, and its well-chosen wine pairings, monthly; the one constant is the spectacular view. Four courses of creatively prepared, seasonal American fare costs \$60, and the flights of three wines begin at \$35. Lately, offerings have included a chili-grilled blue-prawn salad with mango marmalade and CUBA libre spices, roasted pheasant with spinach gnoc-chi, and a trio of Sonoma bottlings. Jacket required; love of heights recommended. 1 World Trade Center (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broad-

strove to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

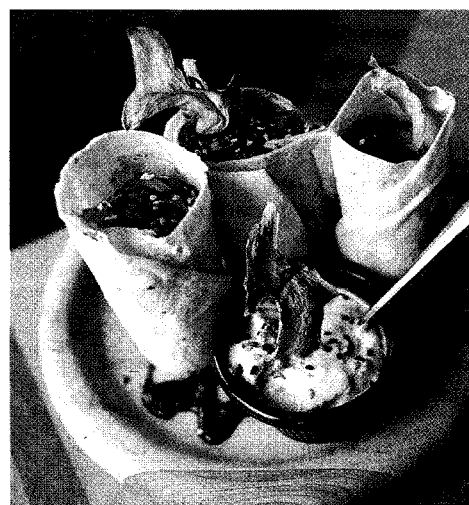
Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street, nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and



& Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. 70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. 93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. 28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. 220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. 53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.

Greenwich Cafe—This Village cafe, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungey feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk cafe and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with

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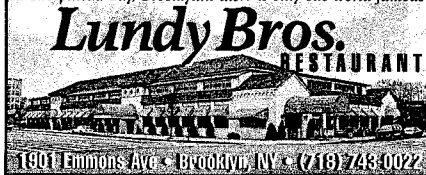
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cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. 61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, ex-

tensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal*, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattrformaggio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood, and a variety of Turkish appetizers. 386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimpata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury

yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for chorros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. 209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lepinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier,



ASK GAEL

Why are there almost no women sushi masters?

That warm female hands might compromise the cool of raw fish is the popular conceit behind sushi gender bias. But the heat I sense at Taka is just intense demand for a seat. Two minutes after the doors open at 5 p.m., the ardent faithful hog all seven seats at the bar, with dawdlers consigned to the few small tables. Cries of "Omakase" (let the chef decide) bring a tangle of seaweed, then velvety discs of monkfish liver and a melt of miso-scented eggplant, all on pottery the chef shapes and paints herself. With a unique architectural whimsy, Takako Yoneyama shapes spicy yellowtail and maguro rolls—one rolled in flying-fish roe, the other in tobiko (herring roe) and shiso—then cuts and piles them in a stunning red-and-green pyramid of triangles. Silken scallops get a flutter of gold leaf. "Good for the skin," she advises. The Estée Lauder of sushi. (61 Grove Street; 242-3699.)

but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. 109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef



Opening The Oyster Is His World

In his first stint as chef-owner, former Petrossian poissonnier Jay Shaffer has modeled his Shaffer City Oyster Bar and Grill after an 1850s oyster bar—one with a 300-gallon fish tank, three fireplaces, and a full-time shucker. Signature dishes, mostly executed without butter or cream, include walnut-crusted sea scallops and grilled yellowfin tuna with spinach-ricotta strudel. The fish-phobic may partake of the vegetarian tasting plate, grilled pizzas, or focaccia sandwiches. (5 West 21st Street; 255-9827.)

Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. 268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.98 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vine-



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gar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. 121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. 19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th-60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." 8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Tom Harris's contemporary American menu in-

clude seared duck foie gras, lobster risotto, and crispy salmon in rice paper. 313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. 1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.

Andruska—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). 1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.



The grilled calamari over eggplant, zucchini, and diced tomatoes at Bellini.

Data Fear of Frying

Ask Americans to describe calamari, and they'll usually conjure up rings, breaded and deep fried. But in Asia and Europe and around the Mediterranean, calamari

(squid) is routinely grilled, broiled, and stewed. Now restaurants here, conscious of diners' health concerns, have been adding unfried versions of the sea creature to their menus. Below, new takes on the tentacled treat.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

RESTAURANT	SQUID PRO QUO
BELLA BLU 967 Lexington Avenue, near 70th Street; 988-4624	Grilled stuffed calamari with radicchio, Belgian endive, and balsamic glaze.
BELLINI 208 East 52nd Street; 308-0830	Grilled calamari, served over eggplant, zucchini, and diced tomatoes.
COCO PAZZO 23 East 74th Street; 794-0205	Calamari stewed in garlic, onions, and white wine, served with Red Bliss potatoes and parsley sauce.
CORRADO 120 East 15th Street; 995-1100	Grilled calamari stuffed with rock shrimp and bread crumbs and topped with salsa.
KAMEDA 71 University Place; 673-0634	Broiled squid with ginger teriyaki sauce served over cabbage and lettuce.
SOFIA FABULOUS GRILL 29 East 61st Street; 702-9898	Skewered calamari prepared on a wood-burning grill with cucumbers, tomatoes, and carrots.

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. 26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. 1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. 1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighbor-

hood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (\$)

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (\$)

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The \$42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) (\$)

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ifed steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well-appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own



Opening Bowery Boys

Former Stingy Lulu's partner Murat Bugdaycay and ex-Bowery Bar chef Lincoln Engstrom team up to create yet another downtown hot spot at the new Astor (with a restaurant upstairs and lounge below). The gently priced menu (entrées, \$11.95 to \$15.95) melds Asian, Italian, Moroccan, and French accents in dishes like rigatoni with Japanese eggplant and chicken-and-smoked-ham potstickers. (316 Bowery, at Bleecker Street; 253-8644.)

house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) (\$).

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (\$).

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

nightlife

Bob Dorough... Kit Kat Klub... Susana Baca

Concerts

Susana Baca—This concert's title ("Global Divas") is somewhat misleading: Though Baca is undeniably fabulous, she's also a scholar, activist, and composer in her native Peru. One of the main proselytizers for Afro-Peruvian music and culture, Baca recently released some of the most hauntingly lovely music to come out of South America in years on her self-titled U.S. debut. With Zimbabwe's Stella Chiweshe and Texan Tish Hinojosa. 3/29 at 7 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.* (545-7536). \$25-\$30.

Joan Baez—Back with a new album, *Gone From Danger*, the seventies' conscience does her pals in the Band a good turn by subbing for them after their last-minute cancellation. 3/25 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St.* (247-7800). \$25-\$45.

João Braga—Portugal's premier *fado* singer brings a troupe of young upstart *fadistas* to Newark and shows off the nation's centuries-old folk tradition. 3/27 at 8 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark* (1-888-GO-NJPAC). \$25.

La La Brooks and Friends—The Crystals frontwoman (they of "Da Doo Ron Ron" fame) leads an all-star revue that includes Idris Muhammed on drums. 3/30 at 10 P.M. *Soul Café, 444 W. 42nd St.* (244-7685). \$15.

"Cubop Live!"—Marking, roughly, the fiftieth anniversary of Mario Bauza and Machito's big Town Hall unveiling of "Cubop," Tito Puente's big band and José "El Canario" Alberto headline this retrospective of the bebop-Caribbean hybrid that influenced Dizzy's fifties big-band compositions—and just about everybody with soul since. 3/28 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.* (840-2824). \$15-\$25.

"Funny World"—The Rodgers and Hart songbook, starring Mimi Hines. 3/26-3/28 at 8 P.M. and 3/29 at 3 P.M. *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 66th St.* (772-4448). \$25-\$40.

"La Nouvelle Orleans"—The Tippecanoe Ancient Fife & Drum Corps, La Troupe Makandal, and Balfa Toujours give a taste of the French influence on American pop music—from Bayou Cajun to Quebecois sacred music. 3/28 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.* (996-1100). \$25.

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—K. T. Sullivan, Emily Loesser, Debbie Gravitte, and others join the 206-member choir for the Gershwin-loving *The Man I Love*. 3/29 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, 10 Lincoln Center Plaza* (721-6500). \$10-\$75.

Brian McKnight—With Arnez J. 3/25 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St.* (307-7171). \$27.50-\$45.

Steve Miller Band—Miller has never been much more than a second-rate Don Henley wannabe, with a little bit of booty-shakin' blue-eyed soul thrown in for good measure. The thing is, his attempted tales of fast-living excess miss their mark so widely, the Space Cowboy ends up making something weirder and fresher than he himself probably realizes. 4/1 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St.* (307-7171). \$35-\$45.

The Jazz Passengers—Though more familiar to Knitting Factory regulars than to Upper East Siders, saxophonist Roy Nathanson and his fellow Passengers are apt participants in the Y's Harkness Dance Project. Their loopy, high-spirited take on jazz has movement aplenty, so dancer Neta Pulvermacher should have lots of inspiration for her choreography. (See page 101.) 3/25-3/29 at 8 P.M. *92nd St.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). \$15.

"New York Brass Conference"—Joe Wilder, Chuck Mangione, and Bill Watrous headline the horn-athon. 3/27-3/29 at 9 A.M. *Lighthouse Convention Center, 111 E. 59th St.* (581-1480). \$70.

Marcus Roberts—In "Evolution of Blues and Swing, Part II," the pianist leads a breathtaking tour through the *oeuvres* of Scott Joplin, Willie "the Lion" Smith, Cole Porter, and Duke Ellington. Roberts' deft touch and impeccable sense of swing should keep things from getting too scholarly or, God forbid, pedantic. 3/26-3/27 at 8 P.M. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse of the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St.* (875-5299). \$35.

The Shaolin Monks of China—Not, strictly speaking, a concert, these monk-soldiers' kung fu demo should nonetheless appeal to off-season Lolla-

paloozers and Far East-freaks alike. 3/26 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St.* (307-7171). \$25-\$40.

Clubland

Acme Underground—Mark Eitzel has built his reputation as a latter-day San Francisco beat, cranking out anthems of street-corner despair with American Music Club and as a solo artist. So it was something of a surprise when he surfaced in New York last year, recording his just-released *Caught in a Trap and I Can't Back Out 'Cause I Love You Too Much, Baby*. Local stalwarts such as Yo La Tengo bassist James McNew and Sonic Youth drummer Steve Shelley added to the disc's Big Apple vibe, though it remained pure Eitzel—melancholia, introspection, and a glimmer of hope buried somewhere amid it all. He makes his first New York appearance since the disc's release 3/31-4/1. Run-On singer Sue Garner opens the show with her quiet, keenly observed confessionals. 9 *Great Jones St., downstairs* (420-1934). \$.

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 3/24: Willie Nile. 3/25: Raging Slab. 3/26: Fontaine. 3/30: Hamell on Trial. 95 *Stanton St.* (358-1633). \$.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/25: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. 3/26: Terri Binion; Flash Rosenberg; Stickman Jones; Bet Williams. 3/28: Alejandro Escovedo; Peter Case. 4/1: Johnny Winter. 15 *W. 4th St.* (228-7880).

Brownies—With an ear for catchy phrases and off-kilter melody, Richard Davies writes songs that work as well backed by lush strings and big horns as they do with just one guitar. His latest, *Telegraph*, walks the line, production-wise, getting grand and psychedelic one track, spare and unassuming the next; his lyrics are as sidelong and lovely as they come. 3/27, Davies plays his third New York gig in a week (the others were 3/21 and 3/24), so he should be hitting his stride for this show. With Archer Prewitt and the Bells. 3/29: Track Star; Hot Water Music. 169 *Ave. A, at 11th St.* (420-8392). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital.

3/27-3/28: Ladies Sing the Blues. 73 *Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts.* (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—The last time the Fall played New York, vocalist Mark E. Smith was so piss-drunk he could barely make it to the stage—opting instead to spend most of the show either passed out or in his hotel bar. Now they're back, 3/30-3/31, at a club suitably divey enough that he might be enticed to stay for his own set. 15 *St. Marks Pl.* (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 3/26: Wally & Swingsett; Junkie XL. 3/27: Tadanoshin, an East Village supergroup featuring members of Ultra Bidé, Alice Donut, and New Kingdom; James Chance. 3/28: Congo Norvell;

Talent March Madness

Calling all Fay Wrays: Louisville's King Kong will be in town March 27 at the Knitting Factory. On their latest album, *Kingdom of Kong*, guitarist Ethan Buckler mates funky schoolyard lyrics with prehistoric rhythms that should entrance even the most sophisticated New York natives. With their hits "To Love a Yak" and "Scooba Dooba Diver," the band offers guided tours of the animal kingdom and, powered by Todd Hildreth's organ, a southern soul revue to boot. Fortunately, they play here the weekend of the NCAA Final Four: Buckler's rousing "Basketball," a tribute to the University of Louisville hoops squad, should help soothe every fan whose team got stood up for the Big Dance.

HUNTER KENNEDY



Photograph by Edie Vee.

Lungfish. 3/30: DJ. Olive; William Hooker; Raz Mesinai. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. The Sun Ra Arkestra swings on in joyful idiosyncrasy Sunday nights through March. 3/24: Joe Hurley. 3/25: Brenda Kahn; Peter Salett. 3/26: Mingus Big Band. 3/27: Pete Belasco; Deanna Kirk. 3/29: Shequida. 3/30: Greg Garing. 3/31: Jonathan Ames and Amy Sohn. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/24: Guitar-geek savior Joe Satriani noodles on. 3/25: London's Propellerheads take the Chemical Brothers' big-beat electronica to a new level of block-rockin' fabulousity. 3/28: The Greyboy All-Stars. 3/31: Los Fabulosos Cadillacs; Cherry Pop-pin' Daddies. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 3/24: Spanish Fly, with Steven Bernstein. 3/29: Archer Prewitt; the Bells, featuring Chris Connely. 3/30: Joseph Bowie's Funkshop. 3/31: Full Metal Revolutionary Jazz Ensemble. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Every Saturday in March, the Harlem Jazz Legends swing on in octogenarian glory. 3/26: The Billy Goats. 3/27: Sugaro. 3/28: Grant Green Jr. 622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts. (460-9633).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 3/25: Taja Ceville. 3/26: David Poe; China Forbes. 3/27: River Train. 3/28-3/29: Come; Fuck. 3/31: James Iha; Pen Pal. 4/1: Local quintet Babe the Blue Ox have been hammering out their John Lurie-inspired, funkified post-punk for years now, and they just keep getting better. Two new percussionists get things popping like nobody's business. With Thin Lizard Dawn. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillys tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 3/24: Dan Zanes Band. 3/27: The Hangdogs. 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 3/24: Junior Jazz; Worl-A-Girl. 3/25-3/27: Rachelle Ferrell; Papa Jube. 3/28: Juliana Aquino. 3/30: It's not unusual for French-speaking Caribbean musicians to bust out some Spanish-sounding influences, but Fatal Mambo take the phenomenon a step further. The sprawling salsa band is French, as in France, and sing their dead-on originals in said tongue. It's kind of disconcerting, given how on-point their drumming, singing, and thundering bass lines all are. They're the real deal—only not. (And not as odd to watch as, say, Son Reinas, the all-female Japanese salsa band who played here last year, singing Spanish lyrics they'd learned phonetically but didn't seem to understand.) 3/31: Tony Tuff. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Phenomenon Klub-Hopping

In Rudy Giuliani's Times Square, strip joints may be unwelcome reminders of a bygone era, but there's one debauched enclave conjuring a time even more bedonistic than the seventies. The Kit Kat Klub is, of course, fictitious—just a set for the current revival of 'Cabaret.' But each night after the musical winds down, the Kit Kat opens to the general public, offering burlesque dancers, sideshow acts, and other real-life forms of Weimar decadence. (124 West 43rd Street; 819-0377. \$20 cover.)



The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craneing mid-stage column by arriving early. 3/24: Solas; James Keane & Keane's Fancy; Jerry O'Sullivan. 3/25: Space Monkeys; Ivy; DJ. Chillfreez. 3/28: EPMD; the Arsonists; DJ. Spinna. 3/29: "Hardcore Against Hunger." Absolute Bloom; Civ; Crown of Thornz; Sick of It All. 4/1: The Mavericks. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 3/25: 30th Anniversary revival of Hair. 3/26: Gibb Droll; Thanks to Gravity. 3/27: Strangefolk. 3/28: Smokin' Grass. 3/30: Screaming Headless Torsos. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Windows on the World—Named for a French brand of motor-scooter, Dutch singer Solex is a one-woman electro-dance-party freakathon. Unlike other female proponents of "electronica" (like, say, Björk), Solex not only sings on her excellently scuffed-up inventions but produces them, too. Something else she and Ms. Gudmundsdottir don't

have in common: The Dutchwoman slips her own *nom de rock* into every single song title on her new album, *Solex Vs. the Hitmeister*—as in "Solex All Lickety Split." She plays one of her only American shows, ever, 3/24. Plus, it's free. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 3/24: Franco Cerri and Enrico Intra Quintet. 3/25-3/26: Bob Dorough, with Joe Lovano and Al Harewood (see page 96). 3/27-3/28: A contemporary of Ornette Coleman who tempers his free-jazz flights of fancy with gutsy riffing, altoist Dewey Redman leads a quartet. 3/29: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. 3/31: The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Paul Ellington. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M.

3/24-3/29: Jon Lucien Band; Caribbean Jazz Project, featuring Paquito D'Rivera, Dave Samuels, and Andy Narell. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving funky jazz on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. 3/24: Groove Collective. 3/27-3/28: Kurt Rosenwinkel Group. 3/30: Eric Alexander Quartet. 3/31: Groove Collective. 174 Orchard St. (780-0313).

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 3/24-3/29: Cecil Taylor's dense, challenging piano playing isn't for everyone: One listener's "clustered chords" are another's "palms banging on the keyboard." But if you like your jazz free, lengthy, and cerebral, Taylor is still your man. Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon-2:30 P.M. 3/27: Dick Sudhalter. \$5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant*, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 3/24-3/29: Steve Kuhn Trio. Sets Sun., Tues.-Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; \$10-\$15 cover on weekdays, \$15-\$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 3/25-3/28: Judy Carmichael and Mike Hashim. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Roulette—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. 3/25: Hot off a wildly successful run at CBGB's swanky basement lounge, Kitty Brazelton leads a small group through off-kilter chamber music originals like

"The Two-Timing Fuck I'm in Love With." Shows at 9 P.M. 228 W. Broadway (219-8242). \$8.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 3/24: Paul Motian Electric Bebop band. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 3/24-3/29: Lynne Arriale Trio. Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).

The Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. Through 3/29: Pianist and hard-bop stalwart Tommy Flanagan is the finest trio leader working. His dates are shining examples of broad-ranging repertoire combined with uncanny feel and fearsome chops. If you missed the first week of this half-month run, get to the Vanguard now! 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 3/24-3/28: Kenny Davern, John Bunch, and Tony DeNicola. Shows Mon.-Sat. at 8 P.M. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant,

TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/26-3/29: Arnez J. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50; two-drink minimum.

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety show-place has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. 3/26: Comedy Central's *Daily Show* goes live. The goofball news digest won't actually be broadcast from Chelsea, but if you're hankering to see Craig Kilborn—and all his colleagues—do stand-up, this is your big chance. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe performing its latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.-Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. \$20 cover. Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 3/29: Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Macio; John Diresta. Shows Fri. at 9 and

11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 3/23-3/29: Lenny Varnedoe; Nancy Redman; Jim Norton. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 3/27-3/28: Jim Gaffigan; Jim Mendrinco; Greer Barnes. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 3/27-3/28: Tom Papa; Don Wilson; Todd Barry; Tom Hertz; Keith Robinson. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bellemans Bar—Through 5/2: Peter Mintun. \$10 music charge; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—Dixie Carter, Tues.-Sat. Every Mon., Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$50 (\$25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room—Thurs.-Sun., through March, Blossom Dearie's back in town. Every Mon. and Tues., Ronny Whyte is in the piano bar. \$6-\$15; \$10 minimum. 346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. Through 4/4: Fascinating Aida. Tues.-Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. \$40 cover; two-drink minimum. 363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).

Judy's Restaurant and Cabaret—Every Sat. through April 25, Judy Kreston and David Lahm perform "My One and Only Love"—a romance-themed collection of standards and originals. Sets at 9 P.M. \$15 cover; \$10 minimum. 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930).

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. Through 3/28: "Rhythm on the Rainbow . . . The Hot Harmonies of the Boswell Sisters." 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare. Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards. \$15 cover; \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Bars

B. Bar—Formerly known as the Bowery Bar, this boxy ex-gas station cloisters the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. Monday nights, trombonist Craig Harris leads a rotating cast of top-notch jazz heads through some distinctly non-loungey changes. 358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).

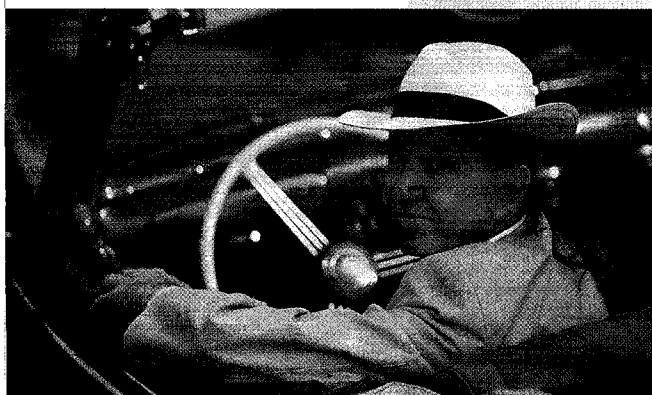
Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls. 889 First Ave., near 50th St. (980-9314).

Talent Jazz Passenger

Jamming into the wee hours is normal for jazzmen, but in the seventies, Bob Dorough took the practice to new lengths, cranking out tunes for the Saturday-morning pajamas-and-cereal set. Of course, on TV's *Schoolhouse Rock*, the singer-pianist wasn't actually playing live, just loaning his reedy tenor and wry lyrics to animated shorts like "Three is a Magic Number." "I had some lean years on the jazz scene in the sixties," says the 73-year-old Arkansas native. "So I got a job at an ad agency. It was there that I met the *Schoolhouse Rock* folks." Dorough first gained the jazz world's attention in 1955, when he wrote words for his own version of Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite" ("They call it 'vocalese,'" says Dorough, "though I don't much care for that term"). The delightfully misanthropic "Blue Xmas"—written in 1962 for Miles Davis's *Quiet Nights*—cemented his reputation among cognoscenti. On the new *Right on My Way Home*, his first major record in more than 40 years, Dorough's gift for quick-thinking turns of phrase has only gotten sharper: "If you call from some hole in the wall in Nepal, I will follow," he sings on the album's title track. "Fly air-express to Marrakesh where I guess I'd get you." Dorough leads a quartet at Birdland, March 25 and 26,

and though it's a jazz date, the singer concedes, "I reckon I can't get away without playing 'Conjunction Junction' or 'Three is a Magic Number.' A lot of my fans are grown-up *Schoolhouse Rock* groupies, so I expect to see a lot of thirtysomethings, or generation-Xers, or whatever you call them." Cheerios, however, will not be on the club's menu.

ETHAN SMITH



the mix

Kafka Colloquists... Dorothy Allison

John Leonard's TV Notes

City Dump: The Story of the 1951 CCNY Basketball Scandal (3/24; 10 to 11 P.M.; HBO) invites graduates of "the poor man's Harvard," like sportswriters Maury Allen and Dave Anderson, broadcasters Marvin Kalb and Marty Glickman, journalists Sidney Zion and Mort Sheinman, and novelist Avery Corman, to mourn the innocence they lost and the multiethnic and multicultural ideals that got tarnished when members of their championship college basketball team were discovered to have shaved points for the mob. A terrific cautionary tale at the end of March Madness.

The Art of Singing: Golden Voices, Silver Screen (3/25; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) allows *Great Performances* to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary with operatic snippets from movie and television productions, from Caruso in *My Italian Cousin* to Lauritz Melchior singing Wagner to Jane Powell in *Luxury Liner* to Renata Tebaldi, Leontyne Price, and Maria Callas on the home screen. Baritone Thomas Hampson hosts.

A Cinderella Season: The Lady Vols Fight Back (3/26; 7 to 8:15 P.M.; HBO) follows the 1996 college women's championship team through a difficult following season of disheartening losses and dreadful injuries, to a repeat triumph in the playoffs. Featuring a coach, Pat Summitt, and a star, Chamique Holdsclaw, who are both the stuff of myth and legend, and locker-room pep talks that are not without their expletives. Jon Alpert and Maryann DeLeo are the producers.

Edna Buchanan's Nobody Lives Forever (3/26; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) dramatizes the Miami crime reporter's novel about the usual tough cop (Greg Evigan) who shouldn't have trusted the usual femme fatale (Brenda Bakke) with his spare beanie, much less his wayward heart, and who also makes the mistake of distrusting his own partner (Alexandra Powers) when he should have kept his eye on his angry boss (Kevin Dobson), in the middle of the usual hospitals, swimming pools, nightclubs, pool halls, target practice, shower-stall sex and sports-car chases. It seems to me I've seen exactly the same movie before, but maybe I read the novel.

The Outer Limits (3/27; 10:45 to 11:30 P.M.; Showtime), in an episode called "Identity Crisis," transfers the brain of gung-ho soldier Lou Diamond Philips into an android-superwarrior version of himself for heroic derring-do, except that dastardly sabotage causes the body of the real Lou to get fried while his mind is still stuck in the machine, with only twelve hours before the "interface" collapses, which would leave his blonde bombshell of a wife in the clutches of his best friend, Pete, about whom we are entitled to download our suspicions into a prototype.

Fear and Favor in the Newsroom (3/27; 10:55 to 11:55 P.M.; Channel 13) had some trouble getting on the public-TV air, and no wonder. Studs Terkel leads us through a number of stories sensational

enough to offend any number of major corporations, which stories were deemed unacceptable for various reasons by major news organizations ranging from Newhouse and Disney to the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution* and the New York *Times* to, gulp, *MacNeil/Lehrer*. Among the interviewed: Jon Alpert, Ben Bagdikian, Frances Cerra, Michael Gartner, Jonathan Kwitny, Ralph Nader, and Sydney Schanberg. Among the offended: the American military and the nuclear-power industry. Also discussed: the interlocking ownership of the media megalopolies.

Evidence of Blood (3/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; TMC) stars the moody David Strathairn as a true-crime book writer who returns to his down-South hometown to conspire with a moody Mary McDonnell, as the local lonely tavern keeper, in the investigation of a couple of murders, one very old and one quite new, in a moody movie that I ended up liking a lot because, between genuinely surprising plot twists, they know how to mood up a storm of ambivalence about everything from dead parents to teen sexuality to suicide and abortion. Directed by Andrew Mondshein, from a novel by Thomas H. Cook that I haven't read.

Chance of a Lifetime (3/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is a feel-good romantic comedy about a Chicago

journalist, John Ritter, who has so far failed to grow up, and his career-woman editor and admirer, Katey Segal, who has self-esteem problems, and their pretend marriage so that he can pay for the rehabilitation of his slipped disc on her health insurance, which leads to complications of the heart that are, surprisingly, affecting. An especially nice performance by Ritter, whose talent for physical comedy serves him well here, as if he were stuck in a pratfall.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays from noon to 2 P.M. 3/24: David Halberstam on *The Children*; Edna O'Brien on *Down by the River*; Peter Selwyn on *Surviving the Fall*. 3/25: Etymologist Richard Lederer tackles the English language; George Lang on *Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen*; Veronica Webb on *Veronica Webb-Sight*. 3/26: Gail Tsukiyama on *Night of Many Dreams*; David Quammen on *Wild Thoughts From Wild Places*. 3/27: Jill Ker Conway on *When Memory Speaks*. Leonard Lopate is the host. WNYC AM; 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 3/28: Ruth Reichl, restaurant critic for the New York *Times*, on her book *Tender at the Bone: Growing Up at the Table*; Leslie Cockburn, television journalist, on *Looking for Trouble?*; Mike van Diem on his film *Character*; Richard Goldstein, executive editor of *The Village Voice*, on the controversial photography books *The Age of Innocence* and *Radiant Identities*. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

The Favorite Poem Project—4/1 at 8 P.M.: A reading with Laurie Anderson, Ed Bradley, the Reverend Calvin Butts, Geraldine Ferraro, Hugh Hardy, Bill T. Jones, Garrison Keillor, Ned Rorem, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Suzanne Vega. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (274-0343, ext. 18); \$10.

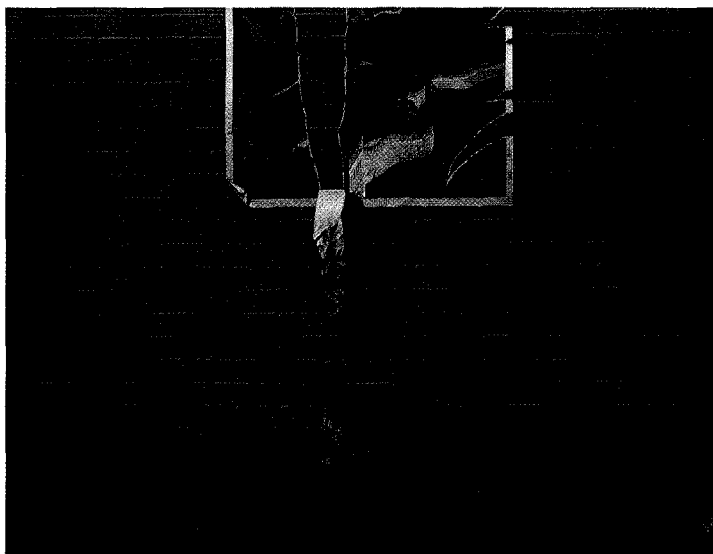
"The Metaphysical Streetcar Conductor"—3/24 at 7 P.M.: With poet Luciano Erba and translator Michael Palma, W. S. Di Pietro, and Ann Snodgrass. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); \$7.

"The Tenth Muse II: Readings by New Poets"—3/23 at 8:15 P.M.: Anne Caston, Lorna Dee Cervantes, and Cornelius Eady reading from their work. 92nd St. Y. Unterberg Poetry Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$10.

Don DeLillo, Charles Frazier, Jon Krakauer, Vivian Gornick, Anne Fadiman, Pauline Maier, James Tobin, Joseph Ellis, Sonia Sanchez, Charles Wright, and Frank Bidart—3/23 at 8: The National Book Critics Circle award finalists read from their work. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South

Happening Asia Major

Neither Hong Kong nor Taipei nor Tokyo is the current capital of the Asian art market: New York is. The young but hugely popular International Asian Art Fair, well-stocked with everything from Indonesian textiles to Islamic ceramics, returns to the Seventh Regiment Armory from March 27 through April 1. (See listings.)



collectors, enthusiasts, covering artists from Strand to Stieglitz to Abbott. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. (998-7130); \$250.

"Presidentially Speaking"—3/31 at 7:30 P.M.: Peggy Noonan, who served as a special assistant to President Ronald Reagan and a speechwriter to the campaigning George Bush, will speak about her life and work. St. Luke's School, 487 Hudson St. (924-5960); \$30.

"The Soul of Wit in the Practice of Art"—3/28 at 11 A.M.: A symposium on the devices that give art a psychological punch. New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-8942); free.

"The Only Woman in the Room"—3/24 at 6:30 P.M.: Beate Gordon shares her personal account of growing up in Japan in the thirties and her exile in the U.S. during the war years and her return to Japan, where she was instrumental in drafting the women's-rights section of Japan's new constitution. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); \$10.

"Making Headlines"—3/24 at 7: A panel discussion with Thomas Maier, Mary Anne Giordano, Karen Scott, Sydney Schanberg. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (777-1610); \$10.

"Circa 1989"—3/23 at 6:15 P.M.: A lecture from the series "Quijotismo: The Conquest of a Modern Spanish Cultural Empire," with Christopher Britt. NYU's King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, 53 Washington Square South (998-3650); free.

"Ballet & Modern Dance: Scenes From a Marriage"—3/24 at 8 P.M.: Kevin McKenzie of the American Ballet Theatre speaks with *Village Voice* dance critic Deborah Jowitz. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

"Post World War II New York: The International Style and Its Roots"—3/26 at 6:30 P.M.: One of four lectures on "The City Transformed." Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union Engineering Building, 51 Astor Place, at Third Ave. (353-4195); \$18.

"James Bogardus, Pioneer of American Cast-iron Architecture"—3/29 at 2 P.M.: A lecture and book signing with Margot and Carol Gayle. Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union Engineering Building, 51 Astor Place at Third Ave. (353-4195); \$10.

Robert De Niro at the Actors Studio—3/30 at 7:30 P.M.: An in-depth interview about the actor's life and career. The New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5859); \$245 for seven sessions with various actors.

Tours

SoHo Ghosts—3/28 at 2 P.M.: A tour of the area's reputedly haunted zones. Meet at the corner of Prince and Mott Sts. (969-8262); \$10.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights—3/28 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour across the bridge and into the city's first suburb. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); \$9.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and



Happening Dorothy Allison has described herself as a "cross-eyed working-class lesbian, addicted to violence, language, and hope, who has made the decision to live, is determined to live, on the page and on the street, for me and mine." It was this spirit of resilience and defiance that suffused her acclaimed debut novel, *Bastard out of Carolina*. Allison's follow-up, *Cavedweller* (Dutton, \$24.95), is just out; she reads from it at the New School on March 24. (See listings.)

set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); \$8.

The East Village—3/29 at 1 P.M.: Explore this bohemian neighborhood while learning about its place in the history of immigration. Meet at the cube at Astor Place (439-1090); \$9.

Central Park—3/29 at 1 P.M.: A tour of New York's backyard. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); \$9.

Exhibitions

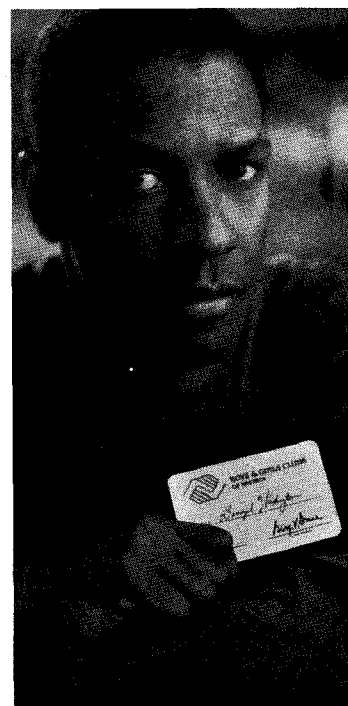
Sixth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—3/28-5/9: A celebration of National Poetry Month, with an exhibit of over a thousand books of American poetry. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

"Return Address: Revisiting Exposures"—Through 4/23: An exhibition of photographs by Israeli artist Margalit Mannor. 92nd St. Y, Weill Art Gallery, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

Paul Strand: A Photographer in His Garden—Through 4/4: A collection of photographs, many of which have never been published, created by the artist during the final years of his life in Ogrevail, France. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555, ext. 325); free.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); \$10.



Denzel Washington

Put this card in the hands of a child and there'll be no room for a gun. A needle. Or a knife.

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GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS			OTT MSG 7:30PM	CAR MSG 7:30PM		PIT FOX 3PM	
ISLANDERS		VAN FSNY 10PM		PIT FSNY 7:30PM		TOR FSNY 7:30PM	
DEVILS		PHI FSNY 7:30PM		COL FSNY 9PM		PHO FSNY 9PM	DAL FSNY 8PM
KNICKS		GS MSG 10:30PM	LAC MSG 10:30PM		VAN MSG 10:30PM	SEA MSG 10PM	
NETS			PHI FSNY 7:30PM		BOS FSNY 7:30PM		
	3/23	3/24	3/25	3/26	3/27	3/28	3/29

Photograph from AP/Wide World.

MARCH 30, 1998 NEW YORK 99

"Music is not illusion, but revelation."

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Aetna is pleased to sponsor the
1998 Carnegie Hall concert by the

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

conducted by
Mikhail Pletnev
featuring violinist
Gil Shaham

We are also pleased to bring the
Russian National Orchestra
to National Public Radio,
in New York on WNYC 93.9 FM at 8:00 p.m.
March 27, March 30 and April 2, 1998.

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What looks like a cold, sounds like a cold and feels like a cold, but isn't a cold?

Asthma. But asthma can be much more serious. So if your child has a cough that won't go away, is often short of breath, or wheezes a lot, especially at night or after running, don't treat it yourself. Go to your doctor or clinic.

Breathe easier. Ask your doctor if it's asthma.

National Asthma Education and Prevention Program

National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute;

National Institutes of Health; Public Health Service; U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments are no less riveting. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); \$7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 5th Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5 suggested contribution.

Events

Arts of Pacific Asia Show—3/26-3/29: New York's most competitive market for fine antique Asian arts, with 66 exhibitors from around the world. The Armory at Gramercy Park, 68 Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (747-3089); \$20.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Follow the links from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website pick every day. This week: Read a Webzine that's keeping high-school kids around the country bolted together; play educational games online with your preschooler; finally order that self-cleaning litter box you've always wanted; lend an ear to Warner Music; and receive a personalized workout from Radu, the "fitness trainer to the stars." And hey, while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and see what else we've got. In addition to selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, you'll find daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," a neighborhood guide with "50 Ways to Love the Brooklyn Heights and Vicinity," and a new Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

March Sadness—Rangers fans learned last week that they may have one less thing to cheer for in an already cheerless season. Gutsy Pat LaFontaine, he of the five concussions, nearly suffered his sixth last week in a collision with teammate Mike Keane and is questionable for the rest of the season. Add to that the left-leg stress fracture defenseman Jeff Beukeboom suffered and you've got a team whose chances of making the playoffs are supermodel-slim. The Blueshirts, or what's left of them, are battling Ottawa and Carolina for the final playoff spot, and they face both teams this week. Suffice it to say that if the Rangers do anything but win both games, the between-period Zamboni show will be about the most compelling thing happening on the Garden ice this spring. See "Game Week" for team schedules.

Run for the Rain Forest—3/29 at 10 A.M.: A 5K race sponsored by the Rainforest Foundation International and the Rainforest Alliance. Race starts and finishes at East Drive and 99th Street. Race-day entry \$20. Call 860-4455 for information.

in concert

New York City Gay Men's Chorus at Lincoln Center

Classical Music

Wednesday, March 25

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beaser's *Philharmonic Fanfare*, Chopin, and Goldmark, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano; David Zinman, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (875-5000), at 8; \$20-\$75.

Festival Chamber Music Society—Performs Mozart and Schubert. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St.* (501-3330), at 8; \$20.

Ancient Music at St. Bartholomew's—William Trafka, organist, performs Bach and Bartholomew. *St. Bartholomew's, 109 E. 50th St.* (378-0248), at 7:30; \$10-\$20.

Young Concert Artists—Performances of Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Mozart by Romain Guyot, clarinet, Freddy Kempf, piano, and Yayoi Toda, violin. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (875-5000), at 8; \$15-\$20.

Thursday, March 26

Absolute Ensemble—Performs Arvo Part, Aaron Jay Kernis, and Stravinsky. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St.* (501-3330), at 8; \$15.

Richard Kapp, Piano—Performs concertos by Mozart and Prokofiev, with historical explanations. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1100 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.* (570-3949), at 2:30; \$25.

Little Orchestra Society—Performs operettas by Victor Herbert; Dino Anagost, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (875-5000), at 7:30; \$20-\$30.

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Debussy, Zwilich, and Beethoven; Hugh Wolff, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (247-7800), at 8; \$16-\$60.

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Beethoven, Debussy, and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn* (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$20-\$30.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/25.

Friday, March 27

Alicia De Larrocha, Piano—Performs Vega, Albeniz, and Barrameda. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (247-7800), at 8; \$18-\$70.

"Musick by the Celebrated Mr. Handel"—Chamber music by the composer. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1100 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.* (570-3949), at 7; \$40.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/25.

Saturday, March 28

La Nouvelle Orleans—Performs music of the city, with works by Chevalier de St. George,

Gottschalk, others. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.* (996-1100), at 8; \$25.

Juan Carlos Rybin, Violin—Performs works by Leclair, Schumann, Brahms, and Paganini. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St.* (501-3330), at 8; \$15.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/25.
"Musick by the Celebrated Mr. Handel"—See 3/27.

Sunday, March 29

Miami String Quartet—Performs Haydn and Beethoven. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center* (875-5000), at 11; \$15.

Previews Love Me Don't

The thing that changes everything and conquers all is the theme of Israeli-American choreographer Neta Pulvermacher's *Story (My Husband's Mole and Other Stories)*, previewing this weekend at the 92nd Street Y's Harkness Dance Project. Jazz composer Roy Nathanson, monologist David Cale, and photographer Dona Ann McAdams have collaborated with Pulvermacher on these brief new pieces, which tell the story of a relationship on the rocks.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Daniel Gortler, Piano—Performs works by Mendelssohn. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.* (996-1100); \$25.

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Performs works by George Gershwin. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (875-5000), at 8; \$20-\$75.

New York Philharmonic Ensemble—Performs Shostakovich, Rachmaninoff, and Bartok; Kurt Masur, director. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St.* (501-3330), at 3; \$18.

Prometheus Chamber Ensemble—Performs Prokofiev, Mozart, and Schubert. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St.* (501-3330), at 8; \$15.

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Vivaldi's *Gloria*, with the San Francisco Boys Choir. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (247-7800), at 8; \$16-\$65.

Bargemusic—See 3/25, at 4.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Wagner's *Lohengrin*, 3/25 at 7 and 3/28 at 7:30; Verdi's *Stiffelio*, 3/27 at 8 and 3/31 at 7:30; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 3/30 at 8; Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, 3/24 at 8 and 3/28 at 1:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center* (362-6000); \$24-\$200.

New York City Opera—Performs Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 3/24 at 7:30 and 3/27 at 8; Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 3/25 at 7:30 and 3/28 at 1:30; Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, 3/26 at 7:30; and Puccini's *La Boheme*, 3/28 at 8 and 3/29 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center* (870-5570); \$20-\$85.

Amato Opera—Performs Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 3/27 and 3/28 at 7:30. *319 Bowery* (228-8200); \$20.

Dance

92nd St. Y Harkness Dance Project—Works by Neta Pulvermacher, 3/25-26, and 3/28-29 at 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.* (996-1100); \$15.

Movement Research—Works by Bill T. Jones, David Dorfman, Simone Forti & Jim Stanley, others. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St.* (477-6635), at 8; \$20-\$50.

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St.* (239-6200); \$30-\$65.

Ballet Tech—The first performances in a five-week run from Eliot Feld's troupe. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave.* (242-0800); \$12-\$35.

Alan Danielson—Performs *Tear*, 3/26-3/29. *Joyce Soho Theater, 155 Mercer St.* (334-7479); \$15.



Photograph by David M. Rosen

kids

Rising Sun...The Color Purple

Children's Events

Kids Dance—"23 Skidoo" takes off from the jitterbug; the witty "Meshugana Dance" is performed to traditional klezmer music. These two spirited dance programs at the **THE JOYCE THEATER** for a five-week run are not specifically geared to family audiences. But performed by 50 kids—ages 12 through 17—they'll doubtless have a youthful sensibility. The dancers all study at Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech School. (They auditioned for the tuition-free school when they were third- and fourth-graders in the city public-school system.) 3/24 through 4/26, Saturdays and Sundays at 2. 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800). Tickets are \$20, \$12 for children under 16.

"We're a Happy Fam-i-lee"—His Purpleness will lead a live sing-along before each of eight screenings of *Barney's Great Adventure: The Movie* (see photo). The seven-footer is joined by more diminutive sidekicks Baby Bop and BJ at the premiere, 3/27 at 7—a benefit for the Starbright Foundation. Other screenings prior to the April 3 general release are through 3/29. **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**, Sixth Avenue and 50th St. (307-7171). Tickets to the premiere are \$50; a limited number of \$150 tickets are good for party invitations and various favors; regular tickets are \$7 to \$17.50.

Artistic License—Alexander Calder's circus, a kid magnet if ever there was one, will be back on permanent display next week when **THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART** opens its first-ever permanent-collection galleries. The celebratory hoopla on April 4 will include bargain two-for-one admission. The museum has been taking pains to make itself more accessible to families: Pick up a free "Family Guide to the Collection" as you enter. Inventive monthly "Family Fun" workshops take place from 9 to 11 Saturday mornings when the museum is still closed (to everyone else); "Look Out" is a chatty weekly tour for families, who are welcome to sketch if they like; high-school students have been gearing up to give tours known as "Youth Insights"—try not to torture them with questions about the artist's intentions. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (For additional information, call the Education Department at 570-7710.) General admission is \$8, \$7 for seniors and students, free for children under 12. **Greatest Show on Earth**—With this 128th edition of **RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY**, the three-ring circus returns to some of its outlandish P.T. Barnum roots: Arrive an hour before the performance and come into the ring to meet "the world's tallest man"—eight feet tall—and Michu, a 33-inch "Tom Thumb." In the show itself, witness a "fire-breathing Vesuvius," the "Lady in the Cube," and a man they are calling

"Iron Jaw." Madison Square Garden, 3/27-3/13. Call 307-7171 for information; \$10.50-\$42.50.

The Beloved Dearly—Doug Cooney's darkly comic musical about a ruthless youthful tycoon who enthusiastically goes into the pet-funeral business—paying his sister to cry loudly for pets she never met. Recommended for ages 6 and up. Through 3/29. **TADA!** 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are \$12, \$6 for children. ●

Ready, Get Set—Time to start practicing for the **1998 NIKE RUN FOR THE PARKS** Pee Wee races. Every child who participates receives an official race badge and a T-shirt. Organized by the New York Road Runners Club, the races—25 yards to a mile long—take place 4/4 beginning at 9 A.M. near 67th St. in Central Park (across from Tavern on the Green). Call 860-4455 for additional information. Entry fee is \$6.

High Five—Cultural events of every stripe become wonderfully affordable to junior- and senior-high-school students through the end of May.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Under the auspices of High 5, nearly 6,000 tickets to events at New York's leading cultural institutions cost \$5 on weekends; \$5 buys two tickets on weeknights. Pick up High 5 catalogues free at Ticketmaster outlets, public libraries, select Barnes and Noble bookstores, or the High 5 executive offices (1 E. 53rd St.); access it at www.high5tix.com, or call HI5-TKTS to have one sent. Participating cultural institutions include Carnegie Hall, the Apollo Theater, and the Museum of Modern Art. (Students—from schools anywhere—must present valid identification.) ●

Sleight of Hand—*Joseph Gabriel Magic '98*, in the intimate **LAMB'S THEATRE**, holds an audience of all ages spellbound. In addition to weeknight performances, there are matinees on Saturday (at 2) and Sunday (at 3). 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); \$25-\$45.

Web Design—**THEATREWORKS** presents one of the great children's stories of all time, E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web*, about a pig who... well, we don't want to give it away. Performances are at 12:30 on 3/28, 3/29, 4/4, and 4/5, with an additional show 3/29 at 10:30. The Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are \$18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription is \$145. ●

Global Ice—See the greats perform where we mortals skate. World-class skaters from Austria and the former Soviet Union—one of them an Olympic medalist—take to the ice in their only New York

appearance. Also appearing is the resident company, **Global Ice**. 3/25 at 7. **CHELSEA PIERS' SKY RINK**, Pier 61 at Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. and the Hudson River (336-6881). \$10. ●

Enjoy Japan '98—Two thousand performers from Japan bring this fifth annual festival of Japanese culture to **CARNEGIE HALL**. Exotic dance and music presentations—many of them traditional—are performed over two days, 3/28 and 3/30, with a special family program Saturday morning, 3/28. 57th St. and Seventh Ave. Call 247-7800 for detailed program information. Tickets to morning performances are \$2; matinee and evening shows are \$5. ●

Transporting—In *The Number 14*, six versatile actors inhabit 60 larger-than-life characters as they explore the farcical side of riding a bus. 3/27 to 4/5 **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); \$10-\$25.

Onscreen I Love You, You Love Me

Surprisingly, in a decade that's seen Barney catapult from the imagination of a stay-at-home Texas mom into the lives of kids around the world, the plush purple dinosaur has not, until now, ventured onto the big screen. That's about to change, though, when *Barney's Great Adventure: The Movie* has its premiere this week at Radio City Music Hall (March 26 at 7, with additional shows through March 29 and a nationwide release April 3). Sheryl Leach, the former teacher who created the perpetually cheerful reptile, says one reason she delayed making a Barney movie was concern that her star might appear too large onscreen, frightening his preschool audience. A more significant factor stemmed from Leach's firm belief that young kids should have their very own shows, regardless of whether anyone else likes them; she worried that to get parents into theaters, filmmakers would have to temper the saccharine qualities that made the TV program so irresistible to tots—its sickeningly cheerful children, bright colors, and sappy songs. But with her dinosaur increasingly safe from extinction, Leach has mellowed, and allowed PolyGram to make a film that won't send adults screaming from the theater. In the movie, the kids are actually a little obnoxious, Barney is noticeably less preachy, and some of the settings—like a dark forest—are downright forbidding. Explaining this more lenient approach to her brainchild, Leach says, "I've seen him through infancy, toddlerhood, and adolescence. Barney's in college for me now."

BARBARA ENSOR

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Barney with creator Sheryl Leach.



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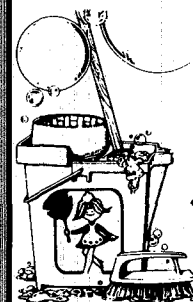
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Last Of A Dying Breed—Slightly off-center Wasp, 41 - self-sufficient, many interests, sense of humor, athletic, easy on the eyes. Seeks female counterpart, 40 and under. Photo/note. 2238 ☒

Jet-Set Male—Desires long-term relationship. Are you an intelligent and beautiful woman used to being treated with respect and generosity, or desirous of such? If so, a fairy-tale life of travel and luxury may be available. Please send all of the following: note, photo, age, height, weight and phone to: 2477 ☒

Seeking Fellow Traveler—By very attractive, successful, tall Jewish man, nonsmoker, who loves NY things - i.e. opera (the Ring Cycle in June?), theater, film...as well as travel. Seeks attractive female counterpart, vivacious, late 30s-early 40s, well-educated - to continue the journey. Photo helpful. 2393 ☒

I'm Pretty, Sweet, Funny—Cute, warm and creative, 30s, 5'5 1/2", 113, Jewish. I love art, the Angelika, pop culture, city walks. Are you a cool, creative (36-45), kind, intelligent man who's interesting, has NYC in your blood and can make me smile? Photo, please. 2426 ☒

Would Treat That Special Woman—Very well! Will compete for your affection as I do in business and athletics. If you share my love for family, friends and romance, this fit, handsome 31-year-old mensch is available. Please be physically fit, optimistic and emotionally healthy. Photo and note, please. 2528 ☒

Affectionate, Classy Ivy MD/PhD—A creative, handsome Renaissance man with much humor, joy for fitness, the arts, 5'10", slim, 43, fun. Seeks sincere, empathic lady under 37, for commitment, family. Phone/photo necessary. 2529 ☒

Youthful, Fit, Attractive—Successful 65-year-old - enjoy theater, movies, dining out, cultural events. Seeks slender, winsome lady, 55-65, for permanent relationship. 2531 ☒

Not Willing To Settle—My man is Jewish, 32-40, a handsome, fit, generous and very accomplished CEO, investment banker or JD, who has a sense of humor and a sense of style to match. His brain says business but his heart says love. His woman is exceptionally beautiful (inside and out), with a great body, warm, loving, independent, very successful, playful, happy and very passionate about life. We feel lucky that we met and together enjoy a genuine friendship, mutual support, the good life, working out, fine dining, making love, spoiling each other rotten and spending time with family and friends. Should we take the risk and lose our hearts? Note/photo/phone. 2405 ☒

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57 - seeks a down-to-earth, stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, music, films, travel...or just a good conversation. Photo, please. 2396 ☒

Regular, Humorous, Educated Guy—Sincere, Jewish, outgoing, 6', retired teacher, 54, seeking attractive, slender, buxom, nonsmoker, educated, easygoing, cultured, creative woman, 35-43, with good sense of humor, interested in traveling, collectibles, for romance and possibly leading to permanent relationship. Note/photo. 2410 ☒

Why This Fellow?—'Cause I'm attractive, successful and basically mellow. I'm 36, fit and youthful, very funny and down-to-earth. I grow daily in many ways, and 5'9" from birth. I love music, sports and traveling, and sometime act the clown - but love to cuddle on the couch or a romantic night on the town! To know me is to love me, people have often said - so why is there no special picture resting by my bed? You're pretty and bright, and love hugging just like me - can look gorgeous all decked out, or in faded jeans with "T". So send me a note, and include a photo just for show. It could be something great - you just never really know! 2499 ☒

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s... Dance, theater, travel. Photo/note. 2431 ☒

Art Patron Wanted—Beautiful, slim, talented, exciting, passionate artist seeks mate. If you appreciate and can afford the finer things, this artist wants to create a happy family life with you. Be Jewish, 35-50. You will not be disappointed. 2534 ☒

Slim, Smart, Sexy Sweetie—Young 50s, Jewish, seeks nonsmoker - man of her dreams. Note/phone/e-mail. 2461 ☒

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STRICTLY PERSONALS

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Absolute Happy—Gorgeous, charming, feminine Rita Hayworth/Susan Haywood wishes to meet and love to pieces one incredibly gifted Alan Alda/Carl Reiner - for daily flights to the moon and play among the stars (probably 50s, probably Jewish). Letter/likeness. 2510 ☒

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 2402 ☒

Attractive—I seek cultured man over 70. Looks, virility unimportant. 2404 ☒

Attractive Australian Female—33, 5'6", 135 lbs. A round of golf, tennis or squash? Dancing, the theater or a relaxing weekend in the country? I'm looking for a confident (33-45) man with a sense of humor to enjoy life with this well-traveled, warmhearted, fun-loving girl with traditional values. Please send note/photo. 2450 ☒

Gay Male—Fit, retired, secure, traveler. You: same. Photo a must. 2445 ☒

Simply Lovely—Slim, shapely, sunny, sparkly, very smart, newly single MD with a slew of interests, seeks bright, successful, good-hearted man, 40 and up, for fun and romance. 2430 ☒

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Wife Wanted—Tall, attractive, blue-eyed, single white Christian male, 36, seeking single/divorced, white Christian female best friend forever. 2467 ☐

Jewish Woman In Little Black Dress—Passionate about life. Loves her work. Enjoys dancing, reading, beach, Motown/classical. Seeks truly nice, warm Jewish man, 40s, to fall in love with. 2515 ☐

Tall, Good-Looking—Creative professional hopes to meet pretty, artistic woman, 28-33. 2395 ☐

Widower, 60s—Seeks spiritual lady, any age. Note/photo/phone. 2524 ☐

Exciting, Very Pretty—44, 5'5", professional, European background, woman - seeks successful, intelligent man, 45-55, for love, possibly marriage. 2478 ☐

West Side Values, Downtown Style—...East Side upbringing. Late 30s, Jewish beauty, Ivy-educated, with expansive mind, fit body and exceptional career in film/television, seeks politically progressive, literate, brilliant and mature mate (40s) for Caribbean camping, Cajun dancing, dog walking, car repair. You are a sophisticated, accomplished non-conformist of sorts... You wouldn't expect to find me here. Letter/photo. 2399 ☐

Cute, Sexy, Bright—Young lady, late 20s, seeks a smart, funny male counterpart under 40. I like laughing and talking all night with friends, driving, exploring, reading novels, cooking and more. I am looking for a nice guy for fun, romance and maybe more. Are you interested? Let me know. 2544 ☐

Elegant, Slim, Cerebral and Spirited—Pretty, 50-year-old, divorced, educated Jewish woman seeks very smart, athletic, sophisticated, handsome man to share life, laughter, love. Note/photo, please. 2507 ☐

One-Of-A-Kind Effervescent Female—Late 20s, with universal appeal, seeks upbeat guy under 40 with sense of humor and adventurous spirit. If you like laughing, dancing, driving, talking, and are willing to explore the possibility of Manhattan days and nights...get in touch. Note/photo/phone. 2544 ☐

Co-Parent Wanted—Stable, financially secure, trim, healthy, nonreligious Jewish man - loves kids, never married. Seeks to co-parent with emotionally mature woman who wants to be a single mom. 2484 ☐

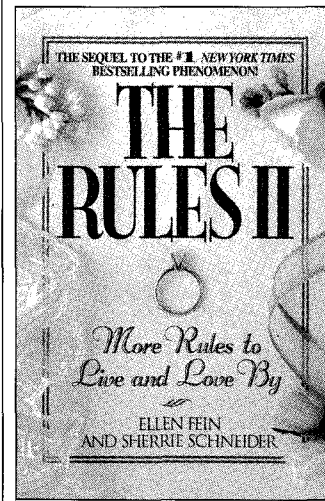
Handsome Entrepreneur—42, intelligent, warm, funny, seeks attractive, literate woman. Photo, please. 2419 ☐

Is Your Smile Your Trademark?—Handsome Jewish patent attorney, 36, seeks happy, attractive female, 27-35, to share theater, dining, laughing, Mets/Jets and keeping warm to Marvin Gaye. Note/photo/photo. 2446 ☐

Male About Town—5'10", slim, college grad, pleasant, financially secure, Christian, 61. Seeks trim professional woman counterpart, 45-55. Note/recent photo/phone. 2523 ☐

One Rare, Wonderful Woman—Extremely pretty, single white professional female, 33, 5'4", 105 lbs, nonsmoker/drinker, unusually intelligent, gentle but spirited, sensitive, self-aware, empathic, emotionally grounded, seeks single white male counterpart and soulmate under 38, with great hair and heart. Note/photo. 2551 ☐

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Pavement, Macbeth, Big Lebowski—Entertainment editor, 30s, smart, fit, passionate guy, seeks arty, bright, sexy female to share rock 'n' roll, plays, films and more. Note/photo. 2400 ☐

Still Looking—For well-bred female Wasp, 50s, city and country. 2513 ☐

Slim, Strong, Attractive—Female Earth Firster! Professional, 55, seeks caring man who loves the wild, 50-65 - buddy, friend and mate. 2403 ☐

Can You Keep Up With Me?—Sophisticated, sexy, smart blond wants all of the above in you (you don't have to be blond). I'm a 40ish, fit financial wizard and best-selling author, splitting my time between NY and FL. If you're up to the challenge, send photo and note. 2530 ☐

Sense Of Humor Women Love—50, very sexy, told look mid 30s. If you're 30s-early 40s, call... You won't be sorry! 2424 ☐

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Strikingly Attractive—Professional woman, shapely, fit, funny, smart, cultured, seeks like man, 50s-60s. Note/photo/phone. 2500 ☎

Successful, Attractive, Athletic—White male, 32, Harvard MBA, self-made millionaire, seeks Asian or white female. Likes exercise, museums, travel, movies. 2439 ☎

Is It Spring Yet?—Pretty, tall, slender woman, MBA, 39, has cabin fever. Loves outdoors, long drives, good books and conversation. Seeks man with big heart and soft touch. Photo appreciated. 2429 ☎

Well-Traveled, Eclectic Humanist—House, garden, mild mid-life fever, seeking female friend, lover, muse, 35-42, nonsmoker, alluring, erudite, solvent... Toned, nubile body appreciated. 2537 ☎

Fiery, Loving, Elegant—Accomplished, spiritually evolved woman seeks partner, 5'10" plus, 57-65, successful, loving, kind, generous, emotionally and spiritually mature, with a passion for life. Note/photo/phone. 2411 ☎

Nice, Attractive, Sincere Female—White, Catholic, 38, 5'5", 123 lbs, divorced. Loves doing most things, open mind, spontaneous, missing that special person to share life with. Phone; photo optional. 2406 ☎

NYMessage

We Exchanged Glances—Leaving Tavern on the Green, midnight, 3/13. You drove red sportscar. Kindly call this tall blond. 2536 ☎

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY KATHY
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at New York

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Jill St. John Look-Alike—Warm, vivacious, shapely, Jewish, nonreligious, 40s. Seeks a kind, easygoing, financially secure, monogamous, romantic, marriage-minded gentleman, 43-68, for a wonderful life. Photo and phone, please. 2492 ☎

Petite, Attractive Asian-American—Woman, 46, one child. Warm, open, affectionate, honest, fun, successful entrepreneur. Loves classical music, art, books, walks. Singer and pianist. Seeks similar, single white man, 38-55, for deep friendship, romance and marriage. Will relocate to NYC from NJ for love. Nonsmokers only. 2394 ☎

One In A Million—Warm, funny, loving, good-looking, Italian, athletic male, 35, looking for female, 25-35, for fun, laughter and more. Note/recent photo. 2416 ☎

Please—Recall last year, and know that this nice, easygoing, 37, 5'8", nonsmoking, professional guy is still seeking his forever gal. 2552 ☎

It's About Time—Very handsome, tall (6' 1/2") Jewish male, in great shape. Personality is his greatest asset. He is caring, good-natured, 40 years old and has been extremely successful in his own business. Excellent education. Likes to laugh, love, work out, sports, eating out, the beach and all life has to offer. Looking for the right girl to settle down and have a family with. Photo, please. 2458 ☎

Manhattan MD—47, 5'10", 185. Interests include travel, restaurants, the arts. Seeks very attractive lady, upbeat, nonsmoker, for monogamous mixing. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 2401 ☎

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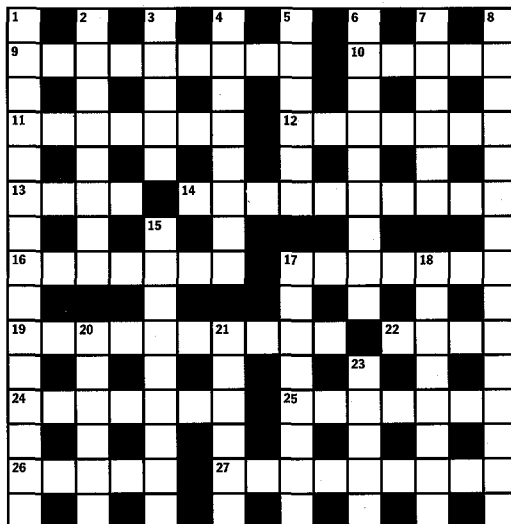
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 9 Dog food dropped from the back of a lorry? (9)
- 10 Odd, only one rose growing by the river. (5)
- 11 With only a fag-end Edward was up against it. (7)
- 12 Private study. (7)
- 13 Courage needed by chickens? (4)
- 14 Company cures our panic, providing an overflowing supply. (10)
- 16 Local vessel that can be managed single-handed. (7)
- 17 Tool he'd made of use to climbers. (7)
- 19 Put on too much weight. (10)
- 22 Some mundane chores are repetitive. (4)
- 24 Wind resulting from unsettled weather. (7)
- 25 The head cleaner. (7)
- 26 Royal right a sovereign retains, for example. (5)
- 27 Boisterous, but let run free. (9)



DOWN

- 1 Just a footballer playing the game. (15)
- 2 Some weakening of the spirit. (8)
- 3 Helps a beast in distress. (5)
- 4 Property master? (8)
- 5 Conversion is done by inventor. (6)
- 6 Through telephoning. (9)
- 7 Lean spinner is first-class. (3-3)
- 8 Improvident way to eat. (4,4,2,5)
- 15 Discussion going overboard? (5-4)
- 17 Value engineers in the army? Of course! (8)
- 18 Lived in when engaged. (8)
- 20 Go curiously greeny? (6)
- 21 A note sent out by representatives. (6)
- 23 Corporation lawyer on top with information. (5)

'Oscar Title Roles': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Sweet spread
- 4 Major composition
- 8 Davenport
- 13 Food-wrap brand
- 18 New citizen, perhaps
- 20 Acclimate to rigors
- 21 Texas trees
- 23 Lack of orderliness
- 24 Cooper Oscar title role
- 26 Tech. school
- 27 Floor pieces
- 29 German car
- 30 Big rig
- 31 Family name in "The Grapes of Wrath"
- 34 "— a Song Go Out of My Heart"
- 35 Debtors' chits
- 37 — masqué
- 38 Jones Oscar title role
- 40 Keaton Oscar title role
- 42 NOW cause
- 43 Ingested
- 44 Rival of Vail
- 46 — Paulo, Brazil
- 47 Balsamic, cider, etc.
- 50 Provokes, with "up"
- 53 Gambols
- 57 Burning bit
- 58 Wonderment
- 61 Hi from Ho
- 63 Make watertight
- 64 Genetic chemical
- 65 Type of trap
- 67 Annual event
- 69 Shakespearean fuss
- 71 Crawford Oscar title role
- 75 CBS logo
- 76 Base for a statue
- 78 Get the ball rolling
- 79 Need a doctor
- 81 Spew
- 82 Cancel, at Canaveral
- 85 Aardvark's tidbit
- 86 Elitists
- 89 Medici city
- 91 Corpulent
- 93 Sliding rope-tie
- 96 Kind of cobra
- 98 Knifes
- 101 Lennon's lady
- 102 Have a bawl
- 103 Bergman Oscar title role
- 108 Rogers Oscar title role

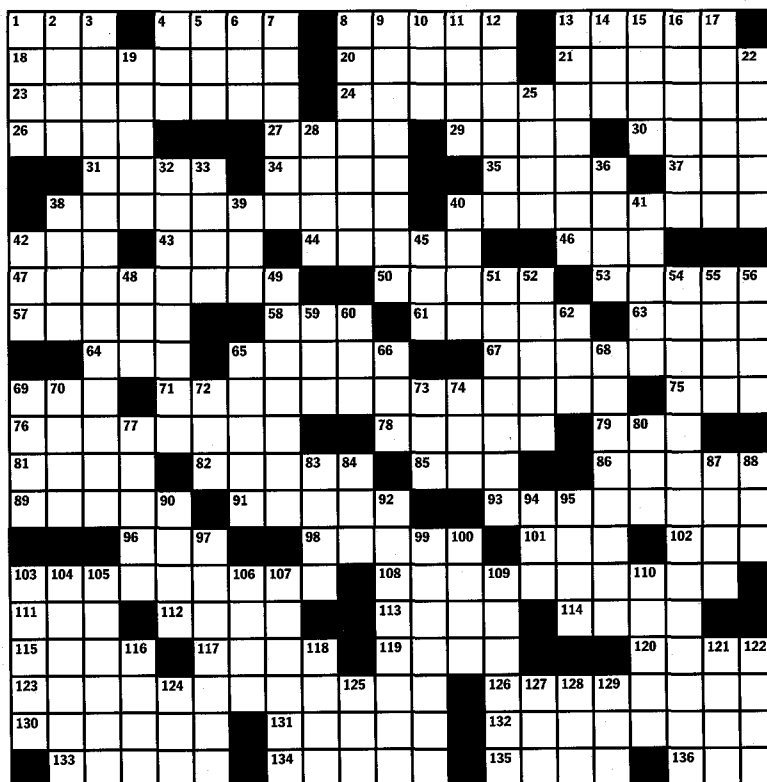
- 111 British shindigs
- 112 Many a Moslem
- 113 First Edomite
- 114 Highest draft rating
- 115 Yeltsin's nation, once: abbr.
- 117 Irish Rose's guy
- 119 Mel and Ed of baseball
- 120 Japanese wrestling
- 123 Muni Oscar title role
- 126 Yields, on election night
- 130 "— Dei Tre Re" (Montemezzi opera)
- 131 Muse of poetry
- 132 Alarm clocks, e.g.
- 133 Before "point," in stitchery

- 134 Theodor Geisel's pseudonym
- 135 Wimp
- 136 Afternoon social

DOWN

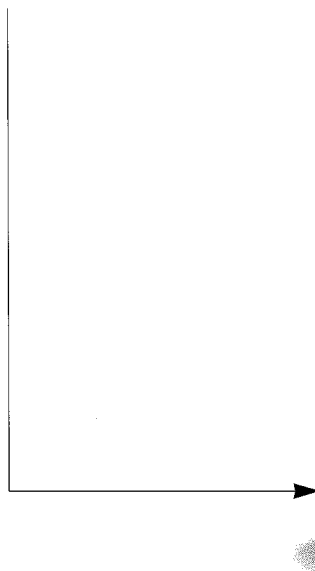
- 1 "Star Wars" knights
- 2 Notorious Ugandan
- 3 Smith Oscar title role
- 4 Ice All-Star Bobby
- 5 Equal footing
- 6 Merkel of the movies
- 7 Baffle
- 8 Six-line stanzas
- 9 Simple ballroom dances
- 10 Winter-coat trim
- 11 Ship of myth
- 12 Enter by osmosis
- 13 "The Bridge of — Rey"
- 14 Cockpit reading: abbr.
- 15 Sunbeams
- 16 Animalcule
- 17 Not feverish
- 19 Croc's cousin
- 22 Good technique
- 25 Ages and ages
- 28 Lady Bird's middle name
- 32 Changing-letters game
- 33 Computer bank
- 36 Scorch the surface
- 38 Hat projection
- 39 "— Bingle" (Crosby)

- 40 Blue dye
- 41 Moonshine whiskey
- 42 She never had a mother
- 45 Between zeta and theta
- 48 Poetic dusk
- 49 Baseball site, sometimes
- 51 Newswoman Cokie
- 52 T or polo
- 54 Hayes Oscar title role
- 55 Dramatist's product
- 56 Breed of terrier
- 59 Clash of armies
- 60 Middle of the Elba palindrome
- 62 Semicircle
- 65 Chunks
- 66 Both Begleys
- 68 Recipe amount
- 69 King Kong's kin
- 70 One of the Moores
- 72 Give — whirl
- 73 School backup gp.
- 74 Golfer Woosnam
- 77 Laboratory heaters
- 80 Squid's squirt
- 83 Sub — (secretly)
- 84 Famed mummy
- 87 Cause yawns
- 88 Porky's place
- 90 "Thin Man" pooch
- 92 Foods to go
- 94 Memorable Myrna
- 95 The lowdown
- 97 Balcony railing
- 99 Parisian eateries
- 100 Immediately, in the E.R.
- 103 Never — moment
- 104 Unacceptable!: slang
- 105 Take for granted
- 106 Netherlands Antilles island
- 107 Sacred birds of Egypt
- 109 Citizen of Florence
- 110 Affirmatives
- 116 Public tumult
- 118 French I verb
- 121 Word with pittance
- 122 Mountain of Greek legend
- 124 Hindu mister
- 125 Vichy water
- 127 Unwrought metal
- 128 Scand. land
- 129 Cow's chew





You don't have to
fully understand the French
to understand Fortant.

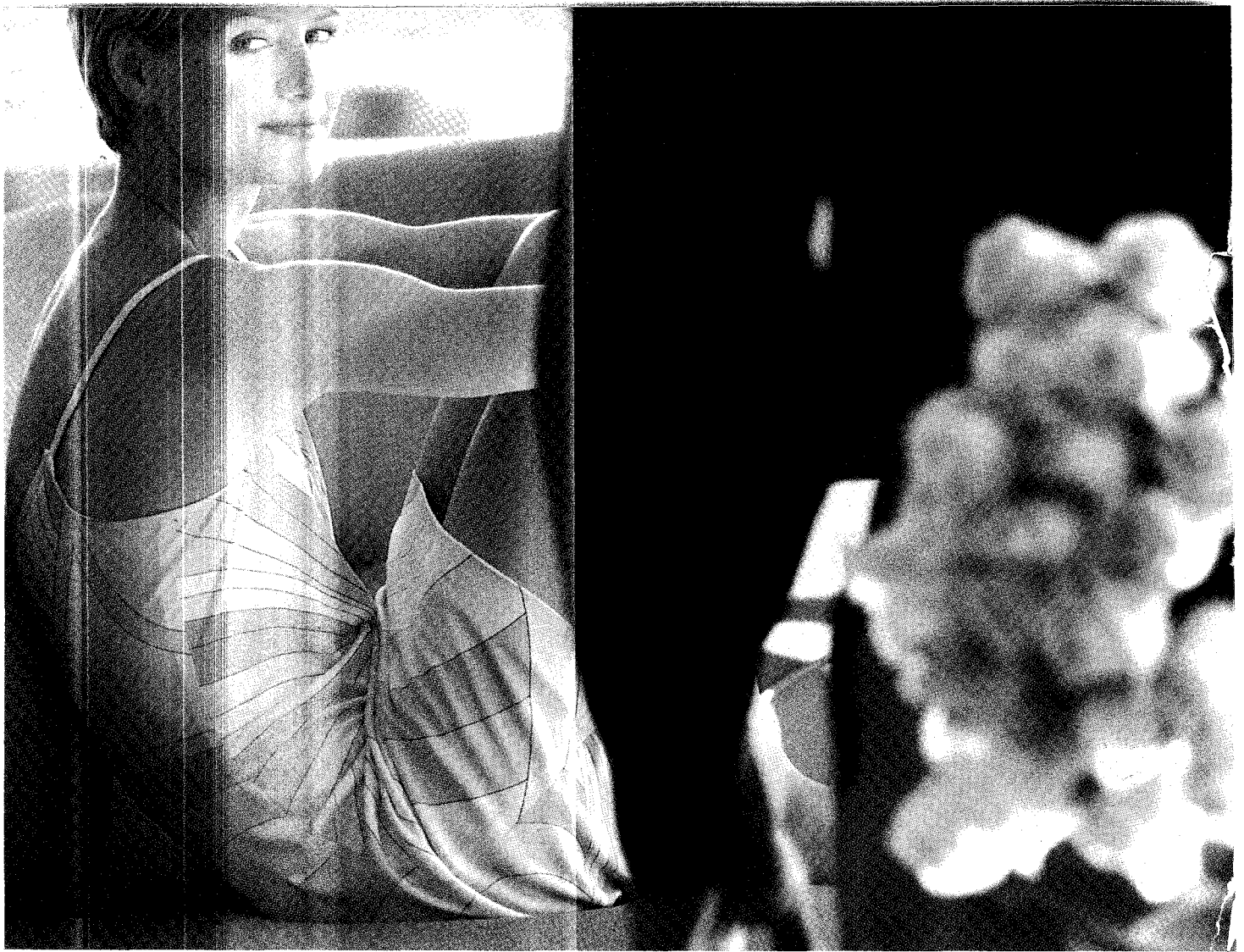


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